DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

5¢ a copy
June 13, 1931

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

ORSON
LOWELL

Meet
THE IRRESISTIBLE HEROINE OF
Arthur Somers Roche's
NEW NOVEL
The Wrong Wife

DRY
lively
WET
sluggish
TEXACO
TEXACO
ETHYL
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

for speed on the court
A DRY BALL
for speed on the road
A DRY GAS

Just as the spectacular playing of a tennis star may be marred by a wet, sluggish ball, so the sparkling performance of even the finest car may be impaired by wet gas.

Texaco-Ethyl is the "dry" Ethyl gasoline. It is dry as it leaves the manifold—dry as it enters the cylinders—completely responsive to every spark flash.

There are no fuel-starved cylinders to impair the performance of your engine, for Texaco-Ethyl serves each with a uniform mixture of dry, live gas and smooth, anti-knock compound. No coughing, sputtering starts, no stalling in traffic.

Make your neighborhood Texaco man headquarters for servicing your car. If you need tires checked, radiator filled, or windshield cleaned, drop in. He will be glad to attend to these details without any obligation whatsoever.

THE TEXAS COMPANY • *Texaco Petroleum Products*

© 1931, The Texas Company

TEXACO-ETHYL

THE "DRY" ETHYL GASOLINE

MAKING NEW FRIENDS
AND KEEPING THE OLD

HEARTY APPROVAL OF THE TASK WELL DONE

Don't you think this is true about commencement: It isn't the ceremonies that count so much, nor even one's satisfaction in a job well finished, but isn't it rather the generous appreciation—the hearty approval of friends, relatives and the family—that makes the day so very happy and memorable?

That very same thing is true of business. Our 1931 cars have been very successful. We like that, of course, but what we like a great deal more is the hearty approval of these cars which our friends express whenever and wherever automobiles are discussed.

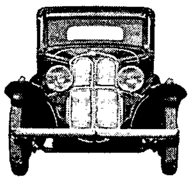
Of course, different people like different things about automobiles, but we believe that if you ask almost any Oakland or Pontiac owner about his car, the first thing he would say would be about this:

He likes the way his car performs—the fact that it gets away quickly, never labors, and has a top speed that he'll hardly ever use. (More than ample engine size is responsible for this.)

He likes the appearance of his car—his friends like it, and the family is proud of it. (The lines of the cars are really beautiful this year. And the new V-radiators, with built-in chrome screens, one-piece fenders, fender lamps, heavy single-bar bumpers, and tailored splash aprons add a great deal.)

And, finally, both he and his family like the comfort of their car. (Quiet, durable Fisher bodies, new adjustable, deep-cushioned seats, rubber cushioning at more than 40 points, and bodies insulated against heat, cold, and noise have helped accomplish this.)

You'll probably like the same things, but after all, the only satisfactory way to know a car is to drive it. Won't you visit your nearest Oakland-Pontiac dealer and take the wheel yourself?



OAKLAND 8 PONTIAC 6

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

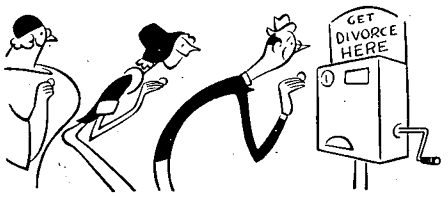
Bodies by Fisher

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

THESE are bad days for adages. That old one which begins "When the Devil was sick, the Devil a saint would be" has been handed several severe wallops. Official wallops, too, since they've been delivered by state legislatures. The lawmakers of some of our Western states have been hearing disturbing things about the income brought to Nevada by the divorce industry. They decided that this would be a good time to throw away some of their scruples and grab some of the money. Accordingly they introduced easy-divorce bills. The ensuing uproar was deafening. It reached the ears of the boys in Nevada, who at once protected home industry by adding open gambling to the state's attractions. The uproar increased.

It all seems such an unescapable trend of the times that we asked Mr. Shepherd to record the scene for Collier's. Read it in "Making Human Nature Legal."



FRANK CONDON has come across those attractive sharpers again: Omar, Harmony and George. Some years ago they appeared frequently in Collier's and their usually unsuccessful chicanery brought smiles to our wan lips. We've missed them. We learn now that they have been lingering in the tropics, toiling in what George calls the pale paths of rectitude. They had a great deal of success but made no money. In fact they never would have been able to return if Harmony hadn't forsaken rectitude. "New Business" is the title.

YOU will be able to discern, we hope even in the first chapter of Mr. Roche's novel, something of the intelligence and strangely mature charm of Miss Deborah Carmichael. We are, necessarily, privy to the future development of the story and, while we would not do you the disservice of anticipating next week's enjoyment, we recommend patience and a calm resignation to the whims of the calendar.

SHERIFF MATT McQUESTION tries to play Providence in Ernest Haycox's Western story. He sets out to bring in a wanted man but finds that doing his duty may break a girl's heart. A pretty problem for a sentimental man. But besides being sentimental Matt is a gray old wolf and manages to satisfy his conscience in "McQuestion Rides."

EVEN in the sleepiest New England village the presence of a proud, beautiful girl is bound to make things happen. The theorem is Lucian Cary's and he proves it in "'Twan't Do No Harm," a quaint New England phrase which helps to establish the atmosphere. It's a love story.

THE Short Short Story is by Corey Ford; Dana Burnet writes a story which explains why bridge breaks up homes; Harris Dickson shows you life on a cotton plantation; Grantland Rice, Arthur Somers Roche, W. R. Burnett, Freling Foster and others absorb June madness and fall in love with their work. We hope you do.

THIS WEEK

June 13, 1931

Cover—Orson Lowell

Page 7—Arthur Somers Roche

The Wrong Wife, Part I: Love, politics, defeat, triumph and things like that.

Page 10—Walter Davenport

Freedom Threatens Little Rhody: The dangers of permitting voters to vote.

Page 12—George Weston

Lady for Luck: The love story of a cured gambler.

Page 14—Charles Brackett

Social Secretary, Conclusion: A wedding is arranged.

Page 16—Arthur A. Carey and John B. Kennedy

X Marks the Spot: The former head of New York's Homicide Squad tells all.

Page 18—Fletcher Allen

Lost-a-Petal: A romance of China.

Page 20—W. R. Burnett

Protection, Part VII: Frank Harworth begins to need it.

Page 22—Grantland Rice

Marching from Georgia: Where the peaches grow.

Page 25—The Short Short Story

Midnight Rendezvous: By Sax Rohmer

Page 27—Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

Plug-Ugly: Even a wrestler may have a heart.

Page 30—Katharine Roberts

A Front-Page Family: A well-known "Act of God."

Page 32—C. R. Walker

Sky Life: Experiences aboard the Los Angeles.

Page 39—The Gentleman at the Keyhole

Elephant's Fears: Nervous days.

Page 42—Freling Foster

Keep Up with the World! Interesting facts tersely told.

Page 74—Sol Metzger

On the Rebound: Golf history in the making.

Page 76—Milton C. Work

How Would You Play It?

Page 78—Editorial

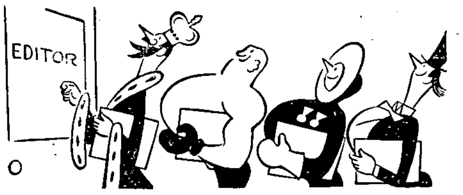
Time to Advance

Any Week

"WE ARE getting a lot of literature out this way about the advantages of visiting New York on our summer vacation," writes Mr. Albert S. Siegmund of Mason City, Iowa. "It seems to me, though, that the New York Chamber of Commerce is overlooking a swell attraction by not taking over Jack (Legs) Diamond and letting tourists shoot him for, say, three shots for a quarter. It wouldn't hurt Mr. Diamond and it would amuse the pleasure-bent."

AND Mrs. Katherine Longley of Austin, Texas, thinks that someone is overlooking a chance to make lots of money by not selling indelible crayons to Republican National Committeemen to mark the spots where they claim to observe a "great turn of popular sentiment and approval toward the current Republican administration.

"Soon," she adds, "you will be hearing from these gentlemen that they see a general rush toward law enforcement too. Spots like that ought to be marked with a double cross."



CONSIDERABLE numbers of our readers blame today's cynicism and general moral decline, to say nothing of "the inferior quality of the world's current heroes," to the growing penchant of kings, presidents, explorers and champion athletes to strive for honors only that they may win the attention of magazine editors to whom they can sell their memoirs.

"Why, I wouldn't be surprised if some magazine came out soon warning us to prepare for the greatest literary sensation of a decade—the autobiography of Tobias X. Mayhem, the Greatest Wife-Beater in History," says Miss Georgia Kelly of Portland, Maine.

IN OUR own behalf we want to report that Mr. Lawson Wood's recent cover—the one presenting the experimenting monkeys—is still inspiring letters. Apparently it wowed the country. Among other things, it broke up two schoolrooms, helped a doctor to rescue a small boy from death by diphtheria and made numerous business men smile for the first time in weeks.

MR. ABE STETTIN of Eau Claire, Wisconsin, is intensely interested in the work of the League to Abate Noise Nuisance. He wants to know whether its crusade can be extended to the bathtub taps in small-town hotels, all of which, he informs us, drip—"especially at night when they leak like a machine gun."

We merge Mr. Stettin with Mr. Carroll Flemmings of Snow Hill, Maryland, who wants to know whether "this mechanical eye the aviation people have discovered, which will allow them to see two miles through fog, can be used next year by the voters who want to find out what the issues are and who stands for what."

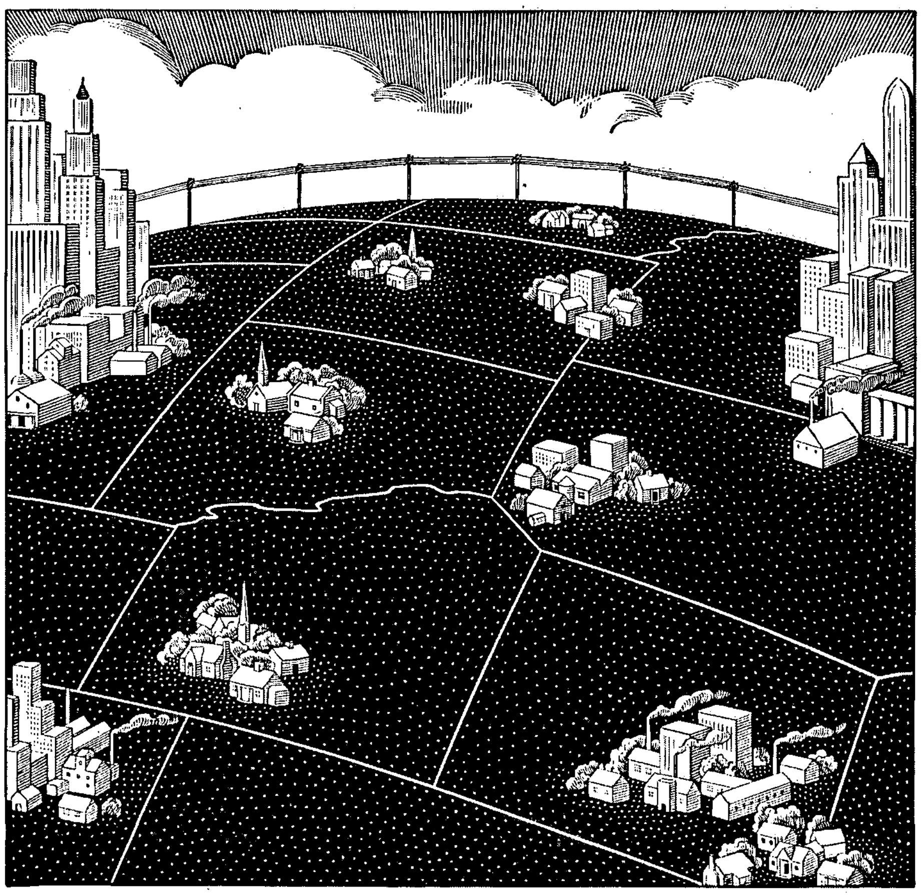
"WOULD you be interested," asks J. A. B. of Madison, Wisconsin, "in a movement to rename this lovely city Lafollettegrad?"

Vol. 87, No. 24. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, Springfield, Ohio. Copyright, 1931, P. F. Collier & Son Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Thomas H. Beck, President; George J. Kennedy, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Albert E. Winger, Treasurer. Manuscripts submitted should be accompanied by return postage. The Publisher is not responsible for return of unsolicited manuscripts.

$2.00 a year in the United States and Canada; $4.00 a year in foreign countries.

Your telephone gets things done QUICKLY at low cost

Doing business by telephone saves time, money. Out-of-town calls are as definite and as satisfactory as across-the-desk conversations.



Your Long Distance telephone call takes you "there and back" in minutes. It is today's efficient and economical way of transacting inter-city business.

THE TELEPHONE brings together men who have the authority to act. This is one reason a Long Distance call results so often in a completed transaction. In the space of minutes you can give or receive desired information . . . settle problems . . . conclude all arrangements. Whatever your question concerns—sales or purchasing, production, administration, credit, traffic—*you get action.*

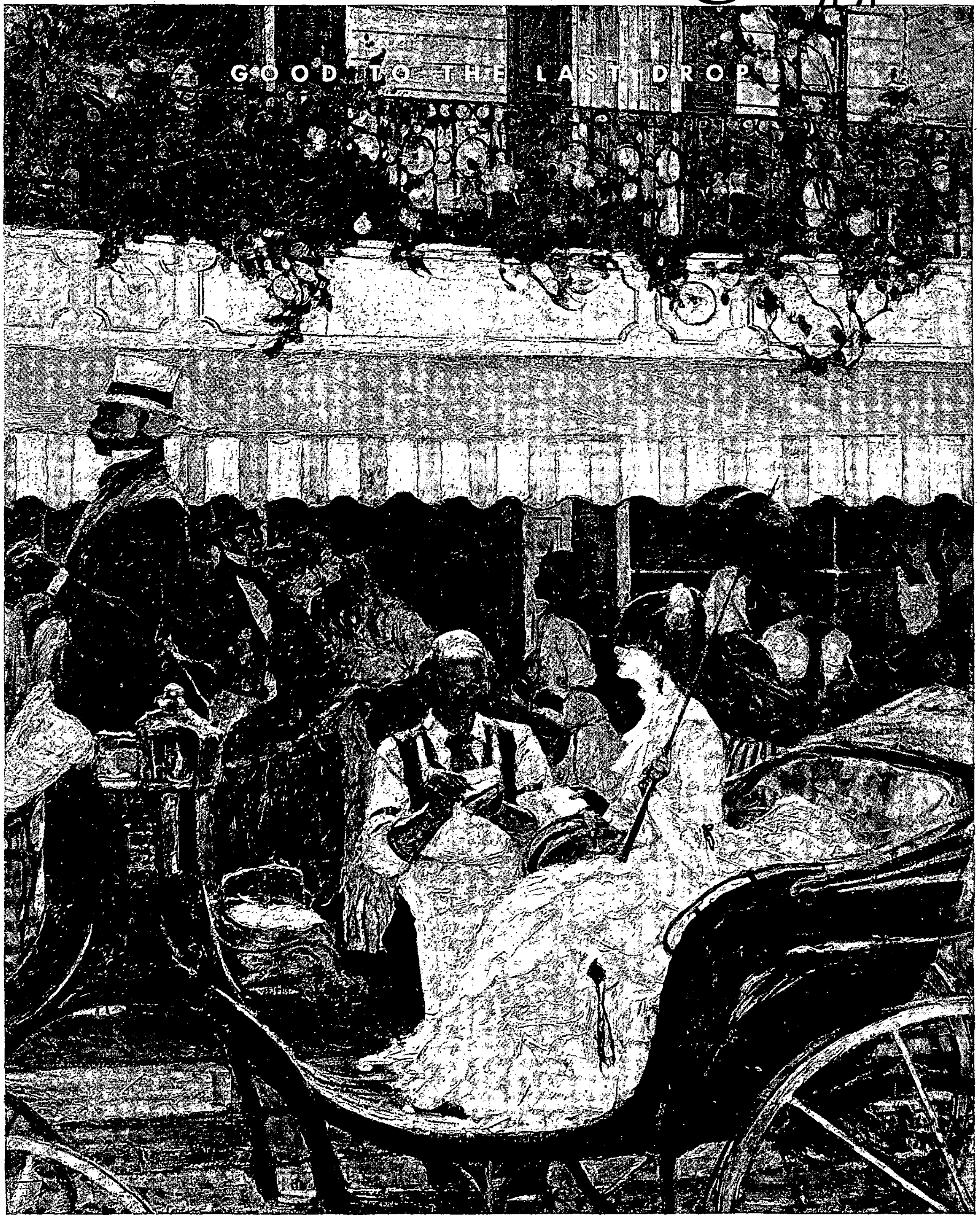
This is vital in meeting today's keen competition. The telephone simplifies all merchandising operations. Attunes production to customers' requirements. Speeds deliveries. Reduces expensive stock-on-hand.

The sales manager of a large middle western corporation terms Long Distance "very cheap sales expense." An official of a New England specialty corporation writes: "Were it not for efficient telephone service, we would be more seriously handicapped than I would care to imagine." A southern textile company: "Telephone service to other cities is one of our most useful tools."

The telephone eliminates the handicap of distance. It brings people "into your office" when you want them. Rates are very low. Typical day station-to-station charges: Atlanta to Jacksonville, $1.35. Denver to Pittsburgh, $4.75. Detroit to Cleveland, 60 cents. A telephone call gets things done...*quickly*...*easily*...*inexpensively.*

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM

MAXWELL HOUSE *Coffee*


GOOD TO THE LAST DROP

Maxwell House Coffee is today's expression of the good living of the Old South

WHAT costs so little, and weighs so greatly in the success or failure of a meal, as coffee! And what is so easy to be sure of, as the very finest coffee — rich, tonic, fragrant, darkly smooth! All that is needed is to order Maxwell House Coffee, and you bless your table with that satisfying beverage which has delighted the American palate for a half century. The "good old days" knew nothing better; our modern times serve but to verify its excellence and enhance its popularity. In the beginning the private blend of a fastidious Southern gentleman, by sheer allure of flavor Maxwell House Coffee has become the favorite of the nation.

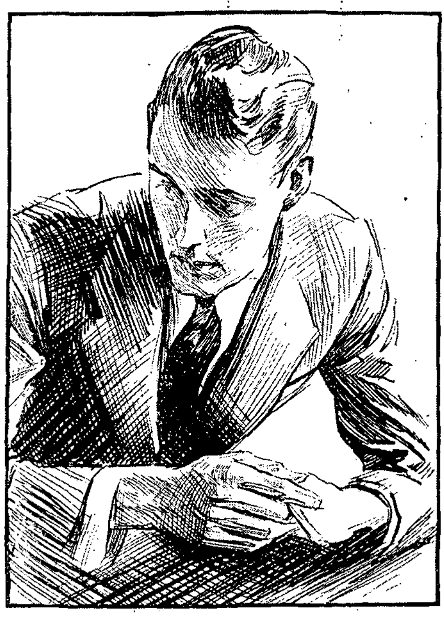
A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

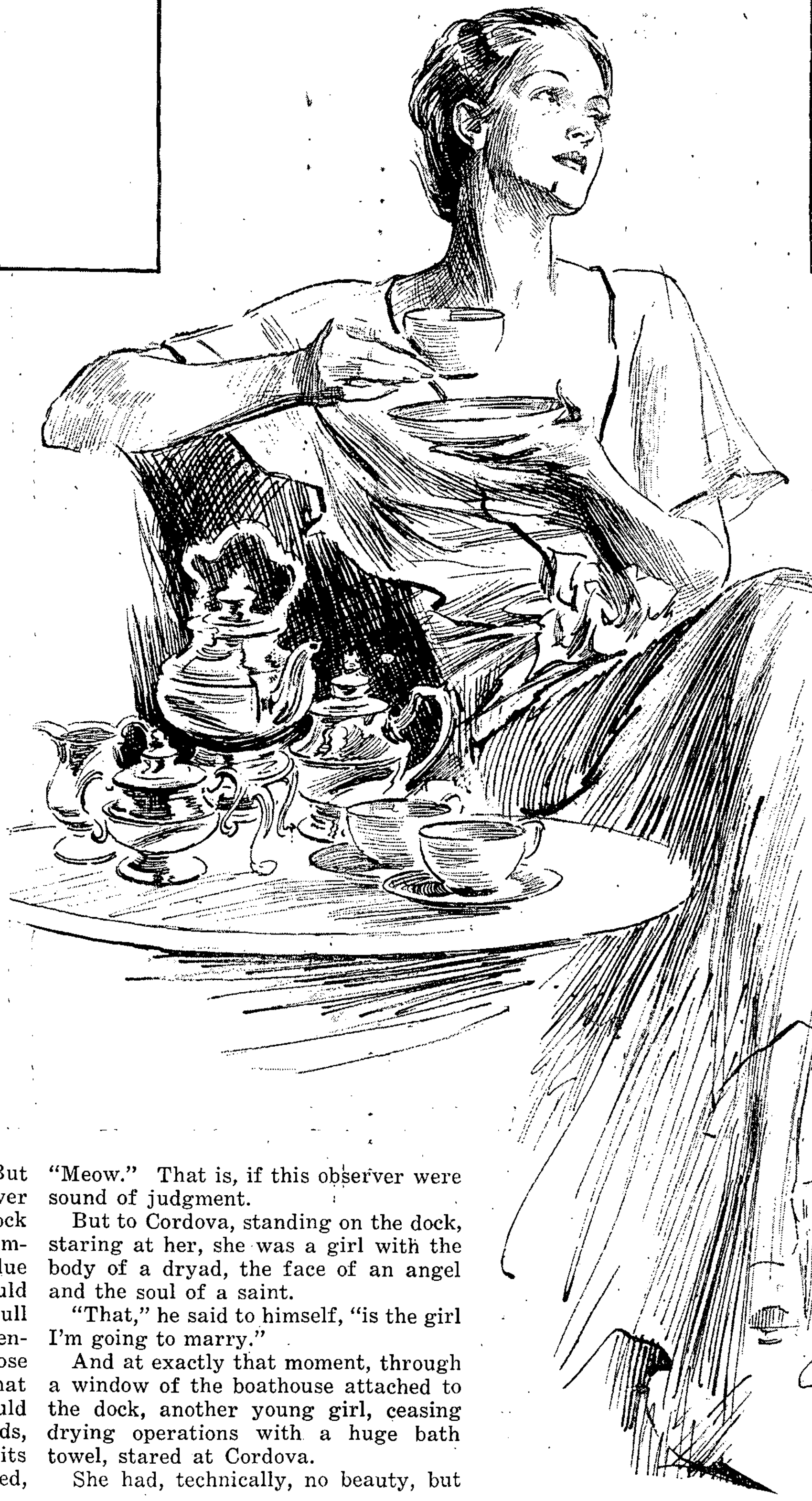
© 1931, G. F. Corp.

Beginning a brilliant new serial: the story of a love-pirate—and a man who was forced to face, and solve, the baffling problem she set him

By ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

The Wrong Wife





DOWN the sloping green lawn, unconscious—oh, utterly—that masculine eyes were upon her, came the loveliest girl that Cordova had ever seen. Behind her the huge windows of Carmichael's camp caught the afternoon sun and tossed it back to surround her with a golden nimbus. She was bareheaded and a faint breeze from the lake made tender confusion in her ash-blond hair. Even at this distance—fully fifty yards—Cordova could see that the feet which moved beneath the hem of the long Watteau-like frock were almost absurdly tiny. She seemed, in a foreground of island-dotted lake where the pines grew to the water's edge and Carmichael's camp was the only sign of civilization for miles, and against a background of rugged and somber mountains, as out of place as a butterfly or a humming-bird might have seemed in the shadow of Brooklyn Bridge.

A woman, looking at the pale blue organdie frock, would have known instantly that it had come from Lanvin or Worth or Patou, and would have conceded that it most becomingly suited the ultra-femininity of the wearer. But this supposititious woman observer might have smiled faintly at the frock in these surroundings. This same woman would have granted that the blue eyes were lovely, and that men would unquestionably have thought the full lips kissable and the dimpled cheek entrancing and the short straight nose piquant, but if you had asked her what sort of girl this was, our observer would have closed and unclosed her hands, after the fashion of a cat showing its claws, and might have murmured, "Meow." That is, if this observer were sound of judgment.

But to Cordova, standing on the dock, staring at her, she was a girl with the body of a dryad, the face of an angel and the soul of a saint.

"That," he said to himself, "is the girl I'm going to marry."

And at exactly that moment, through a window of the boathouse attached to the dock, another young girl, ceasing drying operations with a huge bath towel, stared at Cordova.

She had, technically, no beauty, but there were those who found the powder of tiny freckles on her nose and cheeks attractive, and the discerning would have known that the gray eyes could never hold anything of dissembling in their lucent depths, and that the curving lips could never frame a falsehood. Nor was the day far distant, to these same discerning ones, when the boyish figure would be maturely charming. But now, as she looked through the window, pale beneath her freckles, she was reminderful of a boy looking at a shiny new bicycle. But the words she whispered were not young nor were they boyish; they were as feminine and as old as Eve.

"That," she said, "is the man I am going to marry."

JEB STONE held his canoe against the dock.

"Like to do any fishin' while you're here, just lemme know, Dick."

"Don't think I can, Jeb," said Cordova. "But along in November we might look for a deer."

Jeb sullied the surface of the lake with the dottle from his pipe.

"If we look we'll find," he said. "Guess I'll be going. That's Miss Carmichael comin' across the grass now."

He dug his paddle into the water, and his canoe spun around and headed toward the lower end of the lake. And as he paddled he nodded judiciously.

Nice feller, this Cordova. Jeb liked the way Cordova had carried his own bag from the station platform at Warumkeg to Jeb's flivver. Jeb had accosted the young man in the blue serge suit and the straw hat.

“Lookin' to go anywhere?” he asked.

“Carmichael's camp,” replied the stranger.

“T'other end of the lake,” said Jeb. “You'd oughta got off two stations back.”

The young man grinned amiably at Jeb. His teeth flashed whitely against the darkness of his skin. Wasn't tanned either, Jeb commented to himself. Just naturally dark-complected, like he might have been born that way. Nice lookin' lad, at that, with his black hair and dark eyes.

“I know it,” said the young man, “but I've never been here before.”

Jeb judicially nodded. He took in the blue business suit, the felt hat, the neatly knotted cravat in the starched collar, and the one bag.

“Ain't plannin' to stay long, are ye?” he asked.

The young man grinned.

“Maybe a day, maybe a little longer. But the sooner I get there the longer I'll be there.”

Jeb Stone's wrinkled, weather-beaten countenance dissolved in a smile.

“Meanin' that the more questions I ask ye, the more delay, eh?”

THE young man, having tossed his bag carelessly into the rear of the flivver, thrust out a capable hand.

“Name's Cordova, Richard Cordova. When two gentlemen who understand each other meet, they should know each other's name. My friends call me Dick.”

“Name's Stone, Jeb Stone,” said the flivver owner, gripping the proffered hand in his own gnarled fingers. “Ain't as gabby and curious as I seem, neither, Dick. Hop in.”

Cordova hopped in; Jeb started the rattletrap machine, and it chugged protestingly away. Cordova leaned back in his seat; he yawned deeply; he sighed luxuriously.

“New York?” asked Jeb.

Cordova grinned again.

“Assistant in the district attorney's office. Bachelor. Twenty-eight years of age. Yale. Scrub on the varsity. Independent in politics. Lawyer. Columbia. Height, five eleven; weight, one seventy-four. And how are *your* sons and daughters, Jeb?”

Jeb Stone, to the imminent threat of disaster to the progress of the flivver, released the steering wheel in order that he might slap his lean thighs.

“Dog-gone me, Dick, but I like ye. Fresh as paint, so ye are, but I reckon I deserve it. Mebbe I *am* gabby and curious, after all!”

“Who? You? No one can abuse a pal of mine, Jeb. Unsay those words.”

Jeb Stone stopped the car. He reached inside his ragged old jacket. Slowly, almost laboriously, he produced from a pocket something wrapped in tin-foil, which disclosed itself as a cigar.

“SMOKE?” he asked. “One of them big politicians visiting Carmichael give me that, and I said to myself that I'd save it up until I run across some feller that could appreciate it.”

Cordova accepted the cigar and lighted it. The flivver had left the railroad far behind now, had bravely climbed a hill, and from the crest Cordova gazed upon as lovely a panorama as he had ever seen. Two miles below, at the foot of a long slope, lay Lake Warumkeg, its hundred islands green and lovely. Sandy beaches, rocky headlands, mountains in the distance, and everywhere the deep green of the pines. The air was scented with the pines. A little brown rabbit, sitting on his haunches, seemed to be sniffing it eagerly. Chattering birds proclaimed the beauty of the scene. Around a distant island came a motor boat, diminutive in the distance.

“That's one of Carmichael's boats,” said Jeb. “Looks like it's coming back from Haydon's Landing, where you ought to got off.”

“But I wanted to see you, Jeb,” said Cordova. “That's why I rode farther.”

The lean guide chuckled.

“You're the beatin'est lad—motor boat or canoe?”

“Canoe—is it far?”

“Three mile,” said Jeb.

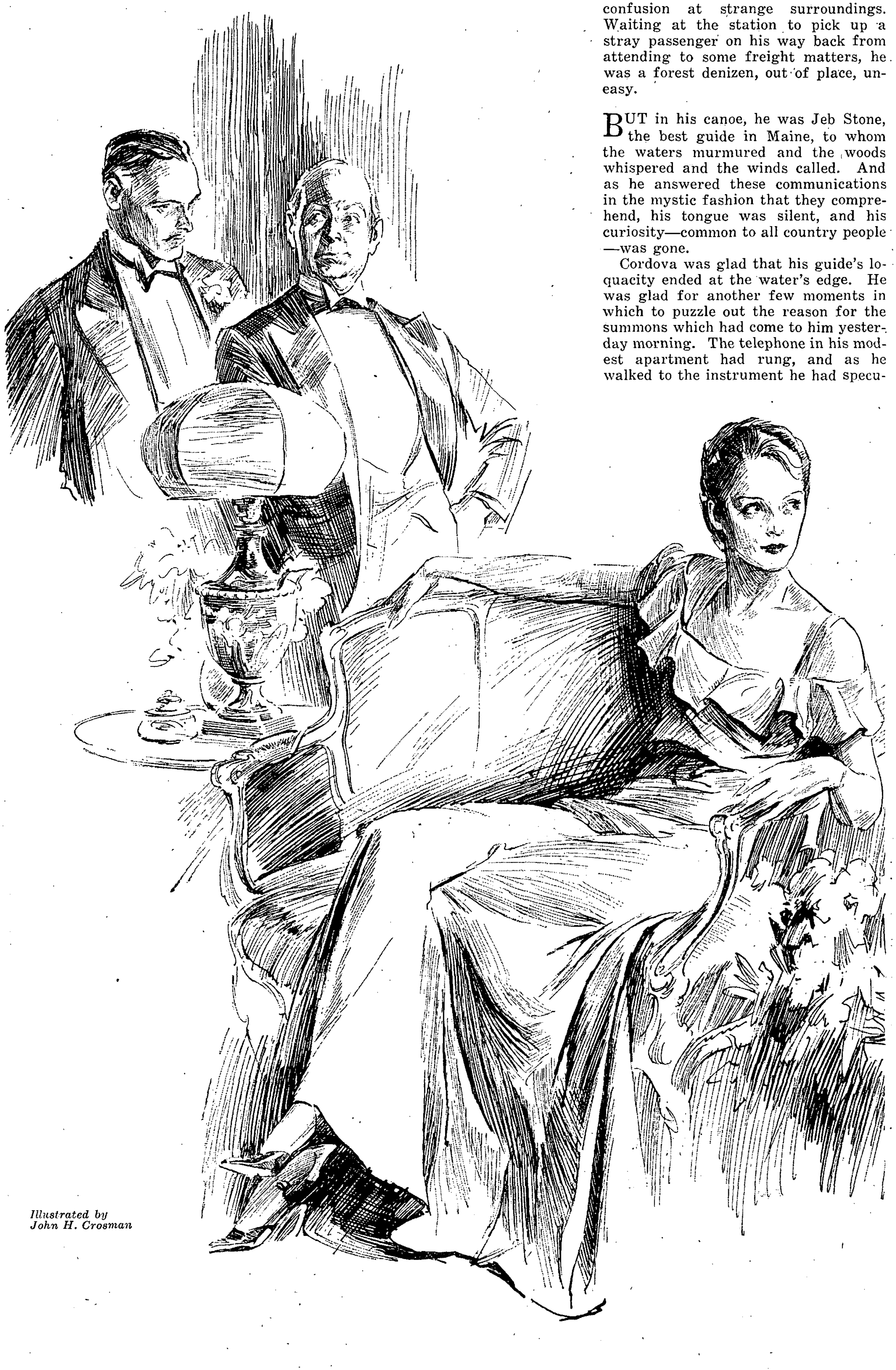
“Sounds swell,” said Cordova.

They rattled down the long incline, stopped at a general store situated at a crossroads, and Jeb led the way to a little dock. He ensconced himself in the rear of a canoe, and watched Cordova as the latter stepped into the craft amidships. He liked Cordova's easy stride; he liked the way he balanced himself so that his weight was over the center of the canoe as he stepped into it.

He pushed off and dipped his paddle gently in the water. Like most men who lead lonely lives, Jeb Stone was garrulous when away from his own habitat, but taciturn when in the midst of surroundings normal to him. He belonged in the Maine forests, or on the Maine lakes. Now, paddling a canoe, he felt no urge toward talk to cover his confusion at strange surroundings. Waiting at the station to pick up a stray passenger on his way back from attending to some freight matters, he was a forest denizen, out of place, uneasy.

BUT in his canoe, he was Jeb Stone, the best guide in Maine, to whom the waters murmured and the woods whispered and the winds called. And as he answered these communications in the mystic fashion that they comprehend, his tongue was silent, and his curiosity—common to all country people—was gone.

Cordova was glad that his guide's loquacity ended at the water's edge. He was glad for another few moments in which to puzzle out the reason for the summons which had come to him yesterday morning. The telephone in his modest apartment had rung, and as he walked to the instrument he had specu-



Illustrated by John H. Crosman

lated idly as to the identity of the person who would call him up at eight-thirty in the morning.

"Mr. Richard Cordova?" an operator had asked. "Warumkeg, Maine, calling Mr. Richard Cordova."

"This is Mr. Cordova," he said.

"Hold the line a moment, please." Then, "Mr. Cordova?" a harsh voice asked.

He murmured an assent.

"Carmichael speaking. Daniel Carmichael."

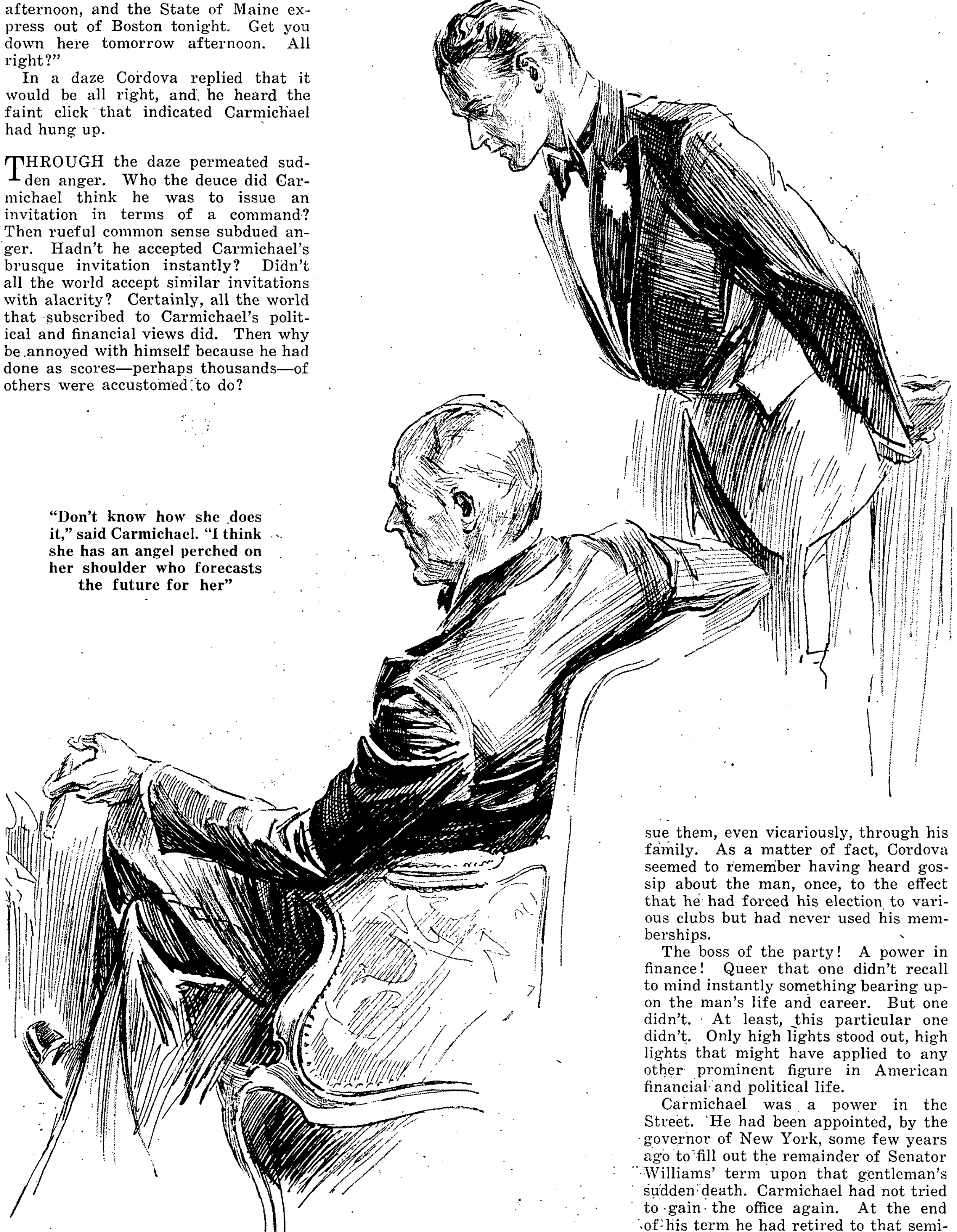
Cordova stifled an exclamation of surprise.

"Yes, Mr. Carmichael."

"Can you come down here over the week-end, Mr. Cordova?" Before Cordova could reply, Carmichael continued. "Get the Yankee Clipper at three this afternoon, and the State of Maine express out of Boston tonight. Get you down here tomorrow afternoon. All right?"

In a daze Cordova replied that it would be all right, and he heard the faint click that indicated Carmichael had hung up.

THROUGH the daze permeated sudden anger. Who the deuce did Carmichael think he was to issue an invitation in terms of a command? Then rueful common sense subdued anger. Hadn't he accepted Carmichael's brusque invitation instantly? Didn't all the world accept similar invitations with alacrity? Certainly, all the world that subscribed to Carmichael's political and financial views did. Then why be annoyed with himself because he had done as scores—perhaps thousands—of others were accustomed to do?



"Don't know how she does it," said Carmichael. "I think she has an angel perched on her shoulder who forecasts the future for her"

Webbing, his cook-valet, reminded him that he had been interrupted in the middle of his breakfast. He resumed his place at the table and attacked again his scrambled eggs. Ordinarily, he ate the breakfast that youth and good health demanded. But now his appetite was gone.

What did Carmichael want with him? Not—he told himself instantly—the pleasure of his company, because he didn't happen to know Carmichael, had never met the man, although he had seen that slim, immaculately attired gentleman at a dozen banquets, and had once, in Washington, sat in the gallery of the Senate and heard Carmichael discuss, in that strangely harsh voice of his, some matter of foreign policy, and had been impressed—as who had not been?—by the man's savage and sneering eloquence.

HIS coffee grew cold as he pondered the invitation. Odd, now that he considered the matter, that he had never met Senator Carmichael. Carmichael was a member of the Mallet, of the Stream, of the American Golf, of the other clubs to which Cordova had belonged since he came of age. Yet one never encountered him at any of these places. Was he married? Did he have children? Cordova didn't know. All he did know was that if Carmichael had social ambitions he never seemed to pursue them, even vicariously, through his family. As a matter of fact, Cordova seemed to remember having heard gossip about the man, once, to the effect that he had forced his election to various clubs but had never used his memberships.

The boss of the party! A power in finance! Queer that one didn't recall to mind instantly something bearing upon the man's life and career. But one didn't. At least, this particular one didn't. Only high lights stood out, high lights that might have applied to any other prominent figure in American financial and political life.

Carmichael was a power in the Street. He had been appointed, by the governor of New York, some few years ago to fill out the remainder of Senator Williams' term upon that gentleman's sudden death. Carmichael had not tried to gain the office again. At the end of his term he had retired to that semi-private, semi-public life which he had led heretofore.

No magazine articles—so far as Cordova knew—had ever been printed about Carmichael; no rabid reformers had ever attacked him in public speeches. The name was as well known as the President's, but the man was obscure. Think though he might, Cordova could recall nothing pertinent.

And yet, Carmichael was the boss of New York state, and was a power in the affairs of the nation. Cordova reached for a copy of Who's Who. His own inclusion in the volume in its latest issue had made him buy it. He turned the pages curiously.

"Carmichael, Daniel. *b.* Ticonderoga, N. Y., March 14, 1870. Senator from N. Y. during unexpired term of Senator Williams, Feb., 192— March, 192—"

And that was all.

And this man of mysterious power had telephoned to a politically obscure assistant district attorney of New York City, and asked him to go down to Maine for a week-end.

Cordova was still wondering what it was all about as he advanced toward the Watteau-like figure on the lawn.

THE full lips parted in a smile that stirred a memory in Cordova's mind. He didn't know what the memory was, and had someone told him that the girl's smile was exactly like the rehearsed grimace of an actress on the screen, he would have denied the charge. For even the studied gesture as she held out her hand seemed to him to be gracefully spontaneous.

"Mr. Cordova?" she asked.

He searched for a comparison, and found only the old stand-by of the tinkling brook. That's what her voice was like.

"And this is Miss Carmichael?" he asked eagerly.

Her hand was cool and warm at the same time, and Cordova was entranced with the paradox.

"Uncle had almost given you up," she said. "But I told him that a man who had become district attorney at twenty-eight was not the sort to break an appointment."

"Assistant district attorney," he smiled, "and way down the list of assistants. And your reasoning, while flattering, isn't quite clear to me."

"A man must have a serious bent to succeed in a career," she explained. "And men who succeed in careers keep engagements."

"My stupidity—not to follow you," he laughed. "Your uncle—not your father?"

"Uncle," she said again.

"You were too polite to say that young men in politics would be particularly careful not to break a date with Mr. Carmichael."

They had reached now, in a leisurely progress across the lawn, a great veranda, upon which tea things were set. The delicate china, the sheer linen, the somewhat ornate silver all contrasted oddly with the surrounding scenery; seemed out of place in a camp which, however huge and elaborate, was still made of hewn logs.

"I wonder," she said.

"Wonder?" Cordova had forgotten his just-uttered remark. Even the way she sank into a chair was too utterly graceful. She had—he thought—he couldn't be sure—a dimple in her elbow.

"If my uncle's position would mean anything to you."

He laughed.

"Well, of course it would. Yes, two lumps, please. He is—"

"Oh, I know what he is," she interrupted. "But what are you? I mean, you aren't a politician, are you?"

"I hold an office—minor, of course—under the city government," he reminded her.

"Is that being in politics?" she asked.

"W-ell, that depends on the point of view; the public might not think so, but

(*Continued on page 46*)

Freedom Threatens Little Rhody

Today any unconvicted citizen of Rhode Island can vote. For anything. Even a Democrat. A pretty pass! Until two years ago voting was by invitation only. And the invitations were issued by a stanch Tory minority. Now liberty has shaken Providence. The Republican machine, jarred and creaking, threatens to break down at every turn. The last stronghold of feudalism is tottering

By Walter Davenport

Gen. Charles Ray Brayton was boss of Rhode Island when the title meant something

© International News

Frederick S. Peck, state finance commissioner and senior member of the firm of Peck & Pelkey, dealers in Republicans

HAD old General Charles Ray Brayton, the blind boss, been alive, it is likely that no such stupid situation would have obtained in the state of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations. But genius like his is infrequent; the control of the Republican party has fallen into hands that fumble.

Somehow, masterfully, harshly, the general would have prevented it. Somehow, he would have stalled off the crisis until, when the people did rise above all opposition, there would have been nothing for them to rise to. None of this silly let-the-people-rule nonsense about the general. If you didn't like the way he ran Rhode Island you could move to Connecticut, to Massachusetts, or to Nova Zembla. In fact, if you made sufficient nuisance of yourself, he'd move you.

Before and during his day and on up to two years ago, voting in Rhode Island was by invitation only. Or practically that. Only those who owned property were on the invitation list, too, and of these only the truly trustworthy were bidden.

When he was writing Rhode Island's laws, the all-powerful General Assembly was elected (a mere constitutional formality) by no more than ten per cent of the possible electorate—a smug Tory minority to whom the general represented high tariff, cheap labor and no quarter for the labor unions. It was one of the most beautifully undemocratic situations in America, with nothing for the upper classes to worry about except occasional fanatics and howling dervishes who were forever bawling about freedom, human rights, self-expression, personal liberty and rot like that.

A Sad State of Affairs

And now look at Rhode Island and Providence Plantations! Dissidents behind every door. Democrats with no respect for old Democratic leaders voting amuck. The Republican party split to its heels. Beer Barons and Rum Regents, to say nothing of gamblers and bandits, stingy with their protection money until they can be sure from which side consistent protection is coming. The old manor lords have all but vanished, their baronies sold by globe-trotting heirs to be split up into vulgar real estate developments. Newport, once the impregnable capital of American society, swiftly becoming a Victorian relic, scorned by a new jazz generation. The old rich, to whom such protecting bosses as General Brayton looked for mere thousands to maintain a royal rule, supplanted by brand-new millionaires whose fathers were mill-hands and who call nice people saps.

Yet you feel sure that the general would have met all these changes and made them his—his and the Republican party's. The general was strong. With him politics was a science. Since his time politics has swiftly become a racket. He was deaf to the shouts and murmurs of the multitude—as deaf as he was blind. You can't help believing that under him there would have been no surrender to the mob such as, two years ago, Mr. Frederick S. Peck and Mr. William C. Pelkey, his successors, made. It follows then that it is unlikely that there would have been this present situation which threatens to reduce to a mere panting contender a once arrogant tyrant, the Republican machine in Rhode Island. And here's how.

About two years ago, an agitation almost as old as the state bore fruit. Among other things that Rhode Island's moribund constitution forbade the people to do was to vote at random. Anybody having attained to the age of twenty-one and not confined in the jail house could vote for a mayor or a governor, but neither a mayor nor a governor had any powers to speak of, veto powers being prominent among the things they lacked.

Briefly, no person not possessed of at least one hundred and thirty-four dollars' worth of real estate or personal property could vote for a candidate for any office which was directly or indirectly associated with the levying of taxes, the expenditure of public moneys or was at all related to financial legislation. Even now a governor has neither initiative nor veto powers in such matters. Neither has a mayor. Just why Rhode Island bothers with governors and mayors is something of a mystery. But they had to let the poor vote for something.

At any rate the unpropertied could not vote for legislators nor town councils. Moreover, the right to vote didn't necessarily come to one automatically when one had accumulated a hundred and thirty-four dollars. Gentlemen chosen by the Republican party for the express purpose decided whether your evaluation of your possessions was up to Republican standards and whether it was the right kind of property anyway. If they decided you might not vote you could, of course, protest. You could, for example, go to court.

Now the selection of the judges of Rhode Island's courts was not at the disposition of the people at all. It isn't now. Neither are the judges appointed by the governor. The legislature, sitting as a whole in grand committee, does the choosing and the concurrence of nobody is required. The legislature being chronically Republican, the judges chosen are, oddly enough, of that political persuasion. One does not find that there has ever been a Democrat on the Supreme Court bench nor in the district courts. There have been a few in the intermediate or superior courts, but very few. And these judges have had a considerable amount of the confidence of the Republican legislators.

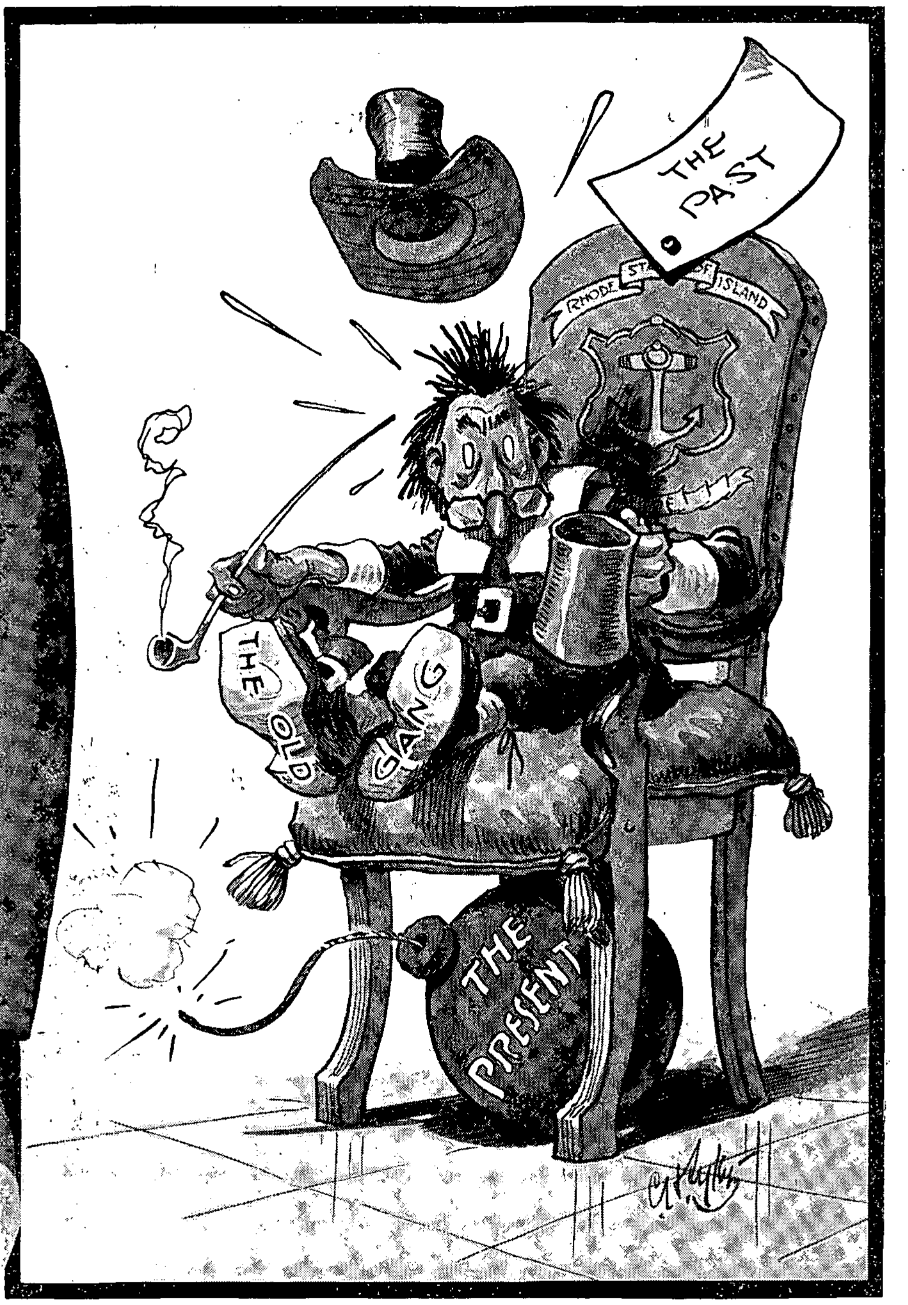
The Surrender

To end the suspense, what happened two years ago in Rhode Island was the abolishment of the property restriction on voting. It didn't come to pass through a new love of the people by the bosses. It was no logical step in a new social and economic order. It involved bombs, imported gunmen, mob violence and the kidnapping of more than half the state senate. The whole state went on the loose. Also almost bankrupt. But the important point is that the Republican party, ripped loose from the old solidarity, demoralized by bootleg wars between rival rum mobs, its leaders lacking the iron will and mercurial resourcefulness of old General Brayton, surrendered to the mob's ancient demand.

Like most people who try to be philosophical about what they can't avoid, the Republican leaders tried to convince themselves that nothing very revolutionary would happen. True, they expected that this newly released electorate would be largely Democratic. It is. But, they reasoned, the Republican organization would still control and man the election machinery and the courts could attend to all the protested ballot counting. Furthermore, deals could be made with a number of the leaders of the lower orders whereby large and solid blocs of potentially Democratic or protest votes could be annexed to the Republican machine. The thing to do was to await the first election in Providence, the state's capi-

© International News

William C. Pelkey, Republican state chairman, who trembles lest Rhode Island become Tammanyized



C. H. Sykes

There appears to be some uneasiness in Rhode Island Republican circles

tal and largest city. And just to make sure that the common people would not have things too much their own way, the state machine did a nice job of ward-reshaping—gerrymandering—in Providence with a view to leavening Democratic masses with Republicanism.

Alas, it didn't work—this gerrymandering. Providence, you must understand, was forever sending Democrats into the mayor's office because the masses could vote for mayor, he having no noticeable powers. But the city council was chronically Republican inasmuch as only the Tories, the propertied class, the thoroughly nice people, could vote for offices that had to do with financial matters. But now, with the same quality of hoarse, coarse shouts that the peasantry probably uttered when in 1769 they destroyed the British sloop Liberty at Newport, thereby winning for Rhode Island the honor of the first violence to the British crown, the emancipated ones flocked to the polls and elected a completely Democratic ticket—mayor and city council.

High Time for Action

If in my tribute to the political virtuosity of General Brayton I seem to have disparaged Mr. Pelkey, the hard, round chairman of the Republican state central committee, and his partner, Mr. Peck, the powerful state finance commissioner, I hasten to soften the blow. As state bosses they are weak only in comparison with the general, to whom compromise was tantamount to surrender. When action is imperative, Messrs. Pelkey and Peck can act. After Providence's demonstration, they acted.

There is an axiom in politics that he who controls the police of a city is boss of that city's polls. Time was when it contained much truth. Except in small towns and minor cities it has dwindled toward obsolescence. Yet the conventional politician, with his Oriental distaste for progress, clings to it. If, says he, in addition, one also owns the fire department, the control problem becomes even simpler. The ancient theory is that if you choose your cops and firemen with shrewdness and let them understand that no nonsense will be tolerated, you have appointed just so many ward captains. Restaurant, theater and like licenses can be granted or denied, according to the political allegiances of the applicants. Voter lists can be written to your liking. Disputes at the polls can be settled instantly and in your favor. If, back of this formidable front, you control the vote accountants and the courts—well, you are expected to regard the elections as mere formalities. You're the boss. The principal trouble with this theory is that it isn't sound. It may win an election or two but its own outrage defeats it. Yet, when hard pressed to cover past errors and make a final stand, your boss politicians fly to it.

So it became clear to Messrs. Peck and Pelkey that Providence's rebellion was a hint not to be ignored. Let Providence get away with that and there was no telling what Pawtucket, Woonsocket, Newport and other places would do. That's the trouble with giving the common people rights; they go on the loose; they get the idea that they're their own masters; they get all sorts of absurd notions—home rule, self-government and what not.

Whereat the Pelkey-Peck organization, the controlling faction of a splitting Republican party, drew up a bill. This bill relieved the city of Providence of the worry that attends the appointment, administration and control of a police force. All that Democratic Providence would have to do was to pay the Republican police. The bill created a state police commission—a nicely flexible one which wouldn't squabble because it would be solidly Peck-Pelkey Republican. And this commission, with arbitrary powers, would appoint sturdily Republican policemen to patrol the streets of Democratic Providence. The people of Providence would have nothing to say about it.

And just to make sure that the eternal rivalry between the police and the firemen would not have a political nature, the bill fixed it so that Providence's fire department would be similarly appointed, managed and controlled. The old general would have loved it. Only he'd have done it sooner—before Providence had a chance to go Bolshevik.

Home Rule—for Others

Naturally, there are those who will demand to know how this ripper legislation was put over, what Providence was doing all this time, why Providence didn't protest, how about home rule and all that sort of thing.

Well, home rule doesn't obtain in Rhode Island. And this is curious inasmuch as Rhode Island has been celebrated for its disinclination to be dictated to by the Federal government. That she was the first of the colonies to slap the face of George the Third, the last to adopt the Federal Constitution and hasn't yet concurred (and probably never will concur) in the Eighteenth Amendment are matters of proud local boasting. As a state there is no hotter exponent of home rule; but as a state she recognizes no home rule within her confines.

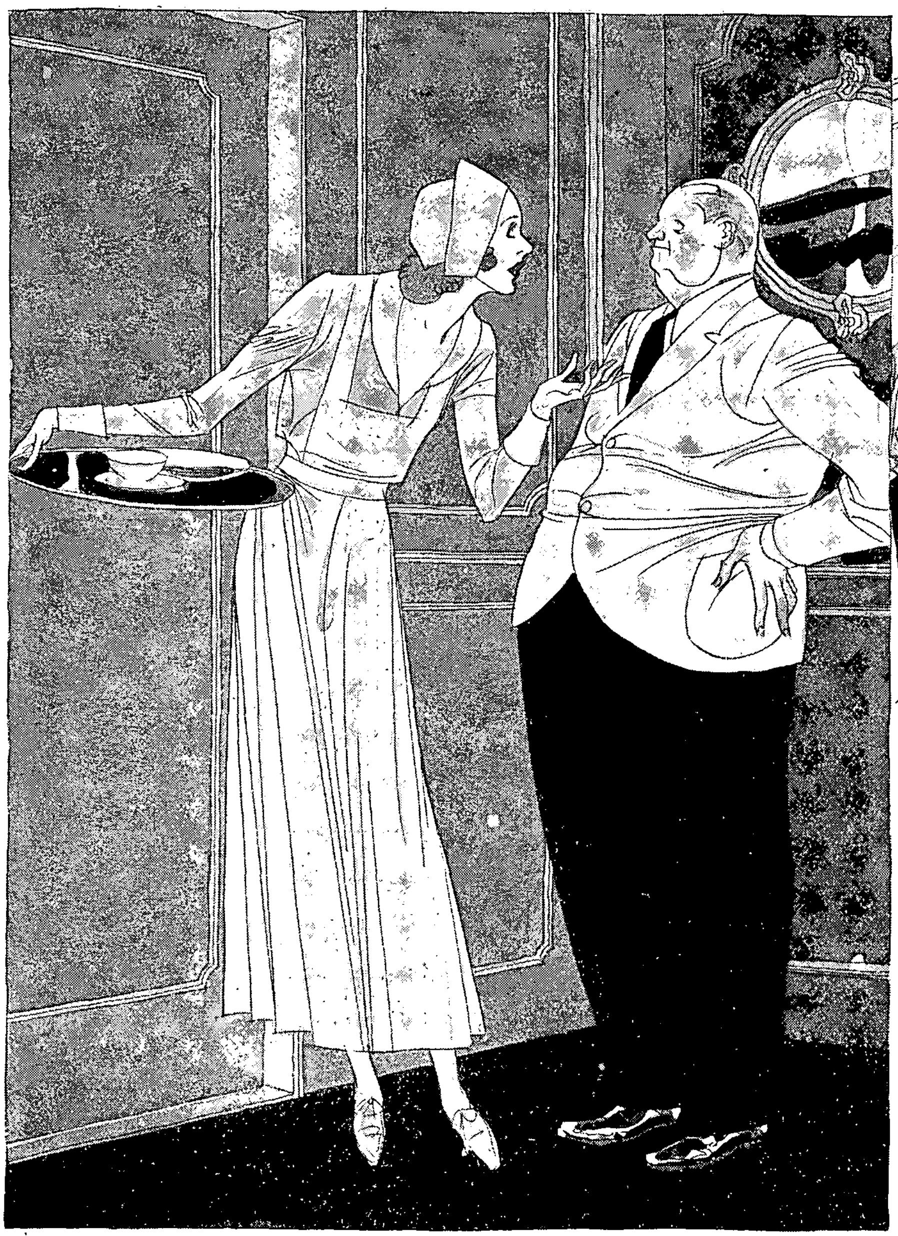
Back in 1843, the stern old Tory rulers decided that the state's charter—the charter that Roger Williams, the founder, had procured from heavy-headed Charles the Second in 1663—was a bit out of date. Worse, it rattled in spots where, if the ruling classes were to continue to rule, it should be stanch. It admitted of concessions to the common people. Little by little the mob was creeping up on its betters. For example, once a man had to be worth nearly two thousand dollars to have voting privileges and presently the sum was reduced to two hundred dollars. Sheer weakness. Shilly-shally.

An End to Folly

Later this sum dropped to a hundred and thirty-four dollars! And there were other dangers—dangers of free-will crusades, free and uncensored speech, hard and fast township boundaries which defied gerrymandering. And so on. The charter was not only a trifle old but reflective of most of the more radical theories of Roger Williams, theories which were all right in his day, perhaps, but dangerous in a growing industrial commonwealth.

So they drew up a new charter, a constitution, which put matters in hard and fast words and phrases. Means were taken to fix a hundred and thirty-four dollars as the rock-bottom price of franchise. Representation in the Senate was nailed down—one member for each town and city. There is no such thing as county government in Rhode Island. The House of Representatives should be limited to a maximum membership (now one hundred) and no matter how big Providence grew it might not have more than twenty-five representatives. Even after such weak surrenders as happened two years ago (the old boys were far-seeing) there would

(Continued on page 53)



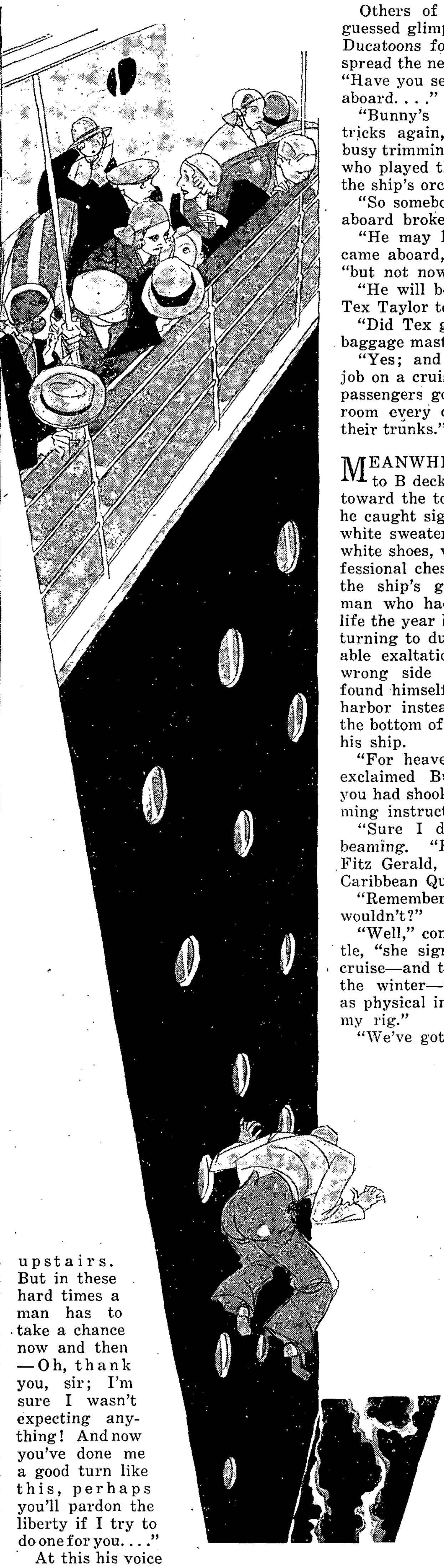
"I nearly married him this winter—but I was afraid of his gambling"

Lady for Luck

A romance of the bounding deep, wherein the heroic Mr. Simmons shows the world that pokeritis can be cured

By George Weston

Illustrated by Russell Patterson



THE Southern Queen was about to leave her New York dock "for an extensive cruise to Central and South America—a cruise for and with cultured Americans—easily one of the most outstanding travel events of the year. . . ."

With these cultured Americans, however, our story has little to do, except for one who fell overboard with a frantic splash. So instead of starting with a description of the distinguished university president who was having his picture taken on the hurricane deck by a squad of press photographers we will begin with Bunny, a stout and elderly white-coated steward who underneath a cherubic expression probably concealed as many tricks of the Great Deep as any two men that ever laid table in a ship's dining-room.

For the last half hour, instead of wrestling hand baggage, Bunny had haunted C deck near the top of the gangplank; and whenever a visitor stepped on board—easily spotted by his air of general uncertainty—it didn't take the chubby little steward many seconds to establish contact with him.

"Begging your pardon, sir," he said to the last one, speaking in the whisper of confidence. "Are you looking for someone?"

"Yes; I've a friend on board."

"The name, sir?"

"Kenneally."

"There's a passenger list inside. . . . Here we are: Miss Kenneally. Room E-311. She may be in there now looking after her baggage; shall we try it, sir?"

DOWNSTAIRS past the Little Shop—and downstairs past the purser's office—and to the right—and to the left—and along a quiet corridor.

"Of course I'm not supposed to be doing this," said Bunny deprecatingly, "and if I see the chief steward coming, I'll have to duck for leaving my post upstairs. But in these hard times a man has to take a chance now and then—Oh, thank you, sir; I'm sure I wasn't expecting anything! And now you've done me a good turn like this, perhaps you'll pardon the liberty if I try to do one for you. . . ."

At this his voice became so confidential that it can only be described as a wheezy whisper.

"Down at Havana last trip I bought a couple of quarts of Golden Ducatoons—and if you'd like a half-pint bottle, sir—and wouldn't think two dollars—"

Others of the crew, catching half-guessed glimpses of these exchanges of Ducatoons for dollars, winked as they spread the news: "Bunny's aboard. . . ." "Have you seen Bunny?" . . . "Bunny's aboard. . . ."

"Bunny's aboard—and up to his tricks again," said Looie the barber, busy trimming the hair of Fritz Krauss, who played the cello and sang tenor in the ship's orchestra.

"So somebody told me—said he came aboard broke—"

"He may have been broke when he came aboard," said Looie significantly, "but not now!"

"He will be, though, when he meets Tex Taylor tonight."

"Did Tex get his promotion to chief baggage master?"

"Yes; and believe me, that's a fat job on a cruise like this—with half the passengers going down to the baggage room every day to get things out of their trunks."

MEANWHILE Bunny had returned to B deck and was making his way toward the top of the gangplank when he caught sight of a tall young man in white sweater, blue serge trousers and white shoes, who was expanding a professional chest in the open doorway of the ship's gymnasium—a tall young man who had possibly saved Bunny's life the year before when the latter, returning to duty in a state of considerable exaltation, had stepped over the wrong side of the tender and had found himself in the water of Havana harbor instead of on the platform at the bottom of the stairs which led up to his ship.

"For heaven's sake, Jed Simmons!" exclaimed Bunny. "Why, I thought you had shook the sea, and was a swimming instructor now."

"Sure I did—and was," said Jed, beaming. "But you remember Mary Fitz Gerald, the trained nurse on the Caribbean Queen?"

"Remember her?" said Bunny. "Who wouldn't?"

"Well," continued Jed, coloring a little, "she signed on as nurse for this cruise—and things being pretty dull in the winter—well—I signed on, too—as physical instructor, as you see from my rig."

"We've got a good crowd on board," said Bunny. "Bob Bennett's here—and Cockeye Coleman is on as assistant chef—and I never spotted a likelier looking lot of stewardesses. There's one down on E deck—a little one with red—"

The Southern Queen's mighty siren suddenly silenced all lesser sounds; and a few moments later a barely perceptible tremor ran through the ship.

"We're off," said Bunny carelessly; and, casting an indulgent glance at the shouting, waving mob at the rail, he added: "Bless their little hearts, you'd think they'd never put out to sea before—and perhaps some of them haven't. Look at that fat old girl with the armful of roses. She not only wants everybody to see her: they must hear her, too."

As a matter of fact, the portly passenger with the roses was a very important person—being no one less than Mrs. Van Rensselaer Van Eyck. And next to having her picture in the paper, Mrs. Van Eyck liked nothing better than, first, to attract attention; and, second, to appear supremely bored with the attention thus attracted.

At the moment when Bunny first noticed her, she was engaged in the first of these operations, leaning over the rail as far as she could with the roses, and shouting a final message to a delegation from one of her Young Girl movements which had been assembled on the dock below with their own fife and drum corps, so that Mrs. Van Eyck might have a proper farewell.

"That old girl had better mind her eye," said Bunny, "or the first thing *she'll* know—"

He never finished his alternative, for just at that second, trying to cup both hands to her mouth while she leaned over and held onto her roses at the same time, Mrs. Van Eyck suddenly lost her balance, and a few moments later there was a frantic splash below. . . . The young physical instructor had already made his way across the deck and, eagerly vaulting the rail, he too disappeared beneath the surface of the dark and narrow strip of water which lay between the dock and the moving ship. . . .

For as long as it might take you to count ten, nothing could be seen below but a welter of troubled ripples; and then all at once Jed Simmons appeared . . . and Mrs. Van Eyck was with him. . . .

GEORGE BELLOWS would surely have found a scene worthy of one of his lithographs in the crew's mess-room that night. A poker game was on. It was not a casual and conversational game such as was being played in the passengers' smoke-rooms above, but an intense and vivid one, into which the players put their whole hearts and souls. Dining-room and bedroom stewards who had gathered a small harvest of preliminary tips, able-bodied seamen who had been rewarded for trundling baggage all afternoon, dark-handed sons of the engine room—they were all intent upon the game. Indeed, the only one who seemed to be indifferent was Tex Taylor, the banker, who sat at the head of the table—his blue jowls freshly barbered, his black hair rich with the tropical aroma of bay rum.

At the moment he was not only banker, he was dealing, too—holding the pack well forward, knowing that his hands were being watched by every pair of eyes around the table.

"Cards?" he crisply demanded.

"I don't want you to work too hard," said Bunny. "I'll take two."

"One," said Jed Simmons, he (you may remember) whom you last saw in the water with Mrs. Van Eyck.

"Three to the dealer," said Tex, ostentatiously snapping them on the table. "Your bet, Bunny."

"A dollar—from a scholar," said Bunny, pushing it into the pot.

"*And* a dollar," said Jed.

"I think you're both bluffing," said Tex. "I'll raise you five."

"This way out," said Bunny, dropping his cards face down on the table.

"Five more," said Jed.

"Five more," said Tex.

"*And* five."

"*And* five."

"That's all I've got," said Jed regretfully, "or I'd come again. I filled my flush—ace-king high."

"Me," said Tex, "I filled my little full house—three fours and a pair of sevens."

"On a three-card draw," muttered one of the dark-handed sons of the engine room. "What did you draw to, Tex?"

"Lucky sevens. What's the matter, Jed?" he continued, as the young man arose. "Not going to leave us already?"

"Broke," said Jed, very mournfully.

"No, you're not."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean there's just a chance that you'll get a purse for fishing the old lady out of the water this afternoon. Tell you what I'll do. . . . I'll buy your chance on the purse and give you fifty dollars for it, right here and now."

"FIFTY'S not enough," protested Bunny quickly. "I'll give him seventy-five."

"That's a good idea," said Tex. "We'll auction it off. I'll give a hundred. Any other bids?"

"Not from me," said Bunny, sadly, shaking his head. "But if I were Jed, I wouldn't sell for any hundred dollars."

"Why not?" demanded Tex. "You bid seventy-five a minute ago; you were willing enough then that he should sell for that—as long as he sold to you. But Jed's of age. What do you say, Jed? Want to sell?"

"Luck was just turning," frowned the young man thoughtfully. "Guess I might as well."

"Atta-boy, Jed! Take it while the taking's good! You may fall overboard yourself tomorrow. And when all's said and done, it's just like *finding* a hundred dollars," said Arthur Simms, one of the dining-room stewards.

But after finding it, it wasn't long before Jed was also losing it. His final misfortune arose from backing another flush against Bunny's four-card draw. Upon the show-down it appeared that Bunny, holding an ace, had drawn two more and a pair of kings.

"To think that it happened twice," groaned Jed, after the game had broken up for the night. "That's what I can't get over!"

"To think of Tex Taylor buying that purse of yours for a hundred dollars," frowned Bunny thoughtfully. "That's what *I* can't get over! . . ."

Next morning the weather was rough, with a stiff east wind and a blinding rain. Bunny beamed as he dressed himself by the simple expedient of putting on his shoes and a short white coat.

"Thank God I'm a bedroom steward this trip," he thought, as he made his lurching way upstairs. "If the weather holds out, this ought to be a good day for me."

First he had his chores to do, his length of rubber-tiled corridor to wash, his brass-work to polish until it shone again. Dropping down to the galley once, he found time for a cup of coffee and a short chat with Cockeye Coleman, the assistant chef, who was an old crony of his.

"Too bad about Jed Simmons, selling his chance on the purse to Tex Taylor," said Cockeye. "And for a measly hundred dollars too! Why, I remember on the old St. Paul—"

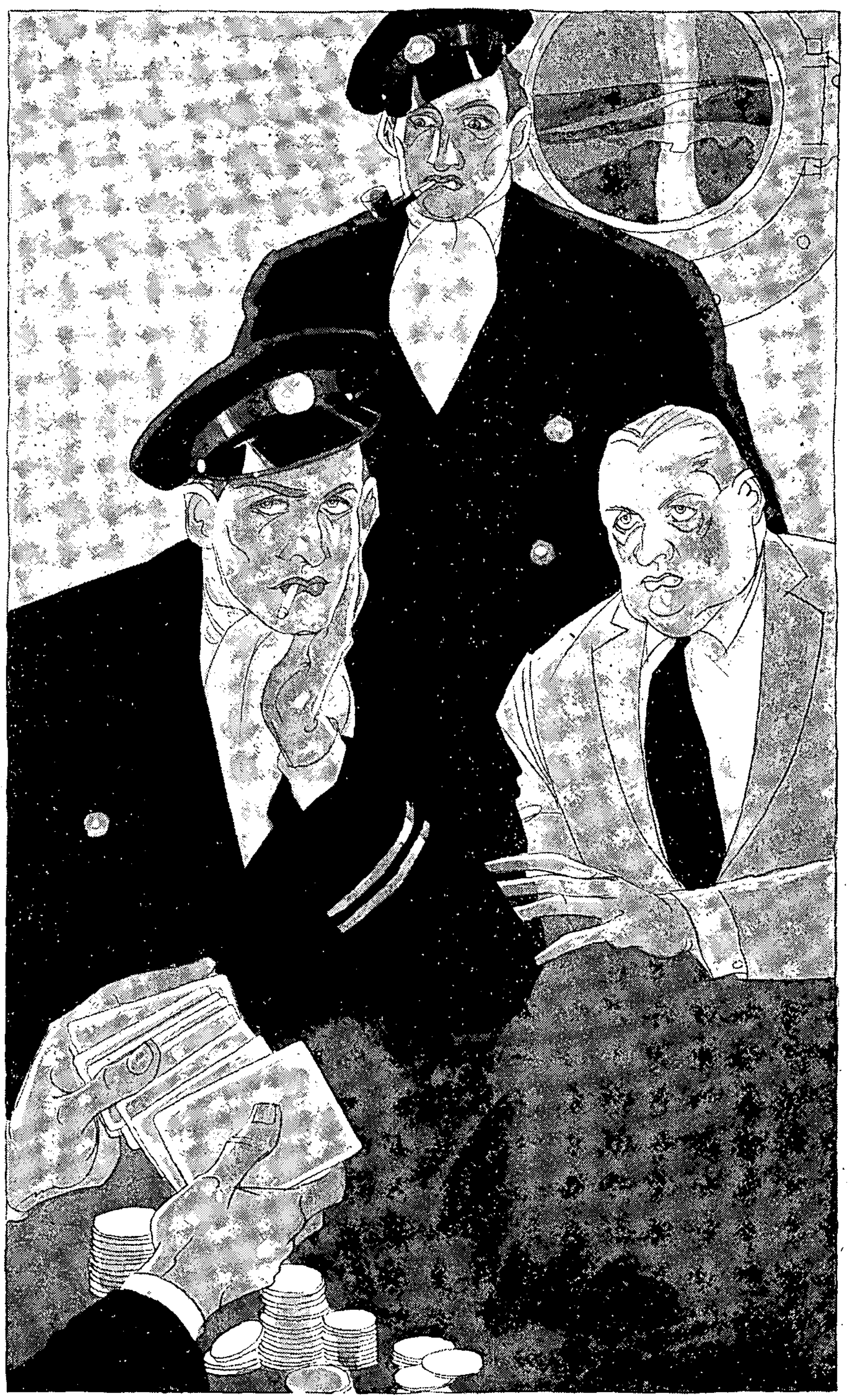
"Aye," said Bunny. "But remember this too: Tex hasn't got that money yet."

"He'll get it, though," said Cockeye dispiritedly. "Remember how well he wiped your eye the last voyage we were on together, and how he won the pool by standing in with the engineers?"

Whether or not it was the one which had been wiped so well, one of Bunny's eyes became involved in a slow but significant wink. "Listen, my lad," he whispered. "Where do you keep your freshest eggs? And I don't mean the ones for omelettes, either. I mean the eggs you use for soft boiling."

"They're in the ice-box," said the wondering Cockeye. "Why?"

"Never you mind why. You bring me out a dozen and put 'em in this bowl where they can't roll away. And if you see me coming with a pail, you just turn your head away, and ask no questions."



"Luck was just turning," frowned the young man. "Guess I might as well"

At seven o'clock, donning a clean coat and apron, Bunny started out to make the rounds of his passengers, knocking first on the door of E-218, which bore the name of the college president who was having such an impressive picture taken a few short hours before.

"Come. . . . " said a feeble voice inside.

"Just dropped in to see what you'd like for breakfast, sir," said Bunny, entering and offering a bill of fare.

"Nothing—nothing—" groaned the man of knowledge. And, being a firm believer in having his young gentlemen educated in the twin principles of observation and deduction, he weakly continued, "Do I look as if I want anything to eat?"

"Well, you do look a little bit under the weather, sir, and that's a fact," said Bunny, soothingly, "but I can get you something that will make you feel better. It's a simple, pleasant remedy that a friend of mine worked out, and though he charges a couple of dollars for it, just to defray the expense of manufacture, you needn't pay a penny if you don't feel better by nine o'clock."

"Two dollars? Why, I'd give ten—"

"Two dollars is all he charges, sir. I'll be right back," Bunny said politely.

Bunny returned to his pantry, humming the opening stave of the St. Louis Blues, and breaking the yolks of two eggs into a bowl, he warmed them by placing the bowl in a pan of hot water. Then, adding two tablespoonfuls from one of his unsold bottles of Golden Ducatoons, he beat the yolks and the liquid together until there was enough to fill a tall glass.

"HERE you are, sir," he said, after he had hurried back to his passenger. "If you'll just take this. No, sir; you don't drink it; you eat it with the spoon."

"Smells good," said the man of learning, weakly. "Mmm . . . tastes good, too. What is it?"

"Known as Bunny's Beneficent Balm, sir. . . . There. . . . Now we'll see if you don't feel better by nine o'clock; and then you can decide whether or not it's worth the two dollars it cost, sir."

The dozen eggs proved to be an able estimate. By eight o'clock, Bunny had mixed his sixth glass of Balm, and all his passengers were either on their way to being cured or were trying to eat their breakfasts off peripatetic plates and drink their coffee out of cups which might have been fashioned like those old-fashioned dribble cups with which

(*Continued on page 44*)

Social Secretary

By Charles Brackett

Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum

The Story Thus Far:

SYLVIA HARRIMAN, who lives with her grandparents, the wealthy Ogden Harrimans, has an "affair" with Frank D'Agnoli, a bootlegger. They part; and presently D'Agnoli, a blackguard, writes to her. "I need dough," says the note, "and you need that letter you wrote me. Here's the key of Room 802 at the Commander. Meet me there at 4 P. M." . . . A pretty pickle for Sylvia! Within a few hours (so she thinks) she is to marry an English nobleman—for his title. There must be no scandal—she goes to the hotel. . . .

But Sylvia's victim—Paul, Lord Danforth—has other plans. Mrs. Ogden Harriman has a social secretary: Helen Blake. He has met her, fallen in love with her, made her promise to marry him. Dangerous business! Lord Danforth is trying to save Tress Oil, controlled by his family, from bankruptcy. Two men alone can help him: one McKecheron (owner of a large block of stock of vital importance to Tress)—*and Ogden Harriman.* Mr. Harriman meets him, likes him, and calmly decides to marry Sylvia to him. McKecheron's stock is worth nearly fifty million dollars. Mr. Harriman buys it—and Lord Danforth is in his power: he *must* marry Sylvia, or see his entire family ruined!

Such is the situation when Sylvia goes to the Commander, where a dreadful experience awaits her. D'Agnoli arrives, staggers into the room, dies. Someone, using a silencer, has shot him! Desperate, Sylvia telephones Helen, begs her to come to the hotel. Helen goes. Sylvia's story does not surprise her—she knows D'Agnoli: five years before, she had married him, learned his true character, and left him. But something must be done, and quickly. So—"Listen, Sylvia, I'll protect you if you promise me one thing." "What?" gasps Sylvia. "That you won't marry Lord Danforth," says Helen. And Sylvia promises. . . . The girls change dresses (Sylvia's is stained with blood). There is a knock at the door. "Open the door!" someone growls. And, as Sylvia, terrified, slips into the bedroom, Helen walks slowly to the door—braced to meet the most trying ordeal of her life.

Conclusion

IN COMPARISON with Sylvia, Helen had thought of herself as well equipped to meet the ordeal before her. Her conscience was clear, which should make it easier for her mind to function efficiently, and she had not been pampered into weakness. What was to come would be horribly disagreeable, but she'd be able to get through it with some kind of businesslike competence.

In so thinking she underestimated the magnificent machinery for human torture which modern life has perfected.

Kelly, the house detective, was her first contact with it. Things would have gone better if Kelly's recent reading had been different and the sleuth in the last novel he had spelled out had been of the subtle, secret sort.

Unfortunately that fictitious character had been a bluff Scotland Yard man, who not only sneered at amateurs, but put them to shame by his roughshod methods.

That was why, when Helen opened the door, a good many people entered besides Kelly. A really big man wasn't disturbed by a crowd, nor did he bother with niggling little "clues," dear to dabblers in "scientific" methods. So Mrs. Auchenpaugh and Hulda and Hulda's best friend, whom she'd had time to call, and four guests who'd heard the racket, and a porter and two bellboys poured into Room 802.

"Oh, my God, it's a murder!"

"She's shot him! Can y'imagine?"

"Ach, Du lieber Gott!"

"Just keep away from the body and shut your faces!" Kelly commanded, handling the situation in a big way.

Helen took advantage of the moment of silence which followed that order.

"Someone shot him outside, of course," she said.

"Nobody asked you anything, did they? Don't talk out of turn, sister."

Alas, the heroine of that novel had been beautiful and appealing, and those facts had kept the reader from suspecting her until the last chapter.

Kelly resumed what purported to be an examination for signs of *rigor mortis,* a condition of which he had a high opinion but very little information.

NATURALLY his words to the crowd had been forgotten.

"This'll be something to write to the folks! Murder right across the hall!"

"Look at her dress!"

"Heavens, Charlie, I got the queerest feeling!"

At last it was too much, even for Kelly.

"Will you shut your traps, all of you, or will I throw you out? Close the door, anyway."

Someone tried to obey, but there was an argument.

"Can't keep us out. We're the press."

"Hey, big boy, you want the newspapers to burn up this hotel? Let us in."

"Newspaper men come in. The rest of you get out!" yelled Kelly, under the impression that shouting orders made them more effective.

Nobody got out, and the crowd augmented.

Suddenly Kelly turned on Helen.

"Now where's your gun, sister?"

"I haven't any gun. I tried to tell you that he was shot outside."

"Yeah. I noticed how quick you pulled that. What was his name? And who was he?"

"Frank D'Agnoli. He ran a night club."

"This is your room?"

"He took the room. I was meeting him here."

"Why didn't you open the door sooner?"

"I must have fainted."

"Pretty long faint. What was he to you?"

"I'd known him a long time. We—"

"You was his sweetie. Why not say it right out? What's your name?"

"Do all these people have to be here?"

"This ain't going to be any secret. What's your name?"

"Helen Blake."

"Where do you live?"

"Seven hundred and seventy-nine Fifth Avenue."

"Fifth Avenue!"

"I'm Mrs. Ogden Harriman's secretary."

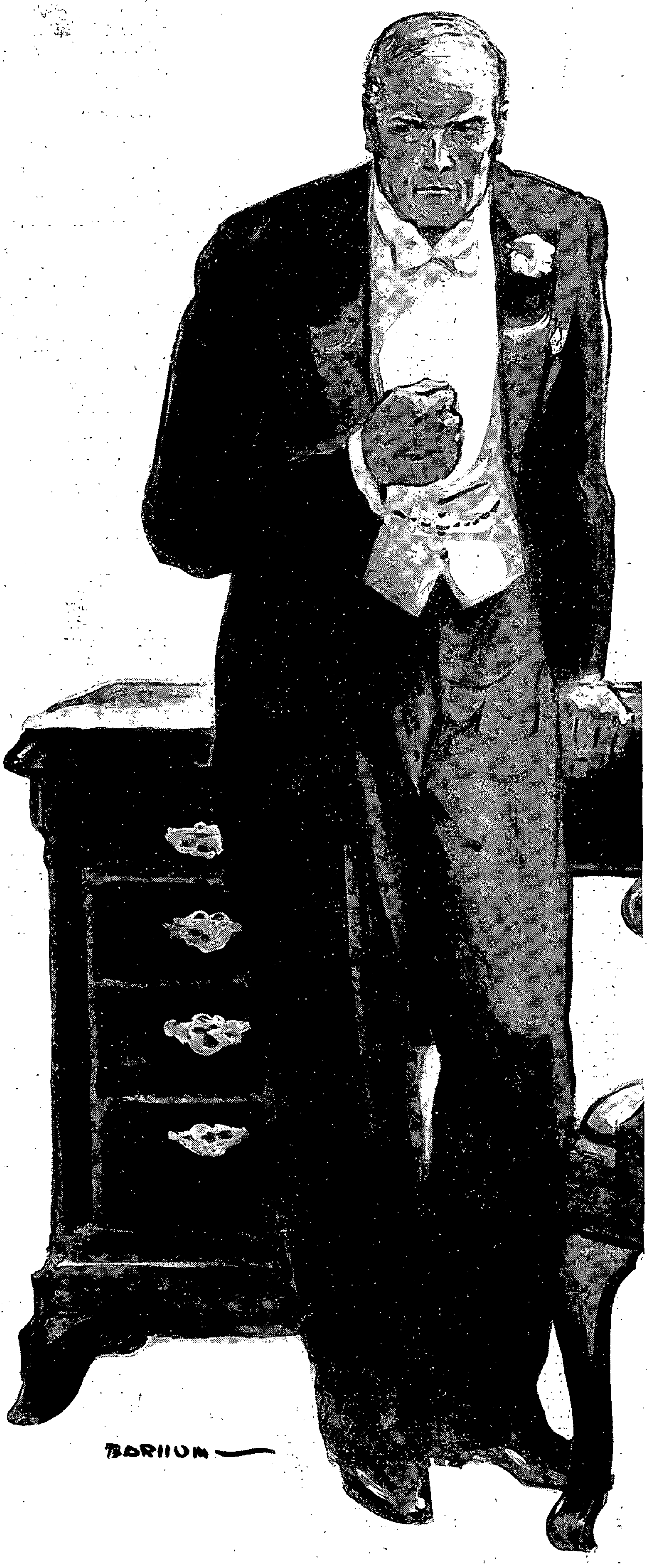
"ZOWIE, what a story!" came an exultant yip from some place in the background. "Hey, let me get a look at her, can't you?"

"Harriman! Harriman!" the room buzzed. "Harrimans that are having that big wedding!"

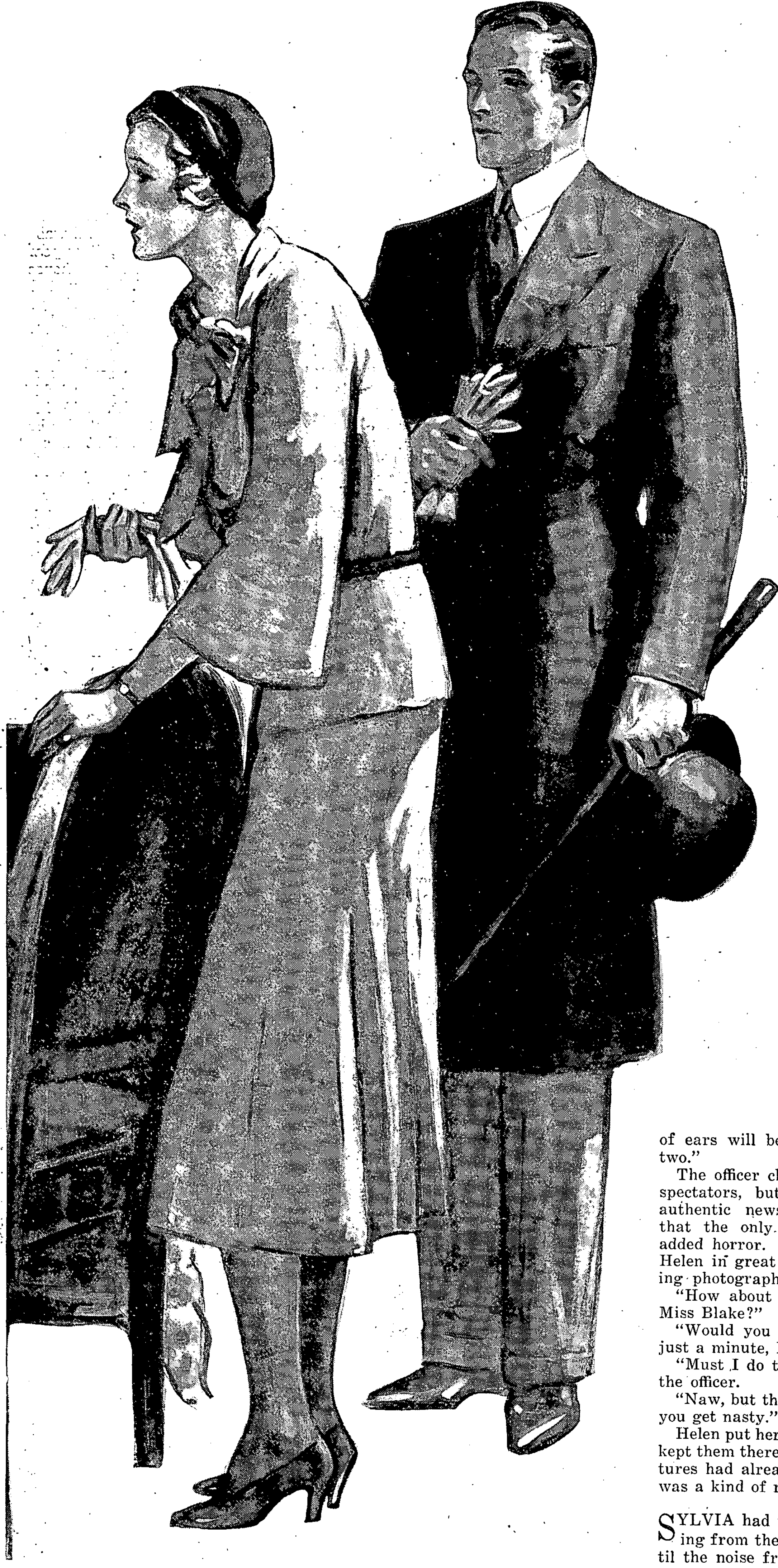
"How did you get mixed up with a yegg like that?"

"I said I'd known him a long time. We were married. At least I thought we were married, only he had a wife already."

"Yeah, I heard that one before, too," Kelly played for a laugh and got one.



Mr. Harriman was standing by his desk. "I thought they entered. "What do you want done, Miss



this was a better place to confer," he said, when Blake? The facts of the case published tomorrow?"

"It happens to be true in this case."

"You knew you weren't married when you met him here this afternoon, didn't you? Now where's that gun?"

"I tell you I never had a gun in my life."

"To listen to you you're that Virgin Queen they talk about. Where's that gun?"

The question was a roar by that time.

"Hey, what do you think you are, house dick?" a new voice cut in.

It was a policeman in uniform.

"I'm just trying to find out what goes on," Kelly replied.

"Why the hell didn't you put in a call? And what does go on?"

"Haven't had time to get it out of her. She was his gal. Shot him, probably."

The officer did not seem to find it incredible.

"What was his name?" he asked Helen.

"Frank D'Agnoli. He ran a night club."

"Who are you?"

"Helen Blake."

THAT was a pattern which ran through the kaleidoscopic shifting which followed. The officer wrote both names down.

"I didn't kill him, of course," Helen said. "He was shot outside."

"What was to keep *you* from shooting him outside?" Kelly asked.

"I didn't want to shoot him."

"Thought you said he seduced you."

"Accidental, was it?" the officer asked.

"No. No. No."

"No use telling it to me, sweetheart. Save your breath. A bunch of ears will be along in a minute or two."

The officer cleared the room of mere spectators, but there were so many authentic newspaper people by then that the only difference was one of added horror. They fired questions at Helen in great volleys, and began taking photographs.

"How about one with a little smile, Miss Blake?"

"Would you move over to the body, just a minute, Miss Blake?"

"Must I do this?" Helen appealed to the officer.

"Naw, but they'll be meaner to you if you get nasty."

Helen put her hands over her face and kept them there. Undoubtedly some pictures had already been snapped, but it was a kind of refuge.

SYLVIA had waited at the door leading from the bedroom to the hall until the noise from 802 told her that it was invaded, then, limp with terror, she slipped into the hall.

She thought no one saw her come out, but she couldn't be sure, so immediately were there other people in the corridor: a man who might just have turned a corner, a middle-aged woman who had opened her door across the hall, Sylvia prayed and thought, a second after Sylvia had emerged.

The woman was in a costume which indicated that she'd been in the tub.

"What's the noise?" she asked.

"Where's 802?" the man called.

Sylvia pointed to the door. No, that looked suspicious; she made herself go in with them.

"I'd known him a long time," she heard Helen say.

"YOU was his sweetie. Why not say it right out?"

It might have been she to whom that was shouted.

"I wouldn't stay if I were you," the middle-aged woman whispered to her. "Does the sight of blood make you sick?"

Sylvia nodded and seized the excuse to go into the hall again.

A light was glimmering over one of the elevators, which meant that a car was descending but she didn't dare take it. The elevator boy might recognize her.

There was a red electric bulb to indicate where stairs descended. That was what she must do. She longed to run for it as fast as she could, but instead she walked with exaggerated slowness. When she had reached the light, and passed through the fireproof door, however, she ran down the stairs, one flight, then another. It would have been cleverer to go up. Too late now.

After the second flight she slipped into the hall again. It was a different, quiet world. Somewhere on the other side of the hotel there was another row of elevators. She allowed herself to hurry in their direction, found them, was at last in the street.

For an instant she stood, drinking in the delight of fresh air, but she had to go home and tell them the damned wedding was off. Before she went she needed something more bracing than fresh air. She got in a taxi and gave the address of her favorite speakeasy. Freddy Ives was there.

"I'm drowning my sorrow at losing you," he told her. "You look shot to pieces. What is it? Just maidenly tremors?"

"I've got to go through a hellish scene, but I don't want to talk about it now."

"What'll you have?"

"A hooker of Scotch, and don't let me have but one. After that take me home."

"All right, countess."

"And don't call me that."

"Why not? I should think you'd like it even if it does break my heart: Sylvia, Countess of Cheltenham. It's a swell name."

HELEN still stood with her hands over her face. The police officer's superiors had arrived, but they didn't question her immediately. She was to go to a police station.

The blood leading from the elevator was now being taken into account. There was a great deal of talk about the elevator boy who had gone off duty and must be found.

A sob sister came up to Helen.

"Honey, you can't go around in those clothes," she said. "Want me to pick you up something?"

"Will you please?" Helen gave her her pocketbook.

"Got any choice as to models?"

"No."

"I'll get something cute and bring it to the station."

If this were to turn into a murder charge the truth would come out, of course, but there was no reason why there should be such a development. All Helen could do now was say as little

(*Continued on page 66*)

X Marks the Spot

"Poisoned!" That report spells work for the police—months of it, usually. But the odds are against the poisoner: modern chemistry has seen to that. Inspector Carey, for sixteen years chief of the Homicide Bureau of the New York Police, here tells the story of our famous poisoners, including that of Roland Molineux—a series of almost perfect crimes

By Arthur A. Carey and John B. Kennedy

SICK people had difficulty at first call to find their way to Dr. Buchanan's office. It was in the heart of that maze of streets ironically called the Village, where arithmetic outrages geography, and you start walking along Fourth Street suddenly to find yourself crossing Eleventh Street.

Those who found Dr. Buchanan's place of practice did not often return to it. The difficulty of locating his dingy basement office on Eleventh Street did not dissuade them; nor was it the doctor's lack of skill. He held his certificate from a flourishing Canadian university, which he had entered from his native Nova Scotia. Instead of a good bedside manner, Dr. Buchanan had developed an industrious bar-side manner. He was known as a persevering drinker: the odor of whisky was always about his untrimmed beard.

Other stories, too, made the rounds of the gossips. Robert W. Buchanan, M. D., was reputed to be a cash-and-carry Lothario, a patron of sordidly gay places then tolerated in New York before the hirsute Captain Chapman made reforming forays on the Tenderloin.

For this was the year of grace 1892, when street-car drivers wore whiskers as long as their horses' tails, when the city was a glare of gaslight by night and a paradise of teamsters by day, when ladies swept sidewalks with trailing skirts and gentlemen actually lit cigars with real matches.

As a young detective, I had just graduated from pavement-pounding as a patrolman.

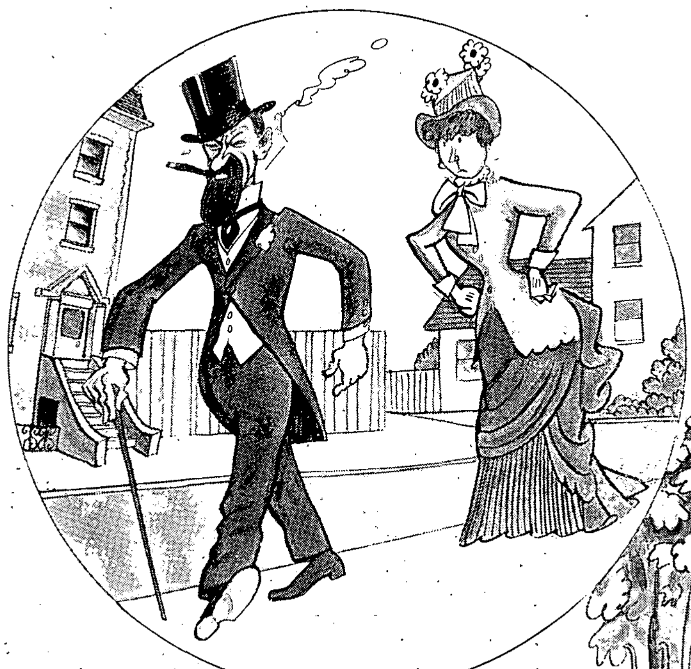
With the ambition of a young detective I'd looked forward to my first big murder case to be a baffling mystery, one to set the city and the country and the world, for that matter, aflame. I saw myself assigned to the job of solving the mystery, and by deeds of derring do, plus subtle thinking, suddenly astonishing my superiors by pouncing on an unsuspected villain and branding him with incontestable proof as a vile killer. I had roseate visions of headlines and editorials, and ranks of my fellow officers standing at attention while the police commissioner decorated my breast with a medal.

Those hopes were many, many years ago. Since then I've put in a lifetime of eighteen hours a day as a sleuth on the trail of murderers; and I know that the rewards of the game are not in public praise, for precious little of that is meted out; nor are the penalties of the game in public blame, although that's an everyday occurrence. Satisfaction from the job lies only in outwitting the criminal, and dissatisfaction consists only in being outwitted by the criminal. In my career I've had ample quantities of both.

Food for Gossip

Dr. Robert W. Buchanan, let me repeat, was a physician who neglected his practice and pursued the more dangerous pleasures. In his cups, he was wont to talk a great deal, and a man or woman who does that always says the wrong thing at the wrong time. Neighbors of the Buchanans (they had a young daughter) overheard many a spectacular family quarrel. They were not surprised when the Buchanans were divorced. They were hardly surprised when the doctor married again. Nor, indeed, were they greatly surprised when the second Mrs. Buchanan, much older than the doctor and obviously an invalid, departed this life.

In those comparatively sedate times before the Hollywood fashion of quick splitting and splicing, the neighbors were very much surprised to learn that within two weeks of his second wife's demise Dr. Buchanan remarried his first wife.



Buchanan made the fatal error of never raising his hat to women neighbors, as a gentleman should

News of this remarriage brought to a head much gossip regarding the sudden taking-off of the second Mrs. Buchanan. Rumor got into print in those days just as quickly as now. Anonymous letters besieged press and police, and there existed the curious condition of a man unindicted, uncharged with any crime, being the center of public suspicion. Ordinarily, cowardly writers of anonymous letters are treated with the scant respect due their cowardice. But police tradition and experience have taught the criminal hunter that cowards tell the truth to gain revenge they fear to seize. A very small percentage of anonymous tips turn out to be fruitful; but in murder cases no possible clue is overlooked, and at least three times in my life I've known an undercover and unrevealed informant to set the police after killers who otherwise would never have been suspected, let alone discovered.

When the district attorney's office, aware of the popular feeling stirred up against Dr. Buchanan in the neighborhood where he had lived with his second wife, turned the matter over to the police, I was assigned the job of either clearing Buchanan or convicting him.

Of course, I didn't go to his Eleventh Street address in uniform, with gun and handcuffs ready for action. Nor did I disguise myself as a French Ambassador or an itinerant bricklayer. In about forty years of work as a detective I've never resorted to disguise, not even to the extent of a false mustache; and I don't recall any first-class detective who ever did except to wear clothes befitting the surroundings in which he worked.

Dr. Buchanan should have been a trifle less rowdy in his home and a trifle more urbane to his neighbors. His noisy conduct and sour character made conversational enemies of all who lived near him. Also, he committed a serious blunder in moving the minute his second wife had been buried, to a somewhat pretentious apartment building on upper Broadway. Neighbors who might have forgiven everything else could not silently accept his sudden prosperity.

They talked to me freely, without knowing their statements were being checked by a detective. And after I had heard a dozen different tales I was not much wiser. The doctor, it appeared, had been a steady patron of a house of ill-fame in Newark, N. J., operated by one Anna B. Sutherland, twenty years his senior, who became his second wife. This house in Newark, I found out, had been transferred to the doctor in consideration of one dollar by his second wife twelve days after she married him. That was legally all right. Life insurance to a substantial amount also benefited the doctor. But that was not alarming.

To cap the obstacles against police investigation and in Dr. Buchanan's favor was a death certificate signed by a reputable physician, Dr. McIntyre, which asserted that the second Mrs. Buchanan had died of cerebral hemorrhage on April 23, 1892.

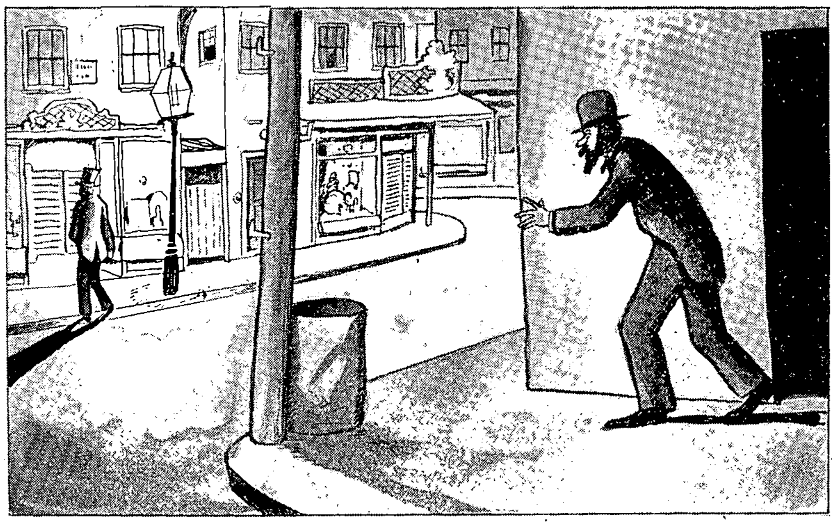
A Fatal Prophecy

Apparently, the only untoward circumstance surrounding the death of Anna Buchanan was her husband's forecast of her fatal illness. But there would be nothing strikingly suspicious about an intelligent layman predicting the death of his invalid wife. It was even less questionable that a physician should prognosticate a final illness.

Yet Buchanan had exceeded the bounds of professional propriety. He had not only foretold his wife's death. He had bragged about it. His exact words, quoted by the anonymous hearer:

"The old devil will be dead in a week or two."

This I found out by frequenting, for a while, a down-town café where the doctor carried on his solo dissipations.



Shadowing men through the streets was easier before taxis and prohibition

And I gathered no exceedingly sinister inference from that until one of the doctor's acquaintances told me that he had diagnosed his wife's infirmity as Bright's disease, and added that she was also a "morphine eater." Yet an old friend of Mrs. Buchanan's, a Captain Smith, testified to her perfect health before the coroner. I became suspicious. I canvassed every move made by the doctor since his second marriage. I learned that he had vainly tried to pass off his second wife as his housekeeper. That she had rebelled and threatened to leave him. And then the newspapers almost ruined the investigation before it began. Somebody tipped them off that Buchanan was under official suspicion; that the death of Anna Buchanan was being looked into. This gave the doctor ample warning and, as he was unindicted for any offense, he might easily have escaped.

Doc Decides to Wait

He was smart. A trifle too smart. He remained in New York, not ostentatiously, indeed, but quietly, unprotestingly, undemonstratively, I think principally because he thought more of a particular down-town bar than of home, liberty or even life.

I shadowed him. For ten days I followed his every movement from the moment he left his home on Broadway to the moment he returned. I must confess that most of my time spent in shadowing was in and out of barrooms: not pleasant work for me, for I have never been a drinker of even the milder beers. His lean, stooped figure and pale face with its red mustache haunt me yet.

Gradually, bit by bit, I picked up information that knitted a circumstantial case of presumption against the doctor. Nothing sensational, nothing even dramatic; but a careful accretion of means to murder which weighed heavily when considered in the light of motive—his second wife's wealth, plus the fact that she had threatened to leave him.

Day by day I followed the doctor, who did not know he was under observation (it was easier to trail men through the streets before the curse of cabs complicated sleuthing). Day by day he took his morning drinks, then stalked to Park Row and snapped up editions of *all* the newspapers as fast as they came on the street. Obviously, something was on his mind! We added to the things he had to think about by getting a court order for the exhumation and autopsy of his late wife. Headlines, of course! The doctor diligently bought every available edition of every available newspaper.

He made no attempt at flight. Smart man. That would have counted heavily against him. Also, he would have been stopped. We made no move to capture him or even to disturb him until the outcome of the autopsy. This proved that morphine and atropine had been administered to the victim in a quantity sufficient to kill. The finding was kept secret. Five minutes after the Grand Jury indicted Dr. Buchanan I was informed by telephone.

It was early morning. I waited outside the apartment house. The doctor emerged with Mrs. Buchanan, who had the distinction of being both his first and his third wife. I followed him a block, when he hailed a hansom, and I hailed another. We both drove to the financial district. The doctor grabbed an armful of newspapers—and I grabbed the doctor. Not roughly or gruffly; I walked ahead of him, turned, and, facing him and his wife, addressed him conventionally:

"You're under arrest, Dr. Buchanan. Please come with me."

He made no gesture of surprise. Neither did the lady.

"What's the charge?" he asked.

"Murder," I said.

"Well," he replied, "let's find a bar and have a drink."

"Not just now, thank you doctor," I said, slipping a holder on his wrist and walking between him and his wife. Not a single pedestrian seemed to see anything unusual in that snatch of drama.

Buchanan went into his trial rather jauntily. His friend Dr. McIntyre, on whom he had innocently imposed, was his reliance on account of the death certificate he had signed.

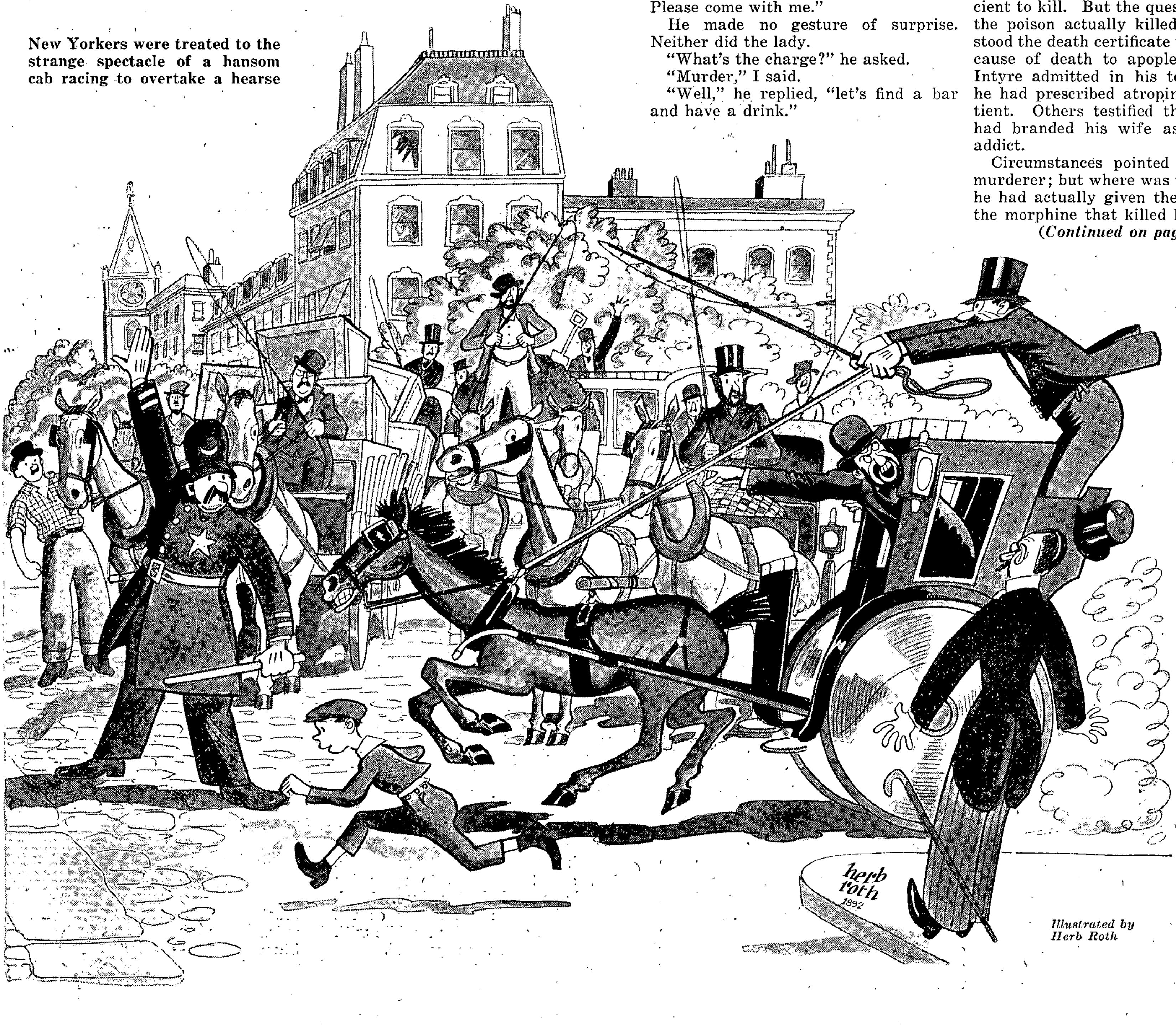
Try and Prove It!

Toxicologists testified that morphine and atropine had been administered to the dead woman, and in an amount sufficient to kill. But the question was, had the poison actually killed her? There stood the death certificate which laid the cause of death to apoplexy. Dr. McIntyre admitted in his testimony that he had prescribed atropine for his patient. Others testified that Buchanan had branded his wife as a morphine addict.

Circumstances pointed to him as a murderer; but where was the proof that he had actually given the dead woman the morphine that killed her?

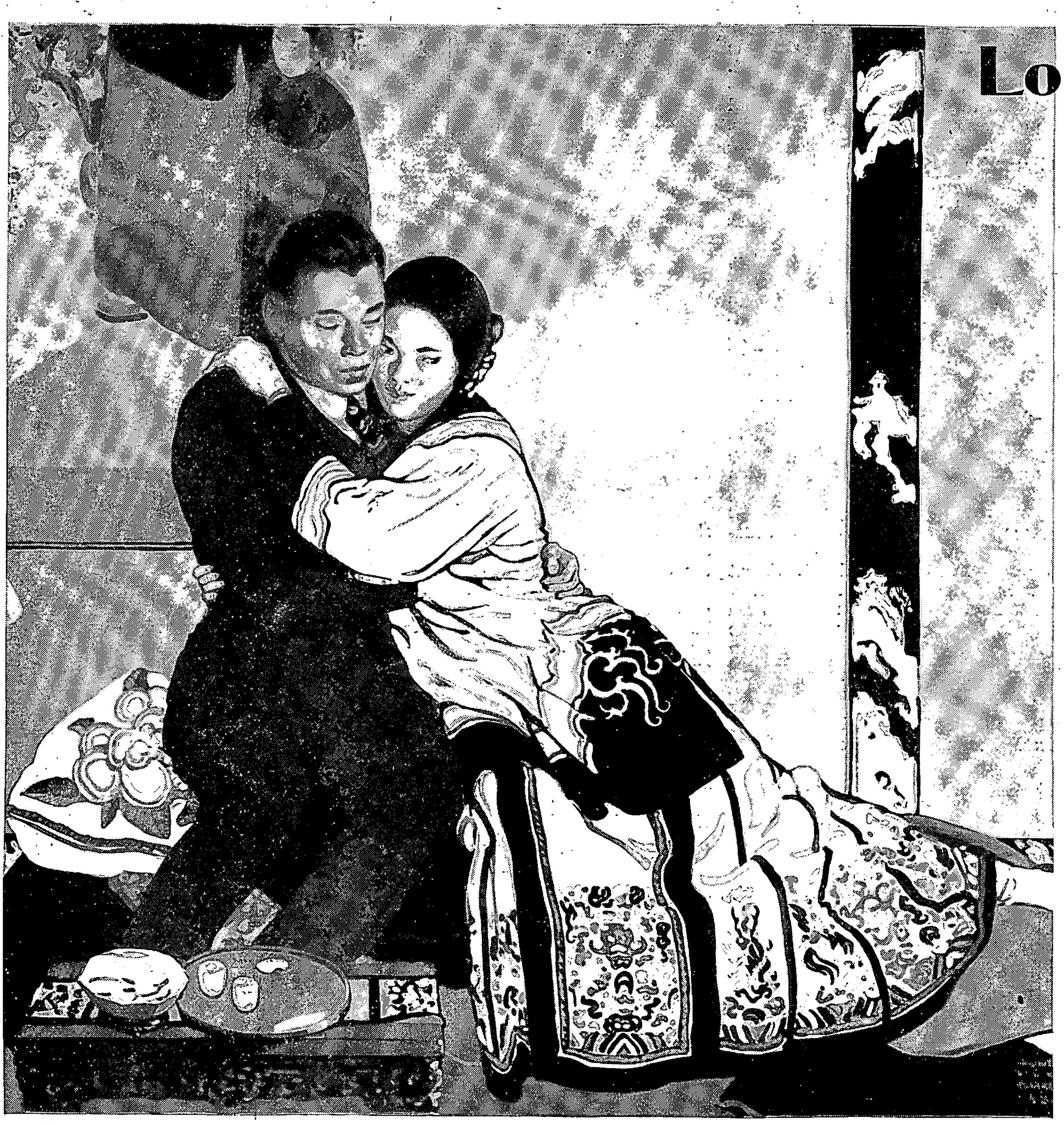
(*Continued on page 72*)

New Yorkers were treated to the strange spectacle of a hansom cab racing to overtake a hearse



Illustrated by Herb Roth

Lost-a-Petal



"Lo-Hai is powerful, Night Star," she whispered. "Why does he hate you?"

A powerful romance—haunted by the fragrance and the terror of the Orient

THE ragged horde that called itself an army was at the city gates. For weeks disquieting news had filtered through, news of utter defeats and half-victories that had turned so rapidly into greater disasters, until finally the few troops that remained to bar the way of the rebels mutinied and swelled the army marching towards the walls.

Shan Feng, the young doctor, knew what that foretold but he showed no haste, no apprehension, as he listened for the clamor that would herald the entry into the city.

As quietly constrained as ever, he rearranged the tall vase that stood on the antique altar which served as a wall table and placed the single flower upright. Absently, he plucked a petal from the bloom and laid it carefully on the silk mat before the vase.

His wife, seated on her cushions by the window, smiled at the gesture.

"Why do you do that, Night Star?" she asked, knowing the answer.

Shan Feng turned at the use of his pet name, and smiled.

"I do it for your name, Flower-Lost-a-Petal," he replied, "and to keep my thoughts from tomorrow. . . ."

"Tomorrow they will begin again?"

"With the dawn, when they have slept and come together, they will force the gates, Flower," he told her.

"And death will fly?"

"There will be work for the doctors," he corrected, not caring to be more specific.

"It would be well if Lo-Hai needed a doctor!" said Flower, significantly.

"Lo-Hai needs a doctor," said Shan Feng. "But he will not see one. Three years ago, if he had listened. . . ."

"The voice he listened to has made him dictator!" mused his wife.

"And will kill him," concluded Shan. "But come!"

He walked slowly towards her, strangely handsome in his incongruous European clothes, and took Flower into his arms, flowing silk robes and all. She still wore the costume of the Orient.

"Listen, Flower," he whispered. "None can say what may happen when they come into the city. Fewer can say what Lo-Hai will do. He remembers, and doubtless his desire will run as high as it did years ago. . . ."

Flower understood. Lo-Hai had been outrun by her husband in the race for a wife, and Lo-Hai would be unlikely to forget. In power now, he might be vengeful; he could make their future dark.

Meanwhile, she rested in Shan's arms. Let what might come; they had known happiness. If needs be they could face Lo-Hai without flinching.

They talked a while in the gathering darkness and then Shan Feng released his wife and took from his bag a small phial which he gave to her.

"It is painless, Flower," he said, and she answered the question in his eyes with a smile. She understood.

AT SUNRISE, the revolutionaries took the city. They met with no resistance. Like doomed men, the inhabitants waited for the army to crowd the deserted streets, peeping from behind shutters to see what manner of men these compatriots were.

They saw a slouching, ill-organized mob, badly clothed but hilarious because here was treasure, and if they themselves were not permitted to loot, they would at least receive pay long overdue. Lo-Hai had promised, and Lo-Hai did not break his promise unless he had to.

Pay, and the streets to roam in; houses that would shelter them. Food, and a relief from the rigors of the march. Rest, and life for a while with excitement gentler than warfare.

Anxious eyes saw all these signs. Warfare had made the rebels less phlegmatic; they bordered on excitement, singing in slow monotones, dreamily, as they walked unevenly to the center of the town.

At their head was Lo-Hai, on a horse, riding uneasily and glancing from side to side, alert, summing up the city. His city, now doubly his. Here was he born and here he returned as victor. To the victor the spoils. Few would be able to deceive him. He smiled in anticipation.

TOWARDS evening, the routine of his requisition was completed, and his lieutenants departed with picked troops to enforce it. Lo-Hai anticipated a full coffer by the morning. A full coffer and a shod army, with food supplies and contented minds.

He rode with one attendant towards the outskirts to visit his friend, Doctor Shan Feng.

Flower-Lost-a-Petal saw him as he drew near, and called to her husband. They had been waiting for hours, sure that Lo-Hai would come.

"Go, then, Flower," said Shan. "It is better that he should not see you. And you will remember. . . ?"

She nodded.

"I will remember," she said, as she slipped quietly out of the room.

"Well met, Night Star," said Lo-Hai, as he entered and greeted his friend. "My first pleasure was to find you. . . ."

"You are well?" said Shan.

"I am victorious," replied Lo-Hai, smiling. "That is better than well. . . ."

Shan studied him, recognized the signs of strain on the bitter young face, the furrowed skin and bloodshot eyes. Lo-Hai had changed and not for the better. Always an enthusiast, he had become a fanatic; clever, unscrupulous. Even now he could not disguise the sense of triumph.

"To be better would be more victorious, Lo-Hai," said the doctor. "The pains in your head, do they grow less?"

Lo-Hai brushed the suggestion aside.

"They persist, at times," he admitted. "But infrequently. It is not for surgeons to practice on the head that rules the country!"

HE BECAME more aggressive.

"It might have been that we went through this country together, Night Star," he said. "Equals in power. But you chose rather to practice a foolish profession, and to bury those you could not heal. . . ."

Laughter, of which the echo was insanity, burst from him and while his mouth was open Shan Feng perceived the deepening purple of his tongue. Lo-Hai was not so well.

The dictator stilled his mirth, so that he might make his joke.

"I have even outdone you in your own profession, Night Star," he cackled. "I have cut up more patients, buried more dead. . . ."

Shan sat patiently, hiding his alarm.

"Rest a little, Lo-Hai," he said. "You are in the house of friends. . . ."

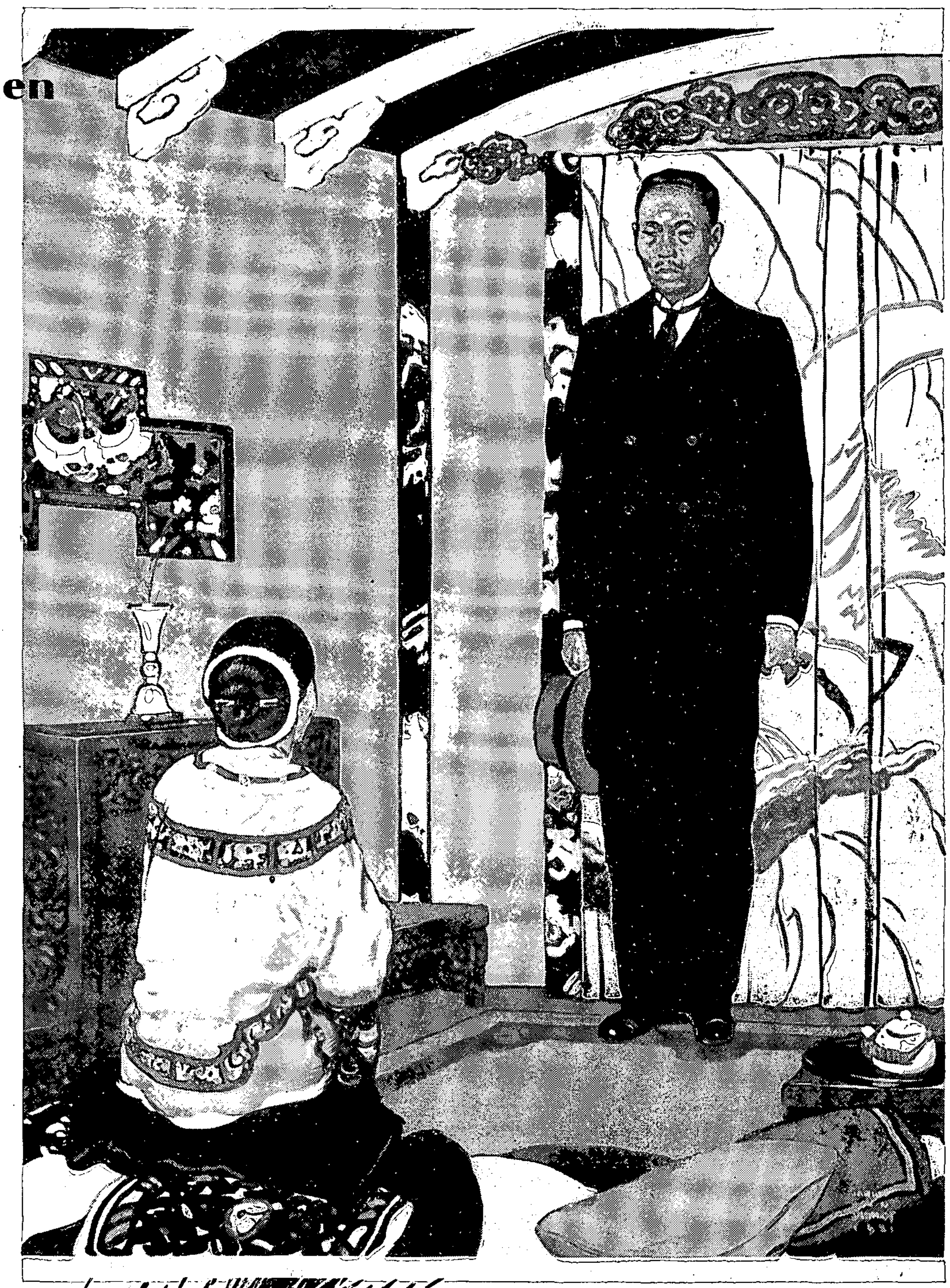
Lo-Hai regarded him cunningly.

"Clever, Night Star," he replied, more quietly. "You are a clever doctor. You knew when the twist came! Yes, I will rest. . . ."

He sat motionless, leaning heavily against the wall for support, and mechanically his hand went to his head.

Shan crossed over to him and arranged him more comfortably, so that the pressure of blood in his brain could

By Fletcher Allen



"I come to take you away, to be with me. . . ." His voice trembled. "And should I not wish to go?" she asked

subside a little and give him relief.

"Shall I give you a draught?" he asked, massaging Lo-Hai's neck.

"No!" laughed the general. "I have had enough of draughts. There was a doctor in Chu-lo who mixed a draught for me but I made him drink it. Then we buried him. . . ."

"As you will," interrupted Shan. "Or I will mix a double portion and you shall drink half after I have taken mine. . . ."

Lo-Hai shook his head.

"A draught now," he replied, "and a draught tomorrow, and every day. There is no ease, except in the forgetfulness of warfare . . . or of love!"

He smiled at Shan.

"And Flower-Lost-a-Petal?" he demanded. "What of her? Why does she not greet me? Let her come in. I would see her. . . ."

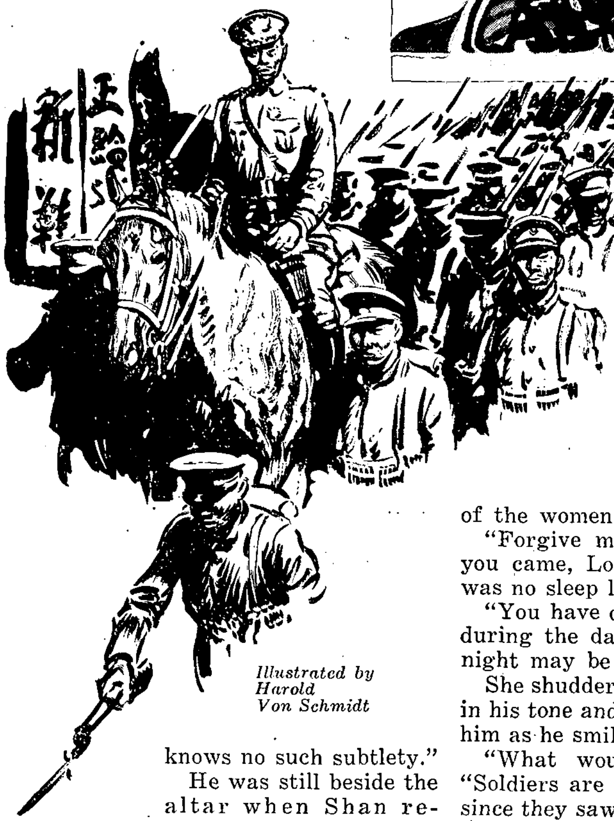
"She is asleep," said Shan. "Throughout the night she was wakeful, expecting the army...."

"My army!" retorted Lo-Hai, impatiently. "She feared my army? Then she has no confidence in me. Let me restore that confidence. . . ."

Shan departed in search of Flower, and Lo-Hai translated his reluctance correctly.

The old altar with its slender vase and single flower caught his eye. He rose and leisurely examined it.

"Lost-a-Petal!" he murmured, as he saw the slip of silk on which the vase stood. "Yes, Night Star was ever more subtle with a woman. But warfare knows no such subtlety."



Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt

He was still beside the altar when Shan returned with Flower.

"You feared my army, Flower-Lost-a-Petal," he said, trying to control his voice as he saw her standing in the doorway. "That means you feared my friends, distrusted me. Since when have you feared Lo-Hai? Come, let us remember that we are friends!"

Flower moved slowly across the room towards him, and he compelled her to go all the way, the better to delight his eyes.

She was unchanged. Youth still flourished in her, as it flourished in none of the women he had known.

"Forgive me for being asleep when you came, Lo-Hai," she said. "There was no sleep last night. . . ."

"You have done wisely, then, to sleep during the day," he replied, "since tonight may be noisy. . . ."

She shuddered at the mocking menace in his tone and a spasm of delight shook him as he smiled an excuse.

"What would you?" he explained. "Soldiers are but human and it is long since they saw aught but the open country. Man cannot remain pent-up forever. He must explode sometimes, eh, Night Star?"

The doctor nodded.

"That is the habit, at least," he said.

A servant moved silently into the room with tea on a large tray, placed it on a tabouret and as silently withdrew.

"You will take tea?" said Flower.

"Of course," said Lo-Hai. "But first, Night Star, I will take you at your word. You shall give me the half of a draught to ease this pressure. It is hard to be courteous even, when the weight is great."

DOCTOR SHAN understood and went to mix the draught. Not for the sake of the pain, but so that he might speak alone with Flower, Lo-Hai would take his dose.

On the instant that Shan had gone Lo-Hai strode across towards Flower.

"You still love Night Star, Flower-Lost-a-Petal?" he demanded.

"I still love him," she replied.

"And wish to see him live?"

"Of course!"

Lo-Hai's voice made her afraid but she hid her fear as she replied; she was even able to smile into the bloodshot eyes that peered down at her.

"But you know he has opposed me. . . ."

"I know that he disagreed with you, Lo-Hai," she corrected. "Night Star is no politician. He heals, but takes no sides!"

"Suppose I said he took sides, should I be believed?"

"Undoubtedly, by your men, Lo-Hai. . . ."

"You wish me to say that?"

"Can a woman prevent a dictator's intention?" she asked calmly, meeting his gaze.

Lo-Hai smiled as he looked at her.

"There is a way, Flower," he replied. "Tonight, for your safety's sake, I shall abide with my friend, Doctor Shan Feng, and he will prescribe for me some cure for my head, and you will watch over me while I sleep. But perhaps the skill of the famous doctor will be needed among my men . . . you understand?"

"I understand," said Flower-Lost-a-Petal.

"And I shall not die in your house, Flower," laughed Lo-Hai, "for that would mean that Night Star died out of it!"

Flower passed him a thimble cup.

"That is to your liking?" she demanded.

SHAN FENG returned with the draught, and there was laughter in his eyes.

"Here then, Lo-Hai," he said, "is ease, and here your guaranty."

He poured the mixture into two glasses, in equal parts, and tendered them both to the general that he might take his choice.

Lo-Hai took one and held it while the doctor drank his portion. Then he put his own glass on the tray.

"I wait," he said, with cunning, and Shan laughed.

"You fear that I should have some antidote denied to you, Lo-Hai?" he asked. "And so you wait? It is harmless. I have no wish to part from Flower-Lost-a-Petal. You may drink it and be secure. . . ."

Lo-Hai drank his medicine.

"I am minded to stay with you, Night Star," he said. "Flower-Lost-a-Petal has fears of the night. It would be protection if I made your house my headquarters. My guard will be at the doors."

"You are welcome, Lo-Hai," replied Shan Feng. "Doubly welcome since it may be that I must be about during the night. There is sickness in the city. . . ."

FLOWER-LOST-A-PETAL was slender, as young Chinese women are; slender and beautiful, and stoic.

In the dim light of her room while they awaited Lo-Hai's return, she sat on a heap of cushions, talking to her husband.

"Lo-Hai is powerful, Night Star," she whispered. "Why does he hate you?"

"Because I have found satisfaction and he none," replied Shan Feng. "Not all the power or the victories of his rebellion can compensate for you. . . ."

"He would exchange your life for me," she murmured.

"I know," he replied. "I heard. The draught I gave him was but water made bitter. It was to get me away that he consented to take medicine I had suggested earlier. . . ."

"You knew?" she repeated, in amazement. "Yet you made him welcome. . . ."

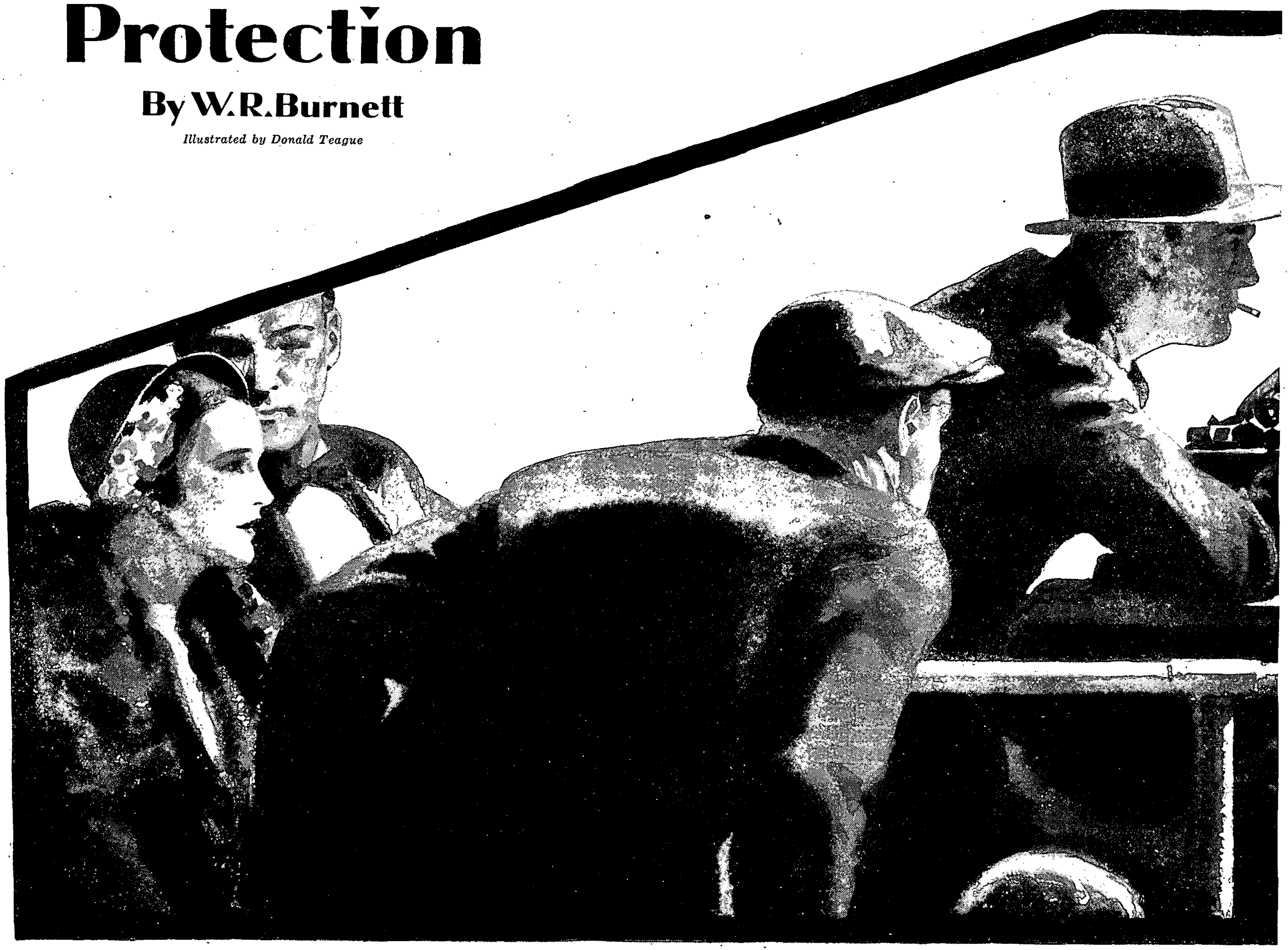
"That he might leave us for a while, believing his plans well laid," said Shan, taking her in his arms.

(Continued on page 63)

Protection

By W. R. Burnett

Illustrated by Donald Teague



The Story Thus Far:

FRANK HARWORTH, owner of several night clubs and restaurants in Chicago, is at one of life's dangerous crossroads. Having sold some of his restaurants to Molina, a racketeer, who plans to use them as liquor depots, he has incurred the enmity of a "mob" which, hating Molina, plans to ruin him.

Bourke, a powerful politician, is behind Molina's enemies. Working through one Michaelson and Monahan, a gun-man, he has one of Harworth's places destroyed. The loss is enormous—and Harworth needs money! He is in love with Helen Magnussen, divorced wife of the extremely rich Richard Magnussen. And Helen is an expensive luxury.

Harworth does not belong to the underworld. He is an honest man, albeit a shrewd one. But Molina tempts him. "You've lost a lot, Harworth," he says. "All right: I'll make the loss good—if you'll let me put you in my racket. I'll give you a big cut."

Harworth considers the offer. He has had a hard struggle. Coming to Chicago, five years before, with one friend—old August Stein, his confidential adviser—he had gradually worked his way up to comparative affluence. But always he had been lonely. He did not drink. His habits were exemplary. Those around him—toughs like Anton Hrdlicka, Canovi, and his other employees—bored him. Even little Lily, the dancer with whom he was supposed to be in love, left him cold. His only happy moments had been those spent reading, with Stein near at hand, in his luxurious apartment. Then, through a chance encounter with a young society man, Robert Joyce, he had met a group who delighted him—Louise Joyce, Robert's charming cousin, Berg Richman, an author (who, presently, is engaged in writing a novel, with Harworth as the hero), Olaf Larsen, an artist, and Arthur Burne, a composer who hopes to marry Louise. Also, Helen Magnussen—and her ex-husband, whose spendthrift proclivities Harworth envies. . . . To accept Molina's offer will mean that he, a man who has always played a lone hand, will be hopelessly involved in the gang war for the supremacy of the city. Then, too, it will mean—*Helen!* So, scouting the dire predictions of his manager, Stein, and believing himself in the "big money" at last, Harworth decides to throw his fortunes in with those of the notorious racketeer.

VII

MRS. MOLINA was very nice. Harworth liked her. She was a plump Italian woman of about thirty with pretty, dark eyes. She sat looking at her plate, eating with restraint, and from time to time glancing up at the maid to see that she was serving things properly. Once Harworth was surprised to see her eyes flash suddenly as she looked up at the maid, who had put his salad on the wrong side of his plate.

Molina was beaming and expansive, making jokes about everything, and insisting that Harworth take more of this, more of that. Molina was well-dressed but he was wearing several big diamond rings and a diamond stick-pin, and from time to time Harworth caught the sweetish odor of hair-tonic.

Junior, in a sailor suit with brass buttons, sat without speaking, staring at Harworth when he thought he wasn't observed. Occasionally his father would say:

"Junior, sit up straight now," or "Junior, what did papa tell you about your fork?"

Harworth felt very much at home, very comfortable. He liked the atmosphere of Molina's home. He had never had any real family life. His mother had died when he was very small; his father had lived haphazardly, paying little attention to him, but remembering to cuff him occasionally so he wouldn't be spoiled.

When it was time for the coffee he was full and happy.

Mrs. Molina said:

"I'm afraid you ain't had enough to eat, Mr. Harworth."

"I'm stuffed," he said. "I never had a better meal in my life."

Molina grinned.

"We set a pretty good table here, don't we, Marie? Come often."

"You shouldn't brag, Joe."

Junior said:

"Well, I'm still hungry. Can I have another piece of cake?"

"Be quiet, Junior," said Molina.

"Well, I'm still hungry."

"You know you never get two pieces of cake, Junior," said Mrs. Molina.

Junior sulked, then he said:

"Sometimes I do. When we ain't got company."

Mrs. Molina flushed. Molina said:

"Junior, I'll put you to bed if you don't look out."

Junior continued to sulk.

Harworth said:

"When I was a kid I never could get enough to eat."

Molina laughed.

"Me, too! Look at this bay window." He patted his stomach.

"Joe!" said Mrs. Molina.

When they had finished their coffee Molina took Harworth into the big living-room. Mrs. Molina called after him:

"It's seven-thirty, Joe. I better put Junior to bed, I guess."

"Let him stay up a while."

Junior jumped down from his chair and capered, then he came up behind Harworth suddenly and took hold of his hand. Harworth was startled at the feel of the small cool hand.

"Say," said Junior, "want to see my animal book?"

Molina was going to protest, but Harworth said:

"Sure."

Molina said:

"What a boy! All he thinks about is animals, tigers, lions, elephants. He draws pictures of 'em."

"I like 'em myself," said Harworth. "Ever go to the Lincoln Park Zoo?"

MOLINA laughed. He thought Harworth was kidding.

"Hell, no!"

Junior came back dragging a big picture-book. He pointed to a chair and said to Harworth:

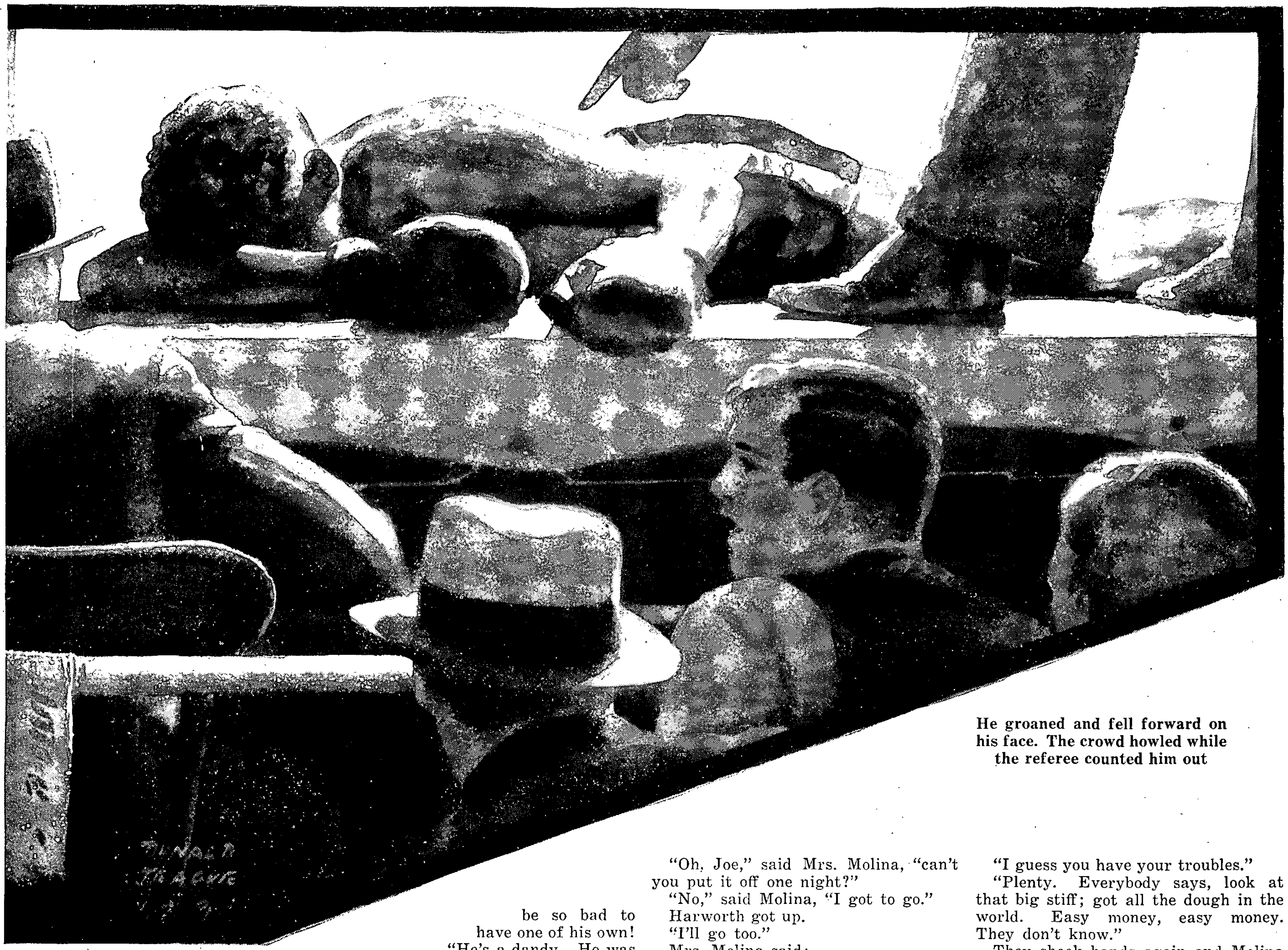
"You sit there."

Harworth smiled and sat down. Molina stood watching, smoking a big, black cigar. Junior started to climb up in Harworth's lap, but Molina said:

"Hey! Get down. You'll take all the crease out of his pants."

"It's all right," said Harworth.

Junior sat sideways on Harworth's lap and began to show Harworth the pictures in the book, and although he



He groaned and fell forward on his face. The crowd howled while the referee counted him out

could read only the simplest words, like cat and dog, he knew all the animals at sight and named them triumphantly.

Molina sat down and watched them, smiling. When Mrs. Molina came in he winked and jerked his thumb at Harworth.

"Oh, Junior," said Mrs. Molina, pleased, "you'll muss Mr. Harworth all up."

"It's all right," said Harworth.

AFTER Junior had gone through the book once he asked Harworth to read to him. Each picture had a short paragraph describing the animal it portrayed and telling about its habits. Molina and his wife sat in silence, smiling at each other while Harworth read to Junior. There was the aardvark, which ate ants, and the antelope, which could run so fast, and the armadillo, which rolled itself up in an armored ball. Harworth read on, feeling very self-conscious, his voice sounding loud to him in the quiet room. After a while Junior began to nod and finally fell asleep.

"Look," said Molina, "he's asleep. Ain't that cute?"

Mrs. Molina came over and took Junior in her arms and carried him out of the room.

"He's a nice little kid," said Harworth.

And he meant it. He had never paid much attention to children; he was hardly aware of their existence. But he felt queer and happy holding Molina's little boy on his lap. It wouldn't be so bad to have one of his own!

"He's a dandy. He was kind of shy and backward tonight," said Molina; "on account of you being here, see? But you ought to see *him sometimes when there's just the* three of us. Wow, what a kid! He nearly drives me nuts!"

Molina laughed. Harworth studied him. Sitting comfortably in his own house, he didn't seem like the same person; didn't seem like the successful and ruthless Molina, who was probably the most dangerous man in the city.

Mrs. Molina came back. Harworth got hastily to his feet. Molina looked at him in surprise, then got half off his chair waiting for his wife to sit down.

She sat down and said:

"Maybe Mr. Harworth would like to hear some music."

Molina turned to Harworth:

"Yeah? Would you?"

But the phone rang and Molina went out in the hall to answer it.

"Always business," said Mrs. Molina. "That's the way we live." She shrugged and went on: "Joe never has a minute. Always somebody calling up, calling up. I say to him, 'Joe, let's go away.' And he says, 'Next year, next year.' Always next year."

Harworth studied this handsome Italian woman, wondering how much she knew about her husband's business.

She said:

"Joe could make good money other ways. He's smart. But he won't listen."

Molina came back; he was scowling and looked determined.

"Ain't it hell!" he said. "I got to go."

"Oh, Joe," said Mrs. Molina, "can't you put it off one night?"

"No," said Molina, "I got to go."

Harworth got up.

"I'll go too."

Mrs. Molina said:

"I thought we could take in a movie."

"You go," said Molina. "Let Mr. Harworth drop you off."

"No, I won't go by myself. I'll stay home."

Molina shrugged. Harworth wanted to offer to take her, but didn't know whether Molina would like the suggestion or not. He said nothing.

Mrs. Molina got up and held out her hand to Harworth.

"Come again sometime," she said, trying to smile.

"Thanks. I will. That was a wonderful dinner."

Molina kissed his wife and he and Harworth went out together. Frankie Dean and another man were waiting in the hallway. Molina paid no attention to them. They waited till Molina and Harworth had gotten past them, then they followed.

MOLINA stopped in the doorway and offered his hand to Harworth.

"Good-by. Mighty glad you came."

"Thanks."

Molina thought for a moment, then he said:

"What a life! It's tough, brother, tough. Plenty of grief all the time. I wish I was peddling bananas."

Harworth said nothing.

"Yeah," said Molina. "And look at Marie. As swell a wife as you'd want. What a hell of a lot of fun she has, I guess not! She's sore at me half the time. She don't know what I'm up against. She knows I'm selling booze and making plenty of dough but she thinks it's easy!"

Harworth said:

"I guess you have your troubles."

"Plenty. Everybody says, look at that big stiff; got all the dough in the world. Easy money, easy money. They don't know."

They shook hands again and Molina climbed into his limousine, followed by Frankie, who said: "Hello, Mr. Harworth." The other man got into the driver's seat.

"So long," said Molina, waving.

IT WAS two o'clock in the morning and Harworth was sitting alone in the library, figuring his accounts. Things weren't going so well and from time to time he swore out loud; and ran his hands through his hair. His gambling-house was a total loss and the business at The Machine was gradually falling off. As his overhead there was very high this worried him. The Casa Alvarado was doing capacity business but Con Weiss was getting ready to open a big night club directly across the street.

Harworth knew that he was slipping and it infuriated him. Things had been going too well the last few years; he had been very lucky. Real adversity was something he had nearly forgotten.

He closed his account book with a bang and got up.

"Well," he told himself, "I got to take a chance. Maybe Magnussen can put me onto something."

He got out his bank books, savings and checking accounts, and figured up his ready cash; then he made a memorandum and put it in the top drawer of his desk.

He walked over to a mirror and looked into it. He thought that his face looked sort of slack.

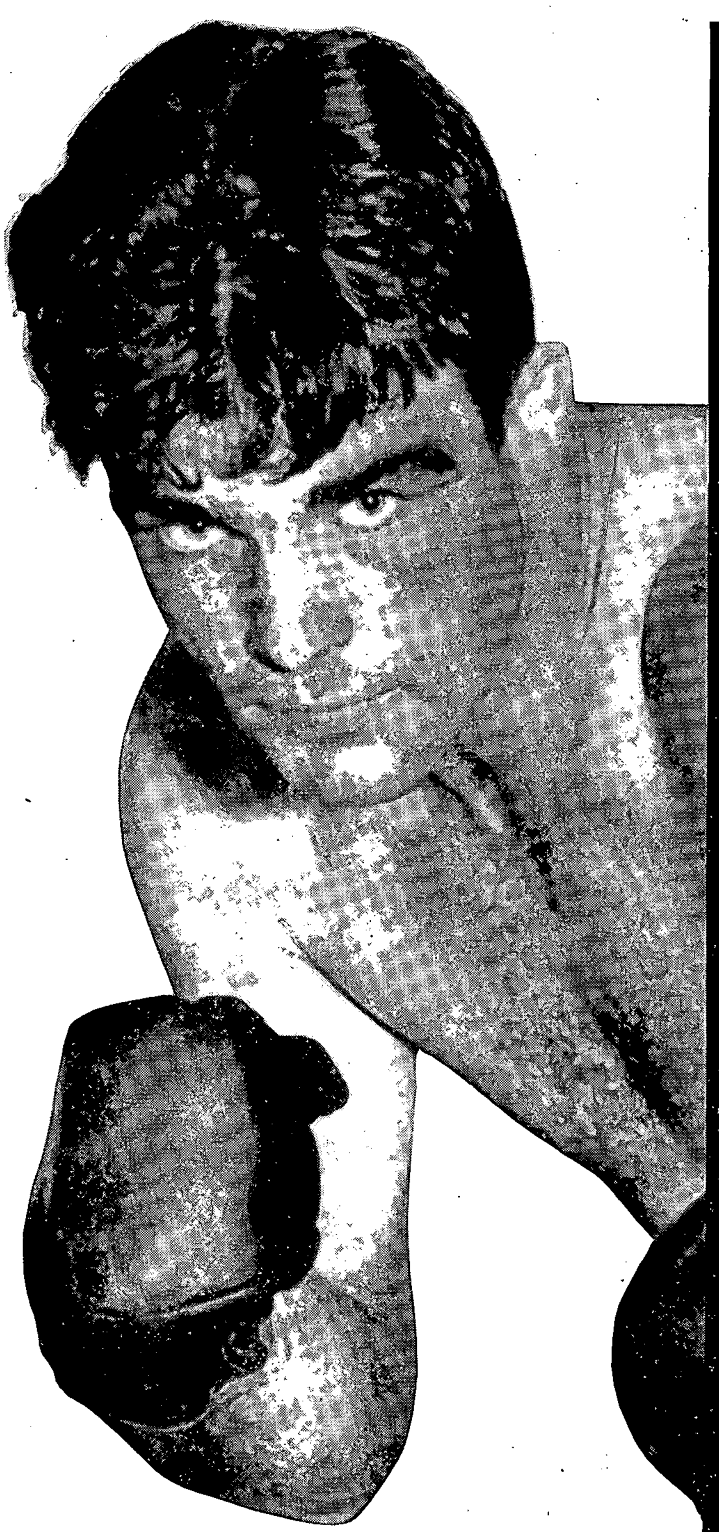
"Hell!" he said and, going into his bathroom, he weighed himself on the scales he kept there.

(Continued on page 34)

Marching from Georgia

This state raises cotton, peaches and champions. The last-named crop may be increased by one world's heavyweight champion after Young Stribling meets Max Schmeling in Cleveland. Now, if he only shows as much aggressiveness as Max—

By Grantland Rice



THIRTY years ago Bobby Walthour of Atlanta, Georgia, came north to win six-day bicycle races and cause extras to be sold upon Atlanta streets. A few years later Ty Cobb dropped into Detroit from Augusta, Georgia, to set a record of runs, hits, stolen bases and fast thinking that has never been approached in big-league baseball. And at about the same time Nap Rucker hopped from Marietta, Georgia, to Brooklyn to take his place as one of the great left-handers of the game.

As time moved along, a young golfer named Bobby Jones decided to enter the lists with steel and wood, and before he was through another Georgian had set a record that can't be beaten and may never be equaled in a one-year sweep. Then a young girl golfer from Atlanta, Alexa Stirling, came north to win three women's championships and set a standard for women's play in the United States.

The march of the Georgians has cut a devastating swath through the records of competitive sport. No longer ago than 1928 a Georgia Tech football team, unbeaten through its regular schedule, traveled to the Pacific Coast to bring back a national gridiron championship.

Now another Georgian, William L. Stribling of Macon, is out after still another crown to swell the collection now gathered in the shadows of the red clay hills. Stribling has had the roughest road of the entire lot and after more ups and downs than a roller-coaster rider he is facing his final chance at Cleveland against Max Schmeling, the German delegate who won the title on a foul from Sharkey just a year ago. This will be Stribling's last big chance, because, like Jack Sharkey, he has had his share without reaching the top and enough finally becomes—enough. Or too much.

Stribling is one of the mysteries of the ancient art of rapping chins. Starting as an acrobat in an acrobatic family, he first developed speed and strength and unusual flexibility. Then as a young fighter he began to make his way up the hill until as a kid of eighteen he was able to shade Mike McTigue, the light-heavyweight champion of the world.

Since he started boxing, Stribling has had close to four hundred fights, which is enough experience for two lifetimes. He is finely built, fast, strong, a good boxer, a good puncher with both hands, cool-headed, cunning and hard to hit.

Why, then, hasn't he won the title before this in an age of heavyweight mediocrity? For the same reason that may cost him the fight against Max Schmeling in Cleveland—against Max Schmeling who has had just four rounds of actual fighting in two years. And that reason is lack of aggressiveness at the big moment.

An aggressive Stribling, willing to take his chance, willing to shoot the works when the opening comes, should knock out the German, or at least wear him down. An unaggressive Stribling, looking for his chance to clinch, thinking first in terms of protection, will either run into trouble from one of Schmeling's short jolts at close range or else he will turn the party into another flop. And in the last few years the heavyweight division has produced about all the flops it can stand.

It might be mentioned here that Schmeling is no dub. He has wasted the better part of two years when he should have been working at his trade, but he has certain qualifications which can't be overlooked. He is big and strong, he is fairly fast, he is game and he can hurt anyone he hits with that short right-hand jab.

Schmeling took quite a plastering from Jack Sharkey in the third round without showing any deep annoyance. He is a pretty cool party in a mix-up and a dangerous one if you let that right of his escape.

It's Up to Stribling

But Max will be against an opponent who is faster, every bit as strong, a better boxer, a better two-handed hitter and a far more experienced ring man. This is a big handicap to face, but it is a handicap that can easily be wiped out through greater aggressiveness and the greater determination to wade in and win.

Mental habits, developed through the years, are hard to change. Young Stribling, fighting and boxing all over the map, had to think strongly in terms of self-defense, something to which Jack Dempsey, for example, paid little attention. Dempsey thought largely in terms of attack. But Stribling often was fighting two and three times a week. As Pa Stribling explained one day, some years back, "If the boy goes around trying to knock every opponent cold in a few rounds he will soon be finished, with a pair of busted hands."

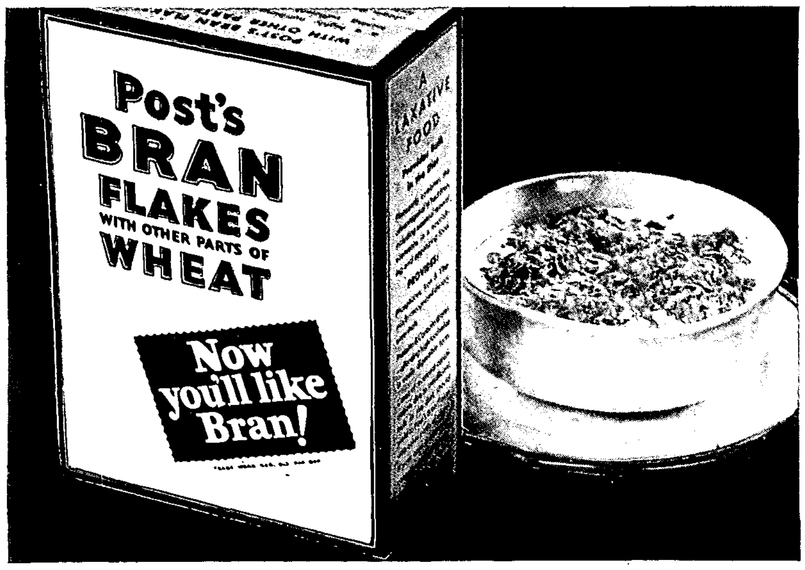
Stribling was under the care and management of his father and mother. He was carefully guarded and thoroughly grounded in the art of protecting himself. As a result, Georgia's favored entry has little to show of his many wars in the way of punishment. But this doesn't help a lot in developing the competitive instinct needed for the fight game.

Stribling must change his tactics against Schmeling to earn his place in the Georgia parade that includes such notables as Ty Cobb and Bobby Jones. They were both aggressive chance-takers to the last degree.

If Stribling is as aggressive as Schmeling, the Georgian should win. But Stribling will have to turn himself loose. If he doesn't he will either get beaten or turn the battle into another one of those "grab and dance" acts that have come pretty close to killing the modern game.

Young Stribling today heads a notable list of Cracker State celebrities. You'll recognize Nap Rucker, Bobby Walthour, Ty Cobb, Bobby Jones and Miss Alexa Stirling

Don't be *short-changed* on vacation



POST'S BRAN FLAKES—a regulator, to balance the modern diet. It gives you bran, with other parts of wheat. Eaten by more people than any other bran cereal. There are now *two* Post's bran cereals, both delicious

WHOLE
BRAN
DELICIOUSLY FLAVORED WITH MALT SYRUP, SUGAR AND SALT
serving: 2 tablespoons
cooked ready to eat
Post Food Products
C. W. Post
POSTUM COMPANY, INC., BATTLE CREEK, MICH. U.S.A.
DIVISION OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION
NET WEIGHT 10 OZ.

WHOLE BRAN is new. Full strength bran for stubborn or chronic cases of constipation due to insufficient bulk in the diet. So effective that 2 tablespoons make an adequate serving for most people. There are now *two* Post's bran cereals, both delicious

It's 9 to 1 you need bran... get the kind you need

SOON you'll be going on vacation. Vacation! to put fresh color in your cheeks, new spring in your step, new flash in your smile — to build up buoyant good health for another year.

But one oversight may "short-change" you — one small neglect may take away some part of the good a vacation brings to you.

Particularly when you are "on the go" — guard against faulty elimination. Strange meals in strange places may not give you the balanced diet, the wholesome bulk which you need to cleanse the system of digestive wastes. It's 9 to 1 you need bran at any time — but on vacation it is even more important.

Nature's food — in delicious form

Obviously not everyone needs more bulk food in the same degree. That's why there are two Post's cereals, each deliciously tempting to eat, each containing bran, but in different measure.

Post's Bran Flakes is a regulator. Bran with other parts of wheat. It supplies the bulk food which most of us need; even those who aren't aware of the fact. Post's Bran Flakes belongs on just about every breakfast table. It is on millions of them. For these dainty toasted amber flakes, so flavory and alluring, are eaten by more families than any other bran food in the world.

Whole Bran is for stubborn or chronic constipation due to insufficient bulk in the diet. It is full strength bran. Just as effective as any full strength bran cereal but a triumph of taste. You will want to eat these crisp, crunchy little shreds with milk or cream, or sprinkled over fruit or berries. Two tablespoons make an effective serving. An irresistible way to serve Whole Bran is in muffins—puffy, golden morsels that melt in the mouth. The new recipe is on the package.

Remember these two names, "POST'S BRAN FLAKES" and "WHOLE BRAN." In hotels, on trains or boats, at camps, you can get each in a convenient individual package—just the same as you can order each from your grocer for use in the home.

Constipation, due to insufficient bulk in the diet, should yield to one of these cereals. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice

FILL IN COMPLETELY — PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS

C-6-13-31

TRY THEM FREE

Your name in the space below will bring you a sample of both these delicious bran cereals. Also check the subject below on which you would like to receive new and interesting literature. Mail today.

☐ "Overcoming Constipation"
☐ "Bran for Beauty"

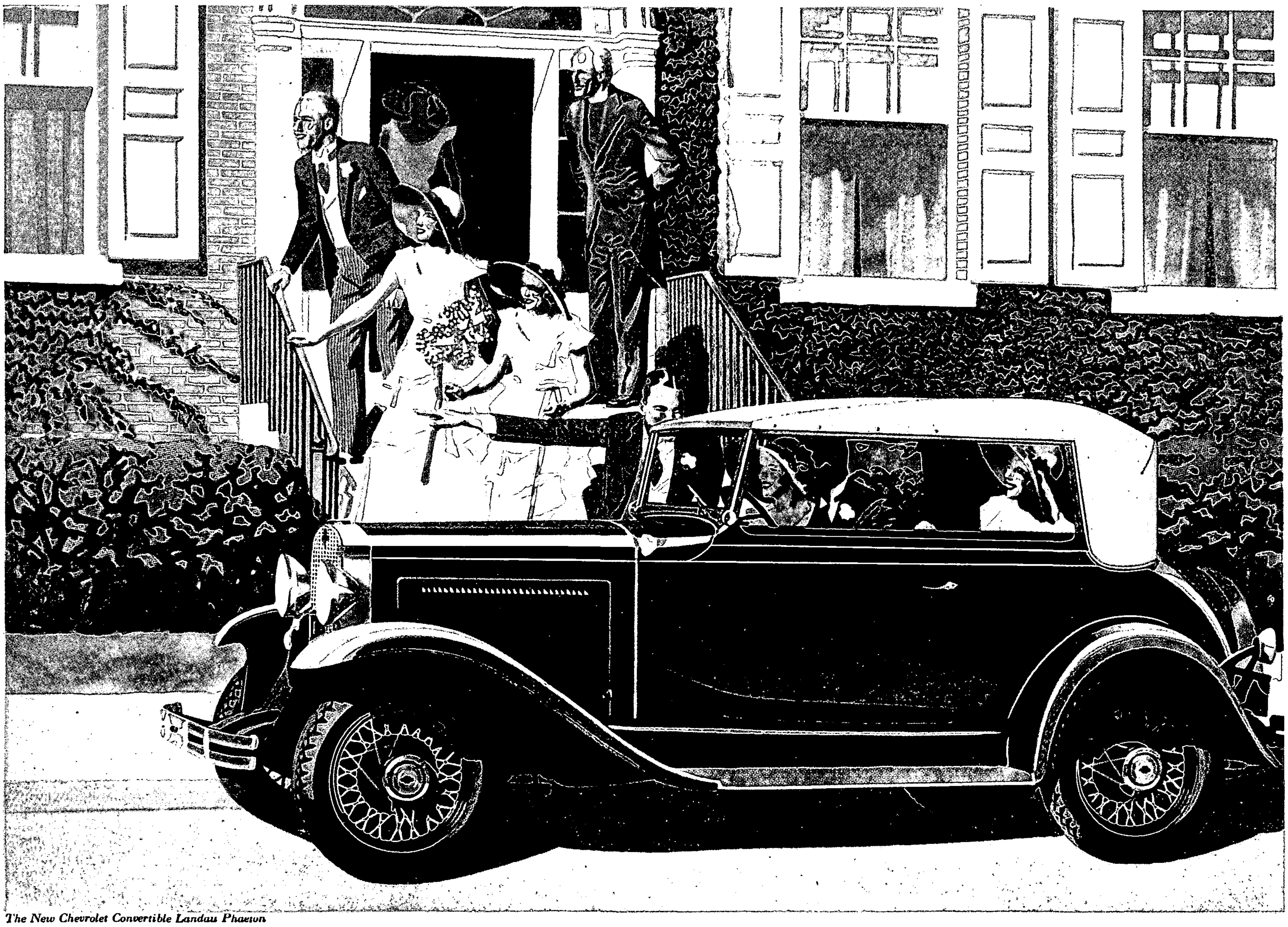
*Name*____________________
*Street and number*____________________
*City*____________ *State*____________

Mail to GENERAL FOODS, Battle Creek, Mich.

two delicious laxative foods

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

© 1931, G. F. Corp.



The New Chevrolet Convertible Landau Phaeton

A popular new note in motor car styling

Many factors have contributed to the remarkably widespread popularity of the new Chevrolet Six. Among these are smooth performance, low price, matchless economy, exceptional riding ease and driving comfort. But *no* feature has been more strikingly evident in the enthusiastic public reception of the car than its smart new style. Fisher Body craftsmen, with their background of fine-car designing, have made this new Chevrolet an exceptionally attractive automobile. The long hood, low-swung body lines, sweeping fenders and massive wire wheels strikingly suggest the car's fleetness and power. And the appeal of Chevrolet's beauty is made more pronounced by the fact that all models are available in a variety of color combinations. Interiors, too, are unusual in every way. The upholstery is carefully tailored. Seats are roomy, deeply-cushioned and invitingly soft. The instrument panel is attractive and complete. And the tasteful interior fittings lend a final note of charm. In fact, the new Chevrolet Six is such a thoroughly fine-looking automobile that it has become a very popular choice with *every* type of buyer. You find it not only the smart family car, but the smart personal car as well—a worthy companion to the expensive automobiles of the two- and three-car household.

***New Low Prices**—Roadster, $475; Sport Roadster (with rumble seat), $495; Phaeton, $510; Standard Coupe, $535; Coach, $545; Standard Five-Window Coupe, $545; Sport Coupe (with rumble seat), $575; Five-Passenger Coupe, $595; Convertible Cabriolet, $615; Standard Sedan, $635; Special Sedan, $650; Convertible Landau Phaeton, $650. Special equipment extra. Chevrolet truck chassis, $355 to $590. Low delivered prices and easy terms. Product of General Motors. All prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan.*

Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan.

NEW CHEVROLET SIX

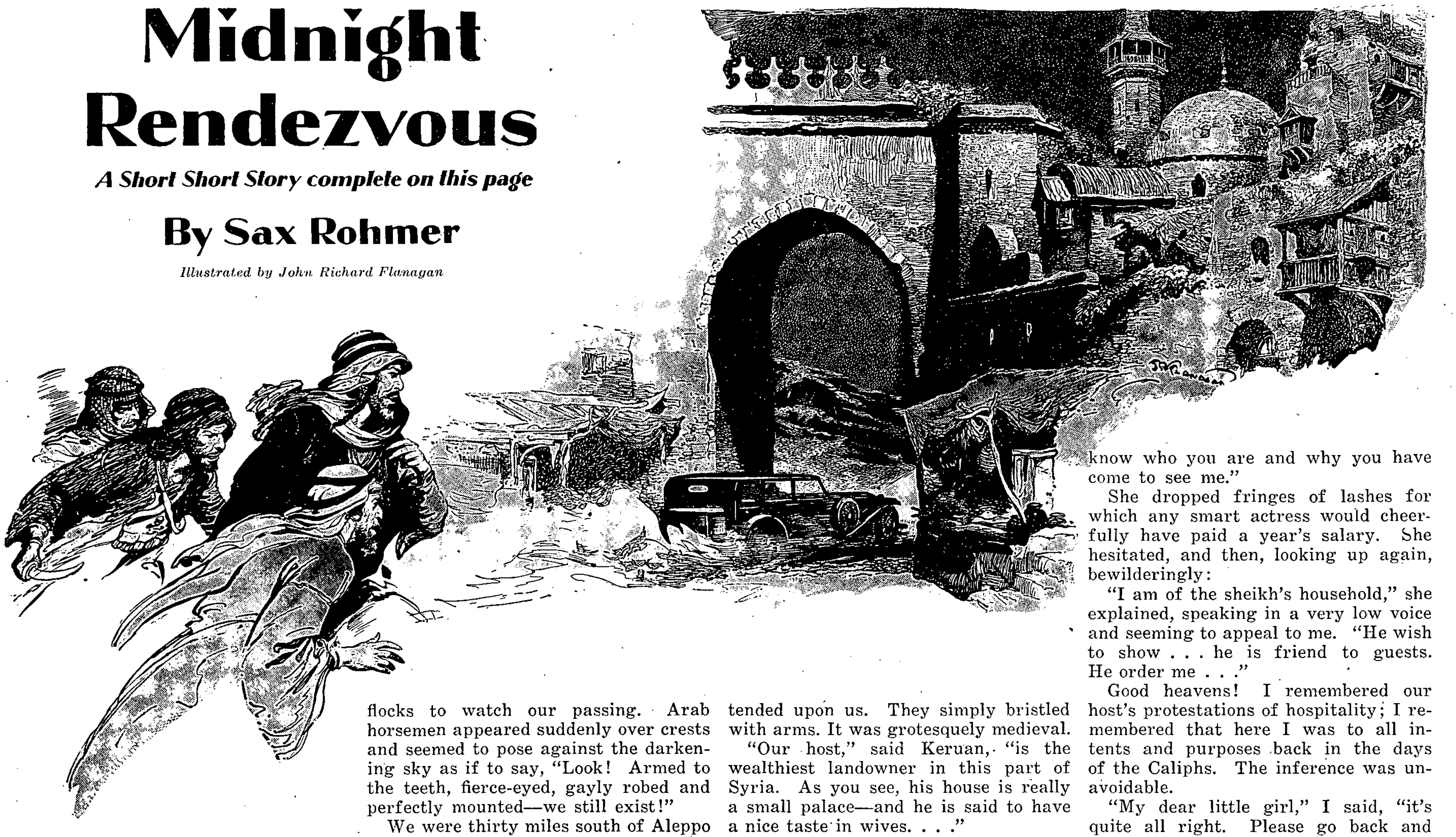
The Great American Value

Midnight Rendezvous

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Sax Rohmer

Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan



I FIRST knocked into Keruan in Damascus. He was one of the handsomest men I have ever known; dark, with an aquiline nose, the figure of a Greek athlete. I found it hard to guess his nationality; but he spoke cultured English and would have passed muster in any society. I liked him.

I met him next in Baalbek. We dined together at my little hotel.

"Really, my friend," said my guest, as we sat over cocktails, "it seems fated that we should be thrown together. Therefore, as one bows to fate, why not drive with me to Aleppo in the morning?"

I objected that I had bought my rail ticket.

"They will refund it. It is simple. My man shall see to it now. Come with me through the loveliest wild garden in the world. We can reach Aleppo by dusk and you will carry away one memory of Syria which nothing can ever efface. . . ."

It is unfortunate that the things which really happen should lack beginning and end. In this they fall short of the story-writer's ideal. I have endeavored to indicate that Keruan was a man of personality and charm. But I don't know where he came from and I don't know where he went to, after . . . But you shall see.

The road to Aleppo—not the railroad, but the route which Keruan followed—is an artist's saturnalia: a final retort to the ultramodern traveler's querulous "Where is the color? What has become of romance?"

He had sent his man back to Damascus, and the pair of us set out alone. The automobile forded streams and climbed goat tracks through the hills. We crossed one stretch of country which was drenched with poppies so closely growing as to resemble purple velvet in the distance. I saw acres of wild flowers extending from our tires to the slopes of far-off snow-crowned mountains. A glorious journey!

Shepherds who had stepped straight out of Biblical history turned from their flocks to watch our passing. Arab horsemen appeared suddenly over crests and seemed to pose against the darkening sky as if to say, "Look! Armed to the teeth, fierce-eyed, gayly robed and perfectly mounted—we still exist!"

We were thirty miles south of Aleppo when the motor began to miss. And dusk was falling rapidly. The trouble was so simple as to be maddening. A matter of gas. We hadn't enough to get us to Aleppo.

Keruan shrugged his shoulders and stared towards a small town or important village whose buildings stood out unreally against a darkening sky, so as to resemble pantomime scenery. Then he studied the map, and:

"Sherak al Numa," he presently announced, pointing to the distant buildings. "I fear, my friend, that at this Sherak al Numa we must spend the night. It is unlikely that we shall find a supply of gas there. Even so, we should have to wait for the moon. I am so sorry. . . ."

Our arrival at the gate of Sherak al Numa aroused tremendous excitement. The entire township turned out to meet us. They ran to us as though we were two rare birds escaped from a menagerie. I began to feel like a circus.

It developed that the local lingo was a sort of bastard Turkish. Fortunately, Keruan had some knowledge of it. And we presently found ourselves in the presence of the sheikh.

THERE was no gas in Sherak al Numa, no telephone, and no telegraph. But a messenger would be dispatched immediately, and meanwhile all that the town had to offer was ours. The sheikh, a portly figure arrayed in a tightly fitting frock coat, desired to show us every hospitality.

Keruan found out that the big gates of the town were closed after dark, and as he seemed to think there was some chance of a supply arriving about midnight, I urged him to make sure that we should be allowed out. There was a full moon and I thought we could easily make Aleppo by moonlight. It was not perhaps a particularly safe journey, but I was all for pushing on.

The car was towed up to the gate, and we were allotted two apartments. They were furnished like a comedy Eastern scene staged by Reinhardt. Flocks of ferocious-looking servitors attended upon us. They simply bristled with arms. It was grotesquely medieval.

"Our host," said Keruan, "is the wealthiest landowner in this part of Syria. As you see, his house is really a small palace—and he is said to have a nice taste in wives. . . ."

But I shall never forget the eight-course dinner which presently I was called upon to cope with!

Ten men, including Keruan, the sheikh and myself, sat down upon a dais in a rather fine room. The sheikh served us personally; his hospitality was unbounded. . . .

To a bedroom which reminded me strongly of that seen in the German wordless play, Sumurun, I presently retired. Keruan had arranged to call me in the event of supplies turning up. I looked sorrowfully at my white duster which I had worn on that long and gritty drive and which was now of a dirty yellow color; I threw my equally dusty hat onto a table and, removing my coat, lay down otherwise fully dressed on the bed.

Keruan was quartered in an adjoining room which, however, did not communicate with mine.

My last impression before falling asleep was of the fascinating silhouette painted on the plaster wall by moonlight through the window. . . .

When I awoke, the pattern had shifted to the carpet . . . and a girl stood watching me!

I was dreaming. I sat up with a start. I was dreaming.

She wore a flimsy *harêm* dress, of a sort which few Westerners have seen off the stage. She was slim as a young boy, and her long, dark eyes seemed too large for her piquant, oval face. Those wonderful eyes were set upon me in a sort of terror; her lips were parted, breathlessly, and her little hands tightly clenched. She was a beautiful thing.

I was dreaming.

I got onto the floor, watching her. She didn't disappear. And I saw that my duster lay at her feet.

"Who are you?" I asked, ridiculously, but speaking in a kind of stupor.

To my intense surprise she answered —in English! I was not dreaming!

"I wake you." She bit her lip nervously, those big eyes never wavering in their frightened stare. "I am sorry."

"There's nothing to be sorry about," I assured her. "But I should like to know who you are and why you have come to see me."

She dropped fringes of lashes for which any smart actress would cheerfully have paid a year's salary. She hesitated, and then, looking up again, bewilderingly:

"I am of the sheikh's household," she explained, speaking in a very low voice and seeming to appeal to me. "He wish to show . . . he is friend to guests. He order me . . ."

Good heavens! I remembered our host's protestations of hospitality; I remembered that here I was to all intents and purposes back in the days of the Caliphs. The inference was unavoidable.

"My dear little girl," I said, "it's quite all right. Please go back and say that I am fast asleep."

She gave me a look of gratitude that made a better man of me. What I didn't understand—at the time—was an odd, emotional quivering of her lips. She stooped abruptly and picked up my duster.

"PLEASE," she whispered, and avoided my glance, "allow me take and brush . . . also your hat. Please. If I make nothing for your happiness . . . it is not so well for me. See? Please."

Naturally, I consented, then; and she turned and ran out of the room with my duster and hat. . . .

She never came back!

I have never set eyes on her since—nor on the man who called himself Keruan. If the plot was of long standing; if he had been waiting patiently for a suitable traveler; or if the sight of my conspicuous duster had inspired the idea, I shall never know. . . .

After about an hour had passed in silence, I detected sounds of distant movement in the town; indeed I thought I heard the starting up of the car. I went to the window and threw a lattice open, looking down into the courtyard. But nothing stirred there.

At the end of another hour, during which I began to wonder how long it took an Arab girl to brush a hat and duster, a hullabaloo arose which would have awakened the Seven Sleepers. My room was invaded by dangerously excited men.

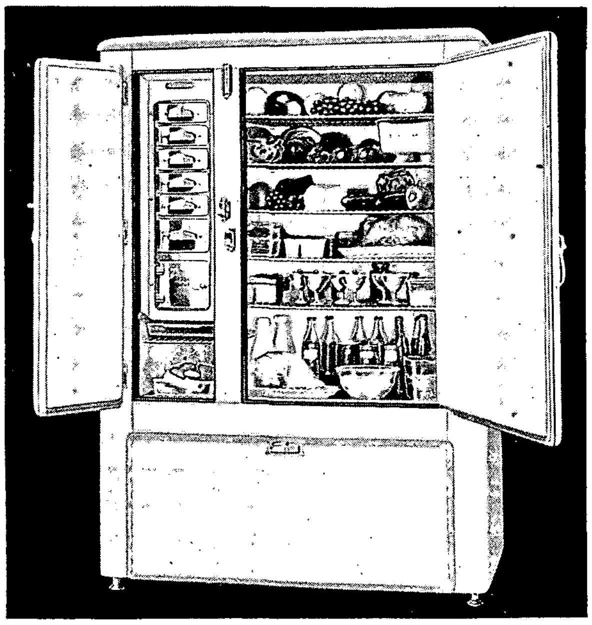
The sheikh's fourth, last, and loveliest wife had fled, disguised as myself . . . *with Keruan!*

I had a bad time establishing my innocence and ignorance of the entire plot. I succeeded, however. And in the early morning I parted from my bereaved host and set out on a borrowed horse for Aleppo.

I found myself wondering how my midnight visitor had concealed her slender ankles and little feet from the watchman at the gate. I wondered where the man who called himself Keruan had met her. And I often wonder, now, if he is good to Dark Eyes.

The END *of the* ENDLESS CIRCLE *is Right Here*

With the coming of the Standard Rating Scale, the bewildering circle of details and over-emphasized "features" that has troubled most buyers of electric refrigeration has been broken. Now you can actually *measure* quality.



Sixteen direct questions in the Scale lead you straight to the heart of value. These sixteen questions bring out every point upon which your future satisfaction depends. You will be amazed at the important things you would otherwise have overlooked, but which the Standard Rating Scale calls to your attention. You can just *feel* that you are buying like an expert.

Even those fortunate people who can afford to be casual about money matters are judging values this new way. Any of our dealers will gladly cooperate with you in applying these tests to Kelvinator. We invite you to call on one of them, and "sell yourself". Kelvinator Corporation, 14261 Plymouth Rd., Detroit, Michigan, Kelvinator of Canada, Ltd., London, Ont., Kelvinator Ltd., London, Eng.

INVEST IN AN ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR

STANDARD RATING SCALE *for* Electric Refrigeration

- Is the refrigerator manufactured by a reliable company with proper experience in the electric refrigeration field?
- Is there plenty of food and shelf space?
- Is the cabinet itself well designed, sturdily built and properly insulated?
- Is there provision for the freezing of an adequate supply of ice cubes? (Quantity of ice rather than number of cubes, which may be of large or small size, should be taken into consideration.)
- Will the refrigerator constantly maintain a proper temperature for the preservation of foods?
- Can the freezing of ice cubes and desserts be speeded up when the need arises?
- Can this extra freezing speed for ice cubes be had without affecting the temperature on the food shelves? (Too low a temperature on the shelves will, of course, injure food.)
- Is there a place to keep ice cream, meat, fish, game, "quick frosted" foods or an extra supply of ice cubes indefinitely at a *below* freezing temperature?
- Are these various temperatures (*a.* extra fast freezing; *b.* fast freezing; *c.* below freezing for storage; and *d.* normal food preservation temperature)—*automatically* maintained *without any attention from the owner?*
- Does refrigerating unit operate frequently or at infrequent intervals? (Other conditions being equal, the fewer the "stops" and "starts", the longer the unit will last and the less it will cost to run.)
- Will the cooling unit continue to cool the refrigerator for 10 or 12 hours even though the current is shut off?
- Can the back parts of all the shelves, even the lowest, be reached without kneeling or sitting down?
- Has provision been made for keeping vegetables fresh and crisp?
- Can the top of the refrigerator be used to "set things down for a moment" while the contents of the cabinet are being re-arranged?
- Is the refrigerator so designed and finished as to add to the attractiveness of the kitchen?
- Has the experience of users over a considerable period of time shown that the refrigerator is long-lived and dependable?

A 3 YEAR GUARANTEE

The Kelvinator line includes models priced from $174.50, f. o. b. factory, upward. Any one of these may be purchased on the ReDisCo Monthly Budget Plan

Kelvinator

Plug-Ugly

The story of a wrestling terror. Bear it in mind the next time you're tempted to judge by appearances

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

Illustrated by C. D. Williams

THE fans hated Miko Presto. Almost every time he wrestled there was a riot.

He was so ugly, so ferocious, so ruthless. He came into the ring like a raging gorilla. Other wrestlers were ugly, too, but none behaved like Miko Presto. It was that combination of ugliness and villainous actions which got the fans.

Miko thrust forth his black-bristled jaw until it reached a sharp angle. His bushy brows wore an angry scowl which shadowed all expression in his brown eyes. He twisted his battered mouth into a horrible grin, and his flattened nose completed the illusion. One felt that a murderously evil nature moved Miko's short, squat, burly body.

All his motions in the ring were gangling, threatening, anthropoid, terrifying. He beat his huge, broad chest. He grimaced. He bellowed. He sent shudders through the hardest, toughest crowds in sport—the wrestling fans. He was the hairy ape, the primordial brute let loose.

They hated Miko Presto. When he came into the ring, glaring, they turned to his opponent and yelled: "Get the big baboon!" There was never any divided partisanship when he wrestled. The crowd was for the other man.

Fans whose wrestling knowledge had not gone beyond boyhood scuffles were wont to coach Miko's foe, yipping: "Look out for that strangle hold! Look out for his legs!"

He had no science. Neither had his opponents, usually. Science passed with Frank Gotch. It is the day of power and punishment in the wrestling ring.

BUTTING, slapping, clawing, gouging, Miko Presto went after his man. Flying tackles, toe-holds, body scissors, head locks, jackknives, crotch spreads—anything to bruise and twist and strain and torture. All this accompanied by gasps and groans and grimaces and contortions.

Then, when the bout had gone an hour or so and the fans had seen their favorite worn to apparent weariness and punished into agony, Miko Presto would prepare for the spectacular act with which he finished nearly all opponents. The crowd, knowing what must come, would yell: "Don't let him up! Don't let him get on his feet!"

Gibbering fiendishly, Miko would heave to his feet, reach for his antagonist's middle with prehensile, hairy hands. With one tugging, wrenching effort, Miko would lift him overhead. Boos—hisses—stamping feet—curses—and angry restlessness in the crowd. Cries of "Sit down! Everybody down!" and usually the hasty tramping of a police squad along the main aisle.

And then, with his helpless victim twisting and kicking in the air, Miko would mock the fans. Grin at them, showing his teeth; gibber at them; stand there in the haze of tobacco smoke circling the arc-lamps, the beast triumphant.

An hysterical crescendo of "Stop it! Referee! He'll kill him!" Then Miko would begin the whirl. Sports writers called it the "airplane spin." Faster and faster Miko's victim would be whirled around until he was hopelessly dizzy; then Miko would slam him to the mat.

Invariably there would be a rush toward the ring. Excited, angry men wanting vengeance. Policemen would hold them back and form an escort for Miko. He would be hustled through a side exit while fans glared at him, or said: "You'll get yours. You'll get yours."

Only the wise ones knew it was part of Miko Presto's job to make them hate him.

MIKO worked for Peter DeBroek, the shrewdest manager in the game. Pete had discovered Miko barnstorming the southern Illinois coal country. He was then plain Mike Prestonovich, an amiable plug-ugly of vague origin.

Quoth the candid Pete: "That map of yours is like nothing I ever seen before. Man, you got a phiz on you! Uh—how would you like to work for me?"

Said Miko: "How much you pay, meester? I get feefteen dollar eef I'm win; fife dollar eef I'm loose."

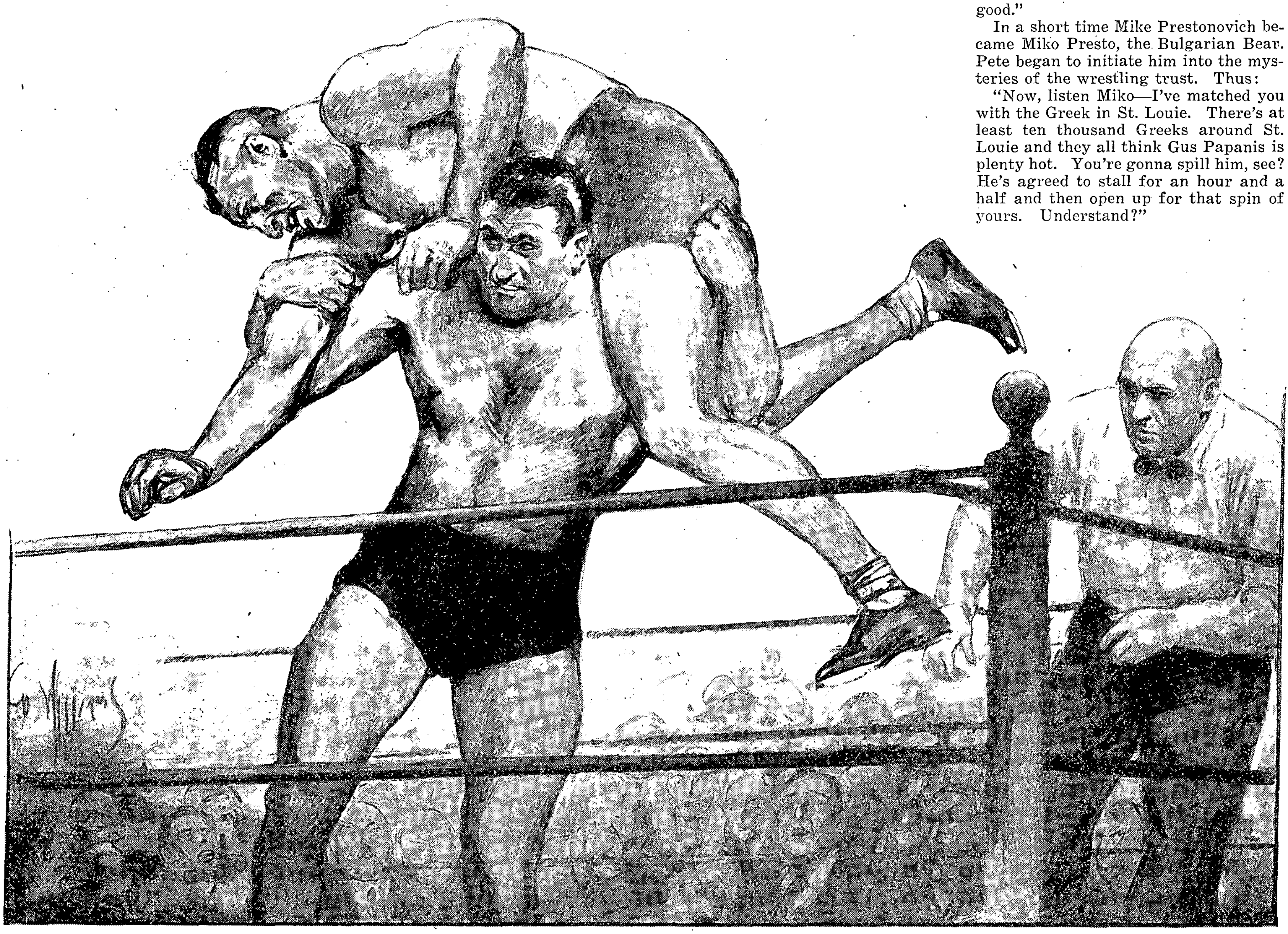
And Miko tried to hide his face behind his left shoulder to better the bargain.

Pete laughed.

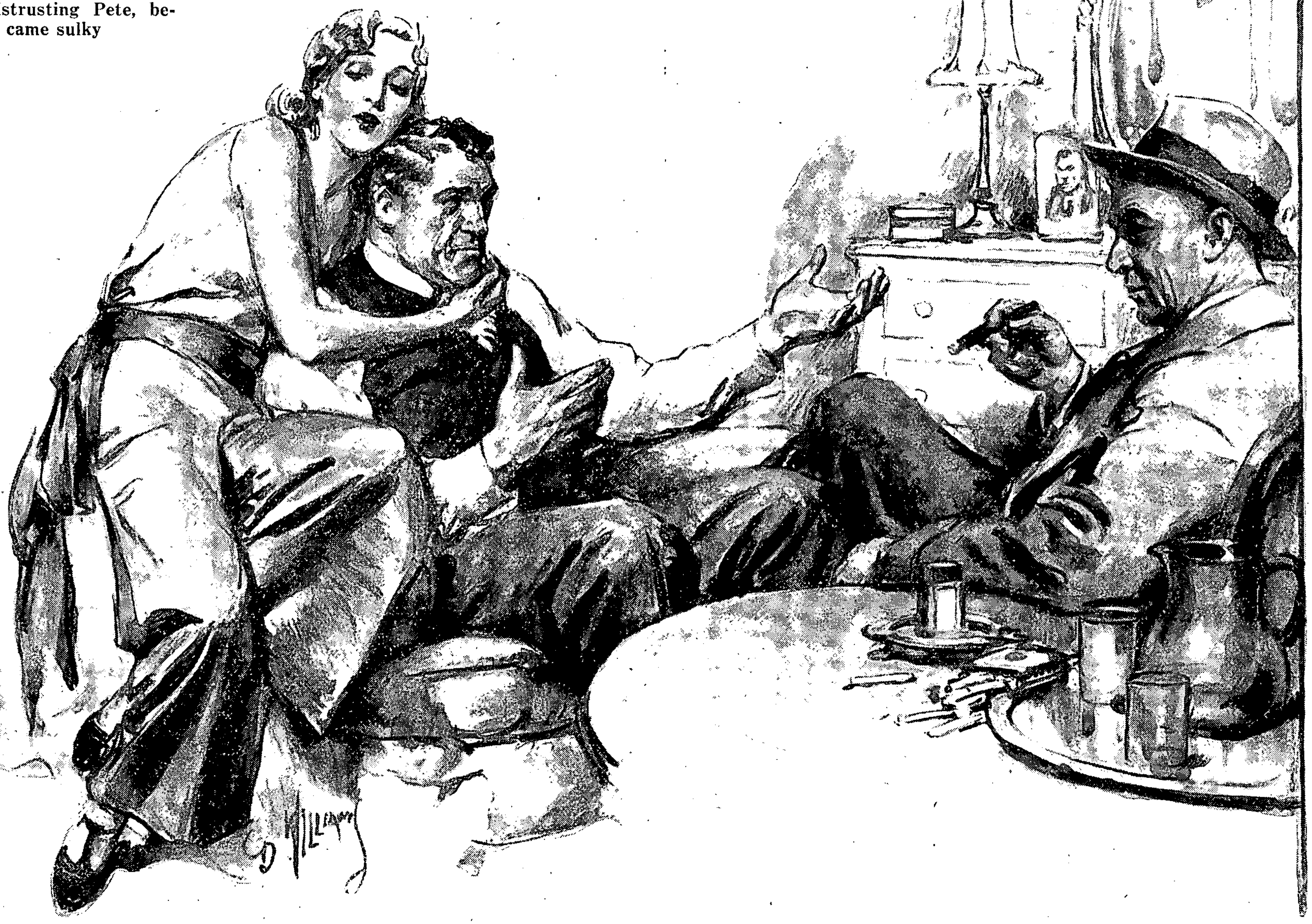
"Here's fifty on account," he said. "You stick with me and I'll do you some good."

In a short time Mike Prestonovich became Miko Presto, the Bulgarian Bear. Pete began to initiate him into the mysteries of the wrestling trust. Thus:

"Now, listen Miko—I've matched you with the Greek in St. Louie. There's at least ten thousand Greeks around St. Louie and they all think Gus Papanis is plenty hot. You're gonna spill him, see? He's agreed to stall for an hour and a half and then open up for that spin of yours. Understand?"



And then, with his helpless victim twisting and kicking in the air, Miko would mock the fans



To Elise Pete said: "Miko will never be champeen if you keep trying to get him hitting the high spots." The girl, mistrusting Pete, became sulky

"Yes, Meester Brack, I onderstand."

"I'm coming now to the thing that's gonna make or break you in the wrestling racket. It's this: you got to be fierce—you're a wild man, see? You got to make out like you're gonna eat the Greek alive. With that face it'll be a pipe. Let's see you look fierce."

At first Miko only looked ashamed. He stared at his hairy paws and said, "I ain't fierce fallar. I guess you make mistake, meester."

The promoter thumped Miko on the shoulder.

"Of course you ain't," he said cajolingly. "I know you're a good guy, Miko. Sure. But there ain't any harm in acting mean, is there? The Greek's tough. He won't mind it. And the fans'll eat it up. That's what they want! Come on, now, let's see you act like you was fierce."

Miko's début was a great success. The startled Greeks of St. Louis watched their idol submit to what appeared to be excruciating torture. Three policemen and eleven fans were injured in the riot that followed Miko's victory. And Pete DeBroek was guaranteed a packed house for the return match.

The only protest came from Miko, who said: "Why must I be bad fallar? I ain't bad fallar! They hiss . . . they swear . . . they call me beeg baboon. All the cheers they make for the Greek. I don' like it."

"Aw, now, Miko! What do you care? Look—here's a grand. Count it. More dough than you ever seen before, ain't it? And it's all yours."

Miko took the money, grinning childishly.

"Thees enough to send to old country, maybe?"

"Good golly, don't send all that! Your folks wouldn't know what to do with it! Send 'em fifty."

Miko pawed at his curly black head. Beneath his bushy brows, his eyes warmed with incongruous kindliness.

"The old people—they are gone. I guess maybe I send for girl to marry. Ees enough money?"

Pete DeBroek frowned.

"Not near enough, Miko," he said. "You forget that marrying stuff. It takes a lot of money to get married."

"I wait," said Miko.

WITHIN six months, Miko became the best drawing card of any wrestler in the trust. The Italians of Chicago knew him to their raging sorrow. The Poles of Detroit cursed him for the indignities and pain he inflicted on the great Stanislas Wycorwiszcicki. He caused Dan O'Brien to howl and groan in Kansas City. There was a riot in Pittsburgh when Carl Czechco, idol of the mills, collapsed in the throes of Miko's stranglehold. And in each city the wily Pete DeBroek left a fine build-up for return matches.

But Pete had his troubles.

Stopping off for a match with William Schmackebier in Scranton, Miko disappeared from the hotel. Pete was frantic. After three hours Miko showed up in the hotel lobby. He was wearing a new suit of gaudy stripes; a loud silk shirt covered his wide bosom and in his buttonhole there reposed a pink carnation. But that wasn't the worst of it. In his arms Miko held a bedraggled alley cat. He was stroking the animal with naïve ostentation for the benefit of lobby loungers, and saying: "Nice keety. I like nice keety. To animals I'm kind. I like leetle dogs, keeties, birds, cows, horses. Nice keety. You ain't 'fraid, eh, keety?"

Pete wasted no time getting Miko back to his room.

"You dumb cluck! Wanta queer everything?"

Miko looked sulky, still pawing the alley cat.

"They call me beeg baboon. They say I'm make legs break. They say I'm cruel fallar. They hate *me*—Mike Prestonovich. I guess maybe I show them in the wrastling beeziness I ain't like that but nice kind fallar."

Seeing Miko was disposed to be stubborn, Pete played on the only chord that was certain to be responsive.

"Yeah? Well, listen—you give these fans the idea you ain't tough and you're through. And the money stops. How you gonna send for that girl in the old country without no money?"

"I got one—two—t'ree thousand dollar, and half more. I guess maybe ees enough."

"It ain't near enough. Ask anybody and they'll tell you you gotta have ten grand at least to get married on."

"Ten thousand dollar?"

"Yeah. At least."

Miko thought that over.

Finally, "I act fierce, but I keep leetle keety. In my trunk I keep keety."

In New York, the crisis that Pete had been staving off with lies moved upon him.

Miko, greatly excited, rushed into Pete's room.

"You make mistake, Meester Brack! Ten thousand dollar ees not need for to bring girl from old country. I see agent fallar. Eet ees only feefteen hun'erd dollar."

PETE brazenly tried to argue him out of it but, seeing that was no use, he went to the East Side with Miko and talked to the matrimonial agent. Miko, under Pete's instructions, paid the agent only fifty dollars on account. The agent, with a dubious glance at Miko, mentioned that a photograph would be necessary.

Miko hung his head.

"Eef girl see thees face, she would not come," he said.

Pete seized the opportunity.

"Aw, you don't want any mix-up with girls, Miko! You ain't any ladies' man. You better forget it."

But the agent said smoothly, "You can send some other picture. After she's over here, she'll want to stay."

Miko sighed.

"No, I send my own. I weel look kind. So! Ees not kind?"

"That grin would stop a clock," Pete remarked. "You better forget this girl business. I'm telling you."

The agent continued to be helpful.

(Continued on page 69)

OLDSMOBILE THIS YEAR HOLDS A HIGHER PLACE IN PUBLIC FAVOR THAN AT ANY TIME IN ITS HISTORY

SINCE the enthusiastic reception given the 1931 Oldsmobile on the occasion of its introduction to the public in January of this year, Oldsmobile's popularity has continued to increase, month after month ✢ ✢ Today, the decisions of thousands of men and women, heretofore unacquainted with Oldsmobile's good qualities, are adding impetus to this success ✢ ✢ As a result, Oldsmobile is now enjoying a greater percentage of the business in its price class than at any time in its history. And new thousands of owners are telling their friends of the pleasure and satisfaction of Oldsmobile ownership ✢ ✢ Many of the reasons for this growing popularity are understandable upon examination of the 1931 Oldsmobile Six... for the desirable features of the car are self-evident. But there are more fundamental reasons for the definite preference being shown for Oldsmobile ✢ ✢ Four years ago Olds Motor Works adopted a policy toward owners which has been followed to the letter, year after year, in the development of Oldsmobile motor cars—and in the relationships of Olds Motor Works with the public. This policy took the form of four great responsibilities, recognized by Olds Motor Works and willingly assumed in order that every owner should become and remain a friend ✢ ✢ To design progressively . . . to build faithfully . . . to sell honestly . . . to service sincerely . . . these are the four great responsibilities upon which Olds Motor Works has founded its success. And these constitute the policy which the public has so wholeheartedly endorsed this year ✢ ✢ Olds Motor Works wishes to express its appreciation to the men and women throughout the country who have made the 1931 Oldsmobile the car of their choice... and who, by sincerely recommending its good qualities to their friends, are adding still further to Oldsmobile's steady advancement in public esteem.

TO DESIGN PROGRESSIVELY
TO BUILD FAITHFULLY
TO SELL HONESTLY
TO SERVICE SINCERELY

A Front-Page Family

The story of Helen Hayes, actress, Charles MacArthur, playwright, and Mary MacArthur, who has learned in her first year to snap her fingers at the world

By Katharine Roberts

Clarence Sinclair Bull—M-G-M

Charles MacArthur, playwright and husband of Helen Hayes (right), and their daughter Mary

Pagano

Aimé Du Pont

THEY are the most contrasting pair on the earth—Helen Hayes, actress, and her husband, Charles MacArthur, playwright. Their baby, Mary, gazes at them solemnly, bursts into a gurgling chuckle, looks as though she were about to explain them to the visitor—but thinks better of it, giggles cryptically, snaps her fingers and retires with dignity to her own apartment.

Mary is one year old. She has just learned to snap her fingers and finds it a delightful pastime—much simpler than explaining her parents. As to her own apartment—she has always been an independent young lady and, upon her arrival a year ago, found the Hayes-MacArthur establishment too small to afford the seclusion necessary to her comfort, so she rented the apartment above and turned the family domicile into a duplex. She is fully cognizant of the fact that her mother will always be younger than she herself and that her father will always do the unexpected.

The Perfect Barrie Heroine

However many emotional dramas, such as Coquette and Mr. Gilhooley, Helen Hayes may choose to do, and however successful she may be in them, she will always be identified as the perfect Barrie heroine. It is not only that her first glory came in Barrie's Dear Brutus and her greatest in What Every Woman Knows; it is because there actually is about her that quality of wistful young earnestness that is also intrinsic in the women of his plays.

The young lady you meet as hostess at Miss Hayes' dinner table gives you the impression of having at last grown up and managed a household chiefly because she fell in love with Charlie MacArthur. Obviously she was born with an impregnable immunity to worldliness, for, in spite of being the wife of a thorough sophisticate, she maintains the sort of poise that sophistication can never again achieve—the unshakable poise of an enduring little-girl honesty.

She meets with unruffled composure the complications that arise in a household conducted to satisfy the varying demands of a young baby, of a playwright husband who according to his own admission is an extremist uncursed by a sense of time, and of herself, whose life is complicated by the requirements of the theater.

If you are with them even a few moments, you will note an extraordinarily strong undercurrent of thorough understanding between these very dissimilar and individual personalities. The fact that her chair is inclined to turn a little toward him instead of staying straight with the table is as interesting as his way of quirking an eyebrow at her just before he makes a remark.

"Helen is the practical one of the family," says her husband, looking at her with a kind of speculative admiration. "She's thrifty, too," he adds proudly.

Beneath her wide-set blue eyes and short, straight little nose, one sees a chin that is paradoxically dainty and determined. She is an elfin creature—she always will be—but an elf that will never be caught out in a shower without her gossamer galoshes and a good cobweb umbrella.

"Charlie is the—"

Charlie's black eyes dart at her. She meets them, takes a quick little breath.

"—the prima donna of the family."

Charles MacArthur writes smash-bang plays like The Front Page, caloric dramas such as Lulu Belle, and revivalist torches like Salvation—all with collaborators of sufficient strength to tie him to a typewriter long enough to get them done. Like Leacock's hero, he is always dashing madly off in all directions, rushing between Hollywood and New York, writing scenarios, plays, radio broadcast features and short stories all at once, and seeing six other men about something else. In his own words, his methods are "nutty," but for him they work. Projects that to others look and sound like so many gyrating eccentricities will suddenly concentrate for him into a flull-blooming success.

But Miss Hayes conducts her own business along her own calm lines and with equal triumph.

"I can't advise Helen about her business," he admits. "Sometimes I suggest nutty things that would work for me, but they are inevitably wrong for her—because it takes a nut to do them, I suppose."

Helen Hayes made her bow before the footlights when she was eight years old. Up to that time she was just a rank amateur. While she was making a name for herself in the theater, Charles MacArthur, having finished college, was doing things because people asked him to—at least, that is what he says.

"I've never thought much about plans," he explains. "I've always done things because someone else asked me to do them."

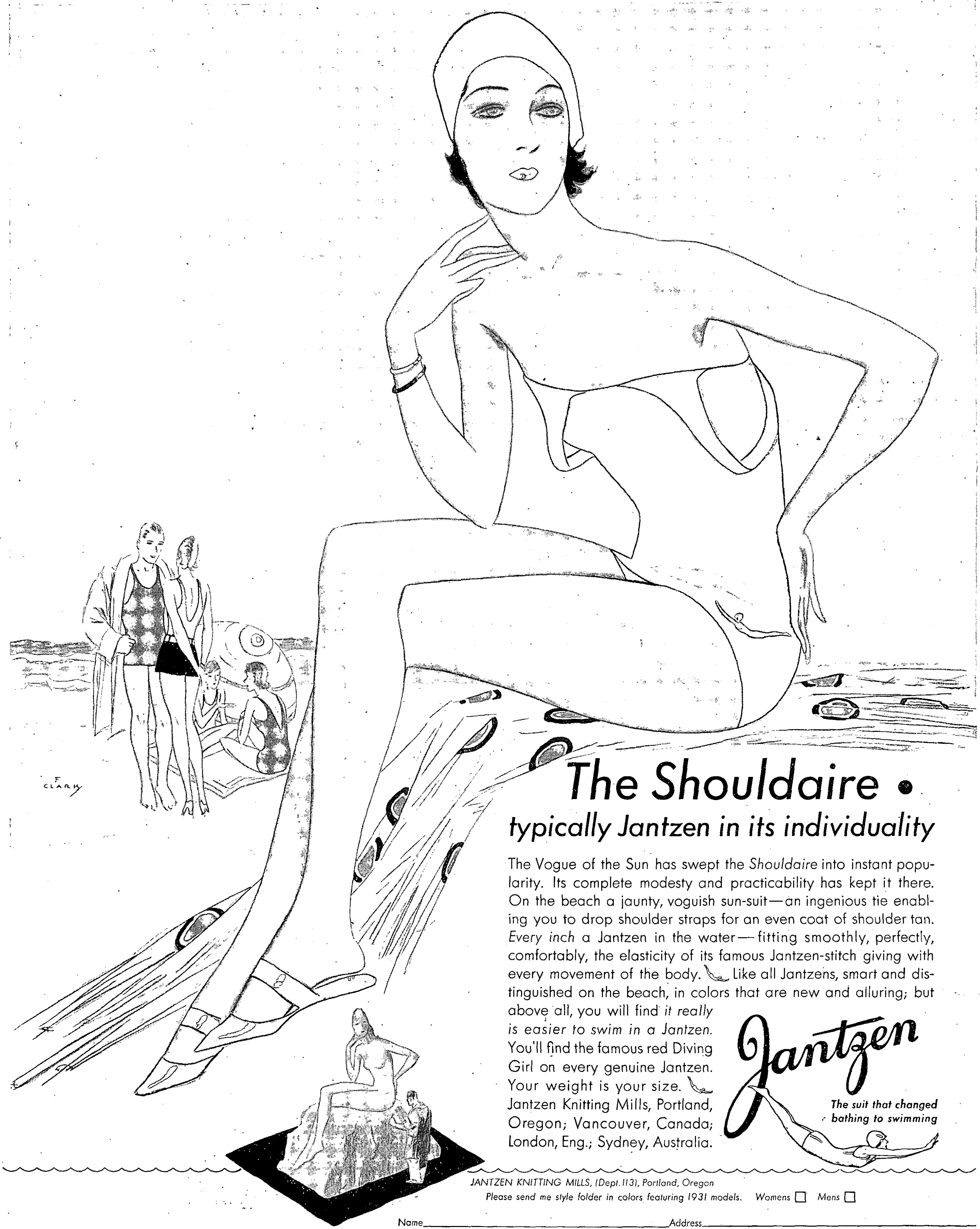
Open for Suggestions

His brother asked him to turn reporter and work on his paper. So he did. Then someone else suggested that he go to Chicago and do newspaper work there. He wrote for the Tribune and the American until a New York editor suggested that he move to New York. Again he obliged. Then Edward Sheldon, an established playwright, thought it would be a good thing for Mr. MacArthur to collaborate with him on a play for Lionel Barrymore. He promptly abandoned newspaper work and took to playwriting with all his might. However, the play somehow didn't come off.

But he didn't go back to reporting. No, he was a playwright. Again by request, he collaborated with Mr. Sheldon and the result was the script that later became the sensational Lulu Belle—

(Continued on page 59)

KEEP TRIM KEEP FIT SWIM!



The Shouldaire •

typically Jantzen in its individuality

The Vogue of the Sun has swept the *Shouldaire* into instant popularity. Its complete modesty and practicability has kept it there. On the beach a jaunty, voguish sun-suit—an ingenious tie enabling you to drop shoulder straps for an even coat of shoulder tan. *Every inch* a Jantzen in the water—fitting smoothly, perfectly, comfortably, the elasticity of its famous Jantzen-stitch giving with every movement of the body. Like all Jantzens, smart and distinguished on the beach, in colors that are new and alluring; but above all, you will find *it really is easier to swim in a Jantzen.* You'll find the famous red Diving Girl on every genuine Jantzen. Your weight is your size. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada; London, Eng.; Sydney, Australia.

Jantzen

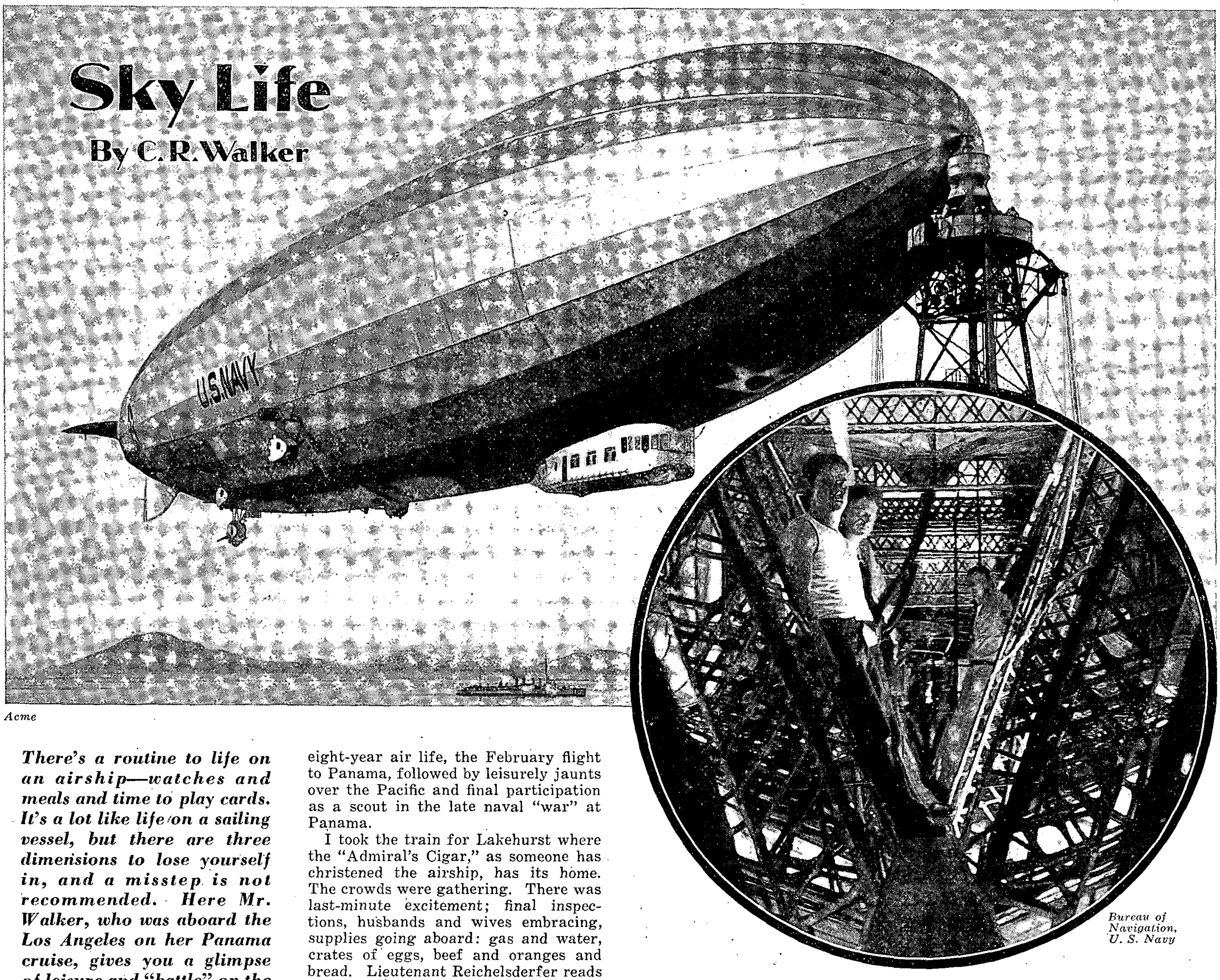
The suit that changed bathing to swimming

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, (Dept. 113), Portland, Oregon
Please send me style folder in colors featuring 1931 models. Womens ☐ Mens ☐

Name____________________ Address____________________

Sky Life

By C. R. Walker



Acme

Bureau of Navigation, U. S. Navy

Above: The Los Angeles anchored to the mooring mast of the U. S. S. Patoka at Balboa, Panama, during the recent naval maneuvers. Below: The cat walk of the Los Angeles, the crew's "Main Street"

There's a routine to life on an airship—watches and meals and time to play cards. It's a lot like life on a sailing vessel, but there are three dimensions to lose yourself in, and a misstep is not recommended. Here Mr. Walker, who was aboard the Los Angeles on her Panama cruise, gives you a glimpse of leisure and "battle" on the Admiral's Cigar

YOU may go up in an airplane to enjoy a scare, or to see Middletown from the sky, or to go places quickly. The trip may thrill you enjoyably or bore you; you may grow instantly air-minded, or possibly mislay a breakfast. But whatever happens your experience will be comparatively short. Airships are different. One settles down to serious sky-living. Leisurely meals, at least three *every* day, real sleep in non-vibrating berths, and a daily constitutional. Not to mention games with forty fellow flyers.

Most people, I find, suppose that airships are piloted by cranks; that they make stunt flights and, finally, that they explode. In the United States in the past five years, airships have flown over a million miles without a fatal accident. None of them has exploded. A class of American air sailors has quietly sprung into existence, who as a matter of course are trained to work, sleep, grouse and shoot craps above the clouds.

These truths I knew in my head but not in my blood till February 5th. At that time I began to live in the air myself. I slept, wrote, ate and wrangled on board the American airship Los Angeles on the longest cruise of her eight-year air life, the February flight to Panama, followed by leisurely jaunts over the Pacific and final participation as a scout in the late naval "war" at Panama.

I took the train for Lakehurst where the "Admiral's Cigar," as someone has christened the airship, has its home. The crowds were gathering. There was last-minute excitement; final inspections, husbands and wives embracing, supplies going aboard: gas and water, crates of eggs, beef and oranges and bread. Lieutenant Reichelsderfer reads the weather map assembled for him by telegraph. "It looks good," he says. Here in the hangar, where the crowd is gathered, the Navy's blimps—carrying six men apiece—look like baby whales beside us! I jump aboard; the gong sounds, announcing zero hour, the start of a take-off. We move from the dock. A tractor is the tugboat pulling a mobile mast to which the ship is tethered. This is a Navy invention. It eliminates hundreds of men from the take-off.

A Breathless Instant!

"Four at Frame 144," barks the skipper. Lift must be equalized at the ship's nose and tail. So human ballast is shifted. Sailors, "galloping kilos," run back to the post indicated. The captain studies a gauge; it tells him the upward thrust. Now when the wind is right, when ballast of water and men has put the ship in trim, when the upward thrust is right, he shouts, "Stand by to let go!" There is a breathless instant. A fat man waves frantically.

"Let go!" The nose breaks from a cone on the mast top, and fifty sailors take their hands from the keel. There is no noise, no engine sputter, no propeller whir. Like a vast silver trout rising in a clear pool, the ship slips upward. I run back from the crowded control car. I want a free window where I can sit and watch the earth sink under me. And how it sinks—at three feet to the second! In a couple of minutes individuals blur; I have lost the face of the fat man. Then the crowd is a blotch in a field; and, unexpectedly, we assimilate the horizon; even the sunset becomes a more normal neighbor than the earth smudges which now are splitting and moving away.

The feel of this take-off has a profound effect on most passengers. Every free-balloonist talks of the feel of silence and calm as you ride upward. And the take-off of an airship is a few moments of free ballooning. It excites and assures you in the same instant. For you immediately turn your eyes upward. What is lifting me? And there, like a small earth, is an acre of floating silver.

The upward flight continues, and only by close study can you convince yourself of motion. The common phenomena of motion are absent: vibration, bumps, noise, dust, traffic! Certainly none of these facts comes sensibly to the mind in sequence, but the feel of them captures your senses. Suddenly the propellers move, at first with a sputter, then flattened to a dead hum; the ship changes direction, a breeze dashes against your face; you look earthward to find the blotches gone; the sun is fading as the quartermaster points her nose toward the open sea.

Inside, the ship's life is awakening. All officers, save the officer of the deck and the navigator, have left the bridge. They are talking in groups, reading, unpacking their duffle. Our quarters, as I look about at them, seem ridiculously unmilitary. The broad bunks—they are really beds—are upholstered in thick red velvet. Each compartment, like an expanded Pullman section, is blocked off with red curtains and the ceiling adds an elaborate pattern to the décor.

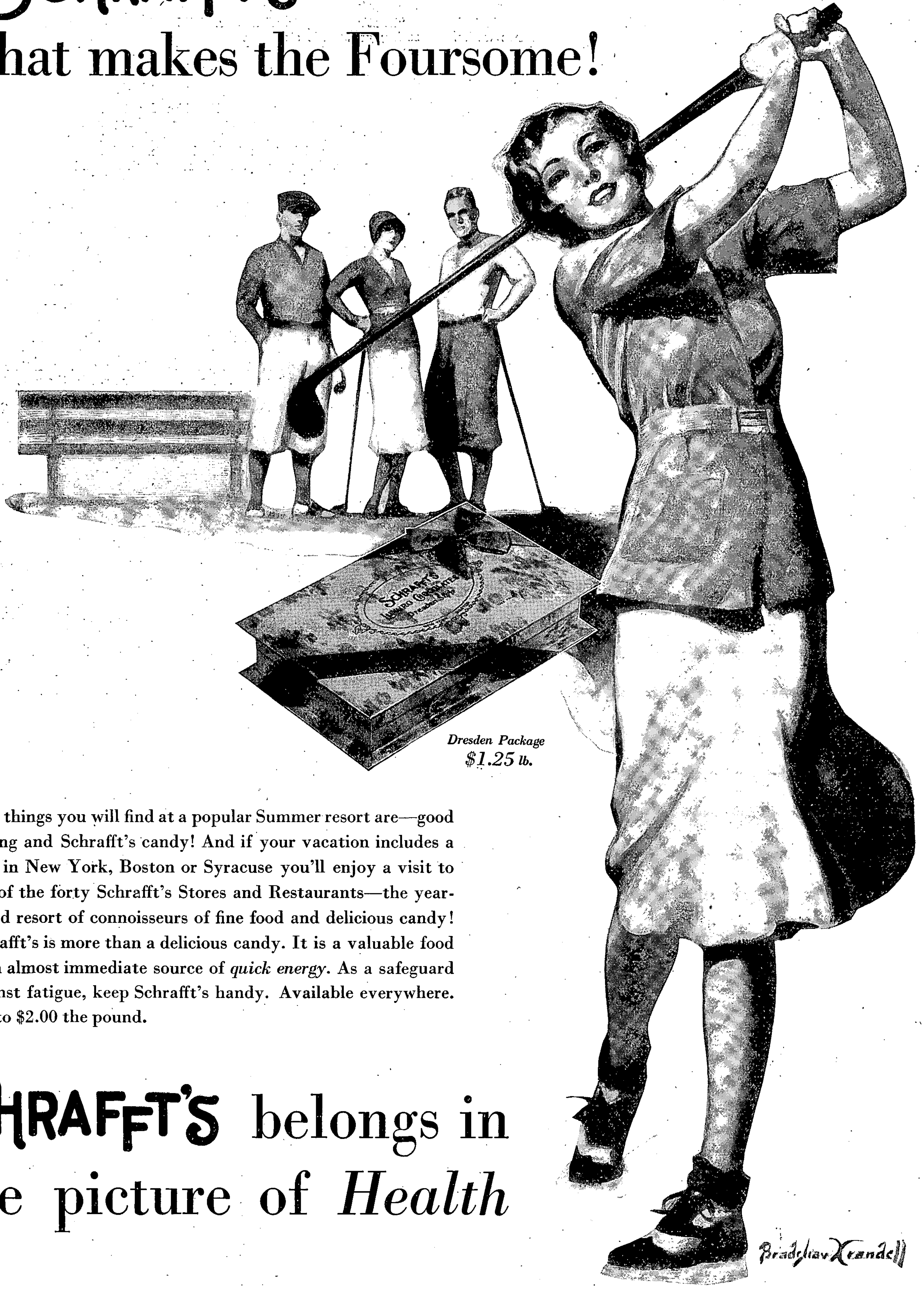
Dinner in the Clouds

I am reminded that way back in 1923 Germany began building this as a passenger ship de luxe. To be sure, here are signs like those in a German passenger coach, *Nichts hinaus werfen* (Throw nothing out) under each window. Good-sized lockers for each bunk and a clothes hammock. The captain's quarters, just aft of the control, are like all the others except that a desk with charts has been erected beside his bunk.

Nearly everyone has drifted to No. 1 compartment, which is nearest the ship's galley. Here a table seating eight is cleated into the wall between bunks. A vital chunk of energy, with red hair and a sailor cap the size of a nickel, emerges from the galley. He carries roast beef

(*Continued on page 64*)

SCHRAFFT'S — *the FIFTH* that makes the Foursome!



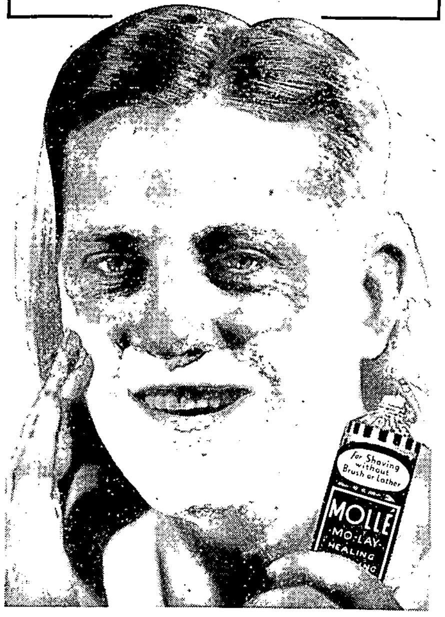
Dresden Package
$1.25 lb.

Two things you will find at a popular Summer resort are—good golfing and Schrafft's candy! And if your vacation includes a stop in New York, Boston or Syracuse you'll enjoy a visit to one of the forty Schrafft's Stores and Restaurants—the year-round resort of connoisseurs of fine food and delicious candy! Schrafft's is more than a delicious candy. It is a valuable food—an almost immediate source of *quick energy*. As a safeguard against fatigue, keep Schrafft's handy. Available everywhere. 60c to $2.00 the pound.

SCHRAFFT'S belongs in the picture of *Health*

SCHRAFFT'S . . . NEW YORK AND BOSTON . . . OWNED AND OPERATED BY FRANK G. SHATTUCK COMPANY

Good News MOLLÉ can also be had in jars for 75c—containing twice as much as the giant 50c tube.


For Shaving Without Brush or Lather
MOLLÉ
MO-LAY
HEALING

Apply With Finger Tips

The best shave in your life or money back . . .

Making claims and standing back of them are two different stories. We *guarantee* every MOLLÉ shave to be a cleaner, smoother, and quicker shave than you have ever had before.

Get MOLLÉ (Mō-lay) at your nearest drug store—shave ten times the MOLLÉ way. If you are not convinced that MOLLÉ is the best shaving cream you have ever used, return the balance of the tube or jar to us and we will refund your purchase price.

MOLLÉ makes no lather—you use no brush—simply spread it on with finger tips like a fragrant cold cream—and shave.

More than a million men now use MOLLÉ. You, too, will like the simplicity and convenience of use—the quick, thorough softening of the beard—the incomparable smoothness of the shave—the grateful relief from razor smart and burn; and, best of all, the delightful after-feel of face comfort that requires neither lotions nor balms.

Give your face a treat—get a tube or jar of MOLLÉ today at any druggist—we pay the cost if MOLLÉ doesn't win "hands down." The MOLLÉ Company, Bedford, Ohio.

Throw Away Your Brush
MOLLÉ
For Quick Easy Shaving

Protection

Continued from page 21

He discovered that he had lost about eight pounds in the last two weeks.

"Say!" he said, worried.

He'd been neglecting himself lately. He'd have to watch what he ate, and cut down on his cigarettes and get more sleep, and forget about Helen for a while.

He felt stale and dissatisfied. Everything seemed pretty monotonous. He sat staring at the floor and after a time he began to nod. But a knock at the hall door brought him up with a start, broad awake. Who could that be?

He went to the door and called:

"Who's there?"

"Canovi."

He opened the door. Canovi was leaning against the wall, grinning.

"What do you want?" Harworth demanded.

"I got to see you," said Canovi. "Important."

"Well, you picked a nice time of night."

CANOVI came in and took off his hat.

"I'm being tailed," he said, grinning, "so I go to bed and stay a while, then I slip out the back way."

"Who's tailing you?"

"Some of Bourke's special investigators, I guess."

They went into the library and sat down. Canovi said:

"Listen; Windy and me . . . Windy's one of Molina's boys, see . . . we got some mighty fine information. I'm going to report to Joe tomorrow and he'll get the laugh of his life."

Harworth sat uneasily playing with a book of matches.

"Michaelson beat it," said Canovi. "He took a plane to Detroit. Was he scared! Wow! He's nothing but a dumb-bell. Bourke and Monahan talked him into double-crossing you."

"He fixed The Burgoyne, all right."

"Sure, but wait! Bourke threw Joe over and teamed up with Monahan. He thinks Monahan's on the inside track. Ain't that a laugh!"

Canovi took out a little book.

"Boss," he said, "Joe's got you down for five grand."

"What for?"

"Don't ask questions."

Harworth laughed shortly.

"No? Well, don't expect me to hand out five thousand bucks for fun."

Canovi leaned forward.

"Boss, hell's going to hit this town in short order. If you don't know nothing you don't know nothing! See? It's healthier."

Harworth stared at the carpet.

"Here's a tip," said Canovi, grinning: "Joe's going to put on a sideshow for the town. They been pushing him too hard. You're down for five grand and I'm collecting."

"I still don't get you."

Canovi's grin faded and he scowled at Harworth.

"Come on. Put up. I ain't got all night."

"Don't get tough."

They sat staring at each other for a moment, then Canovi looked away and said:

"All the big shots are putting in, Boss. It's defense money, see; defense money. Got it?"

Harworth knew what Canovi meant now and a chill went through him. But he was in too far to back out; he had to put in with the rest and like it. Without a word he got up, went to the wall-safe and counted out the money. Canovi took it with a grin.

"That's the way to talk, Boss. I'll be seeing you." He started out.

"Wait a minute," said Harworth. "How did you get past the desk downstairs?"

Canovi shrugged.

"I didn't. I came up just like I'm going down: the fire-escape!"

He laughed and went out.

Harworth stood in the middle of the room, staring. Why, a man wasn't safe in his own house!

MAGNUSSEN shrugged his shoulders.

"Southern Copper is already up ten points. It looks like a killing."

Harworth smiled and sipped his coffee. Magnussen went on reading the financial page, occasionally marking an item with his pencil. Finally he passed the paper to Harworth.

"The market's wild right now," said Magnussen. "All we have to do is keep away from the ticker and sit tight. Maynard says there's no top to it. Personally I don't know a damn' thing about it. I play the market like I shoot craps: on the outside of the game. But it looks like we've picked winners."

Harworth laid down the paper and offered Magnussen a cigar, which he accepted.

"You did the picking," said Harworth. "I don't know straight up."

"Thank Maynard," said Magnussen. "He's made and lost half a dozen fortunes at this game. Yesterday he told me he'd never seen anything like this. It may be too good to be true."

"We can always sell."

"Yes. But Maynard said we'd better sit tight for a while. He thinks there are millions to be made."

"I hope so."

The waiter came and Magnussen signed the check, then they went into the library to finish their cigars. Harworth sank back comfortably into a big leather armchair, crossed his legs, and sat looking about the room. He was glowing with satisfaction. One after another his ambitions were being realized. Here he was sitting in the Lake Michigan Club, hobnobbing with Richard Magnussen, one of the richest men in the city.

One fall night, ten years ago, he had stood in front of this very club waiting for a bus to take him north. He had seen the doorman helping prosperous-looking men out of their limousines. Turning, he had watched these men as they entered the entry-way and at last disappeared through a mysterious big door. Once he had caught a glimpse of a huge dimly lighted room and an attendant in livery. Standing there in the bitter wind from the lake, possessing nothing but the clothes on his back and about four dollars, he had wondered what went on behind that big door!

"How is the night-club business?" asked Magnussen finally.

"Fair," said Harworth. "Competition is getting very stiff. I'd like to get out of it if I could sell at a profit."

"I understand you sold your chain of restaurants."

"Yes, for a good price. They made me some money, but they were a lot of bother. I don't think I managed them right. The responsibility was divided too much. I was always having trouble with my individual managers."

"Honest men are hard to find."

"Exactly."

Magnussen crossed his legs and stared at the lighted end of his cigar.

"Well," he said, "it's no wonder. There's no respect for law any more. Get what you can and get it quick. That's the way it's done now. Nobody cares much how you get it as long as you've got it."

Harworth stirred uncomfortably, but said nothing.

Magnussen sighed and stared at his cigar. There was a long silence. Finally Magnussen said:

"You and Helen are getting along nicely, I hear."

Harworth glanced at Magnussen, who was sitting with his legs crossed, looking mildly off across the room. But something in his attitude warned Harworth to be on his guard; Magnussen was trying to pump him.

"Yes," he said. "I like her very much."

"She's very likable when she wants to be. We were married nearly five years. We didn't hit it off."

"She speaks very well of you."

"Does she? That's nice of her."

Harworth thought that Magnussen looked very glum. He had often wondered about them. Richman had told him once that it was a love match and that Helen had tired first. There had been a scandal in Paris.

"Do you mind if I ask you a question?" said Magnussen.

"Of course not."

"Is she very fond of you?"

Harworth smiled.

"No. I don't think so. We're good friends."

Magnussen glanced up and Harworth saw that his face was flushed and that he was making an effort of some kind.

"What do you think of a man who would ask a question like that?" he demanded.

Harworth lowered his eyes in embarrassment. Magnussen had always seemed so cold and calm, so careless to him; he had envied him. Now he saw that he was none of these things; that, in spite of his money, his position, his apparent indifference, he suffered as other men suffer.

"I don't see anything wrong with that question," said Harworth.

"Don't you?"

THERE was a long silence. Finally Harworth inquired:

"Hasn't Miss Paul come back yet? I haven't seen her lately."

"No," said Magnussen. Then he laughed. "What a girl," he went on. "She's better than liquor or gambling. She takes me clear out of myself. I feel positively paternal with her. What a rattlehead; and one of the nicest girls I ever knew."

"I like her," said Harworth. "But I see what you mean. She ought to be playing with dolls or riding on the merry-go-round."

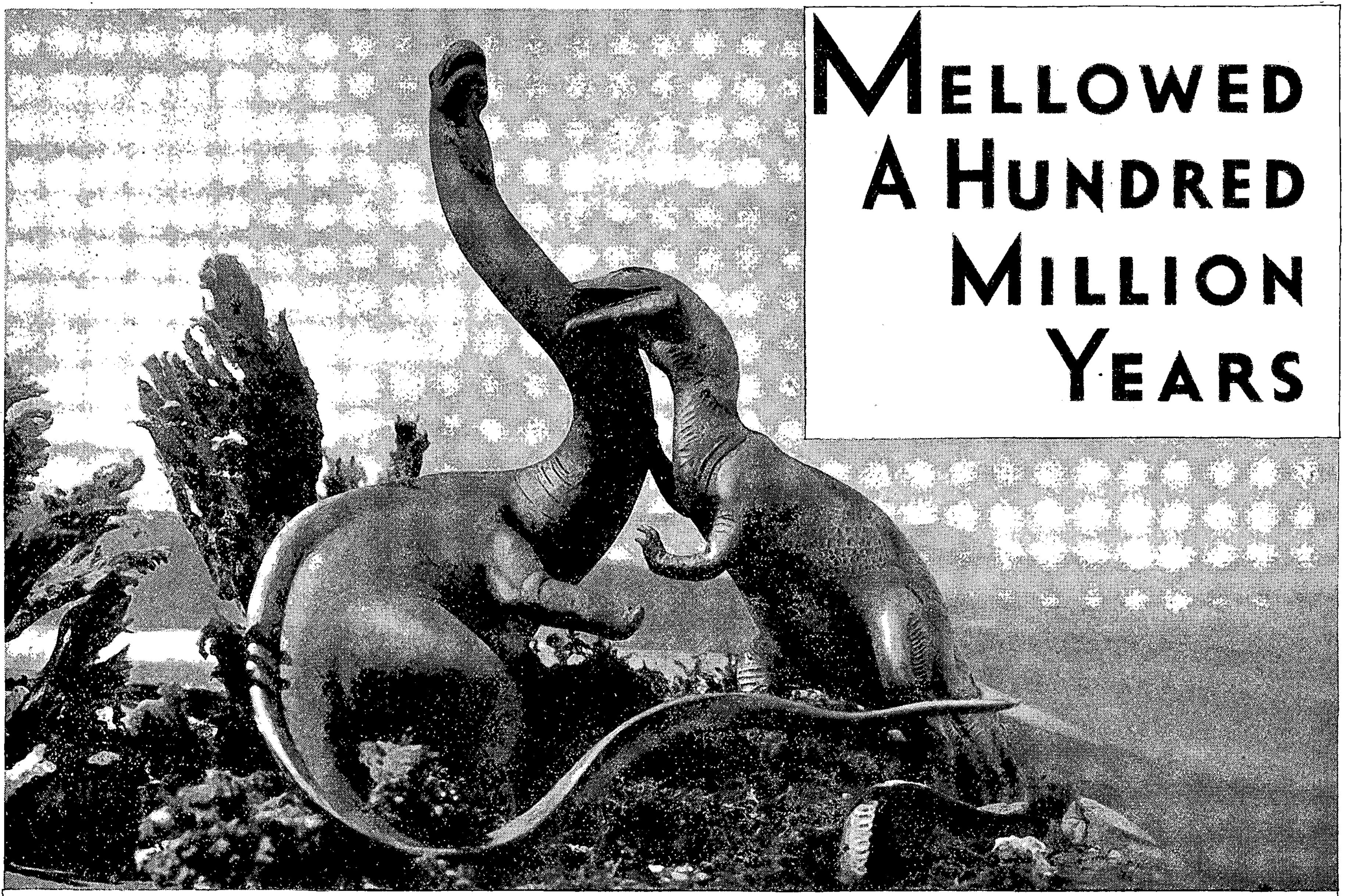
Magnussen laughed.

"That's it. That's what she's always doing: riding on a merry-go-round and getting brass rings. She has a wonderful time no matter where she goes. It's a gift."

Harworth smiled but said nothing.

"Jo's perfect," Magnussen went on, smiling; "nothing is ever commonplace to her. I don't think she was ever bored in her life. Quite a contrast to that bunch she goes around with. Helen gets so bored sometimes that she talks about suicide. Talks about it, you understand. But even that's something. Bob Joyce was born bored. Look at Richman! He's so bored he takes it out on other people and calls it satire. Louise is in a perpetual state of bore-

(*Continued on page 36*)



MELLOWED A HUNDRED MILLION YEARS

While scaly monsters fought in PENNSYLVANIA

NATURE guards her dearest treasures jealously! Millions of years ago in the Devonian Age, she stored away in the Bradford-Allegany District of Pennsylvania her finest crude oil. Other oil-bearing ages came with far greater quantities of oil—but today that rich Devonian crude commands the highest price of all Pennsylvania grade crude oils!

In the big, new Sinclair refinery at Wellsville, N. Y., expert refiners put the crowning touch to a hundred million years of Nature's filtering and mellowing. They remove harmful petroleum jelly from Bradford-Allegany crude at as low as 60° F. below zero—a temperature much lower than required for removing wax. They minimize the crude's carbon-forming compounds. They have developed a Pennsylvania grade oil that flows at zero—Sinclair Pennsylvania Motor Oil! (formerly Sinclair Mobiline).

Have the nearest Sinclair dealer change your oil to Sinclair Pennsylvania according to the Sinclair Law of Lubrication. After a period of long, hard driving note how your oil stands up—how it comes out of the crankcase almost as good as it went in. Note, particularly, how little oil has been used up—positive, visible proof that Sinclair Pennsylvania protects the last mile as well as the first!

Send our nearest office a list of the states where you intend touring and we will send you road maps and the Sinclair Law of Lubrication booklet, free. Sinclair Refining Company (Inc.) New York, Atlanta, Chicago, Houston, Fort Worth, Kansas City. Sinclair Refining Company of Canada, Ltd., Toronto. Sinclair Refining Company of California, Los Angeles.

SINCLAIR *Pennsylvania*

guaranteed by
SINCLAIR REFINING CO. INC.
to be 100% pure.
PENNSYLVANIA GRADE OIL

MOTOR OIL

Copyrighted 1931
by S. R. C. (Inc.)

DON'T WASTE 2/3 OF YOUR VACATION SNAPSHOT OPPORTUNITIES

Your picture-taking day is now 24 hours long—with the NEW MAZDA PHOTOFLASH LAMPS

NO longer are you dependent upon daylight for pictures of vacation joys. At night or indoors, the new MAZDA Photoflash lamp enables your camera to record them forever, in 1/50th of a second.

It operates simply, without noise, smoke, odor or dust. One brilliant flash, so fast that subjects do not blink an eyelash, and your picture is caught.

Next time you buy film, get some MAZDA Photoflash lamps and try a few pictures. Get as many lamps as you intend to take photographs—for each lamp can be used only once. You should also have a reflector unit, specially designed for Photoflash. This may be had at a very low price.

When buying Photoflash lamps, always look for the G. E. in a circle and the words "Photoflash Lamp" on the disc within the lamp.

The General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
NELA PARK, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Please send me, without obligation, your new booklet on MAZDA Photoflash Lamps. C. 6-13-31

Name____________________

Street____________________

City____________State_______

MAZDA PHOTOFLASH LAMPS

Manufactured by

GENERAL ELECTRIC

and sold by its Edison Lamp Works and its National Lamp Works

Protection

Continued from page 34

dom, but she has some excuse, poor girl."

"By the way," said Harworth, "how did Burne's concert come off?"

"Fine. Arthur has lots of talent, but he's ineffectual. I mean he's somewhat lacking in character. Did you see the papers? Berg gave him a fine write-up. Louise told me that Stock was considering some of Arthur's music, so I put my uncle to work on him. My uncle's a queer old duck. He was educated in Vienna and wanted to be a concert pianist, but the soap business got him. Still plays and goes to Vienna once a year; to hear real music, he says. He likes to play the martyr but I think he's really more at home in the soap business."

Magnussen laughed. It made Harworth feel queer to hear old Henry Magnussen discussed in this fashion. He had seen him once at a theater: a tall, thin, crabbed old man with aquiline features. He was rated the richest man in Illinois.

"Arthur's impossible," said Magnussen. "I'm surprised that Louise puts up with him."

"They've known each other a long time, haven't they?"

"Too long."

There was a short silence, then Magnussen glanced at his watch.

"Good Lord! It's after two. I've got to be going."

They got up. At the door they shook hands.

"See you at Helen's Saturday," said Magnussen.

"I'll be there."

WHEN Harworth came in Joseph said:

"Mr. Stein wants to see you. He's very sick. The doctor just left."

"August sick! Why, he told me he was feeling pretty good this morning."

"He was walking through the library about twelve o'clock and fell."

Harworth was stunned. He never gave much thought to Stein; he seemed permanent; someone he could always depend on. He stood staring at the carpet.

"And Mrs. Magnussen called," said Joseph. "You're to call her at seven."

Harworth nodded and went into Stein's bedroom. Stein was propped up in bed reading a newspaper and smoking a cigar.

"Hello, Frank," he called.

Harworth sighed with relief. He had pictured Stein lying pale and silent.

"Hello, August, you old devil. From what Joseph said I thought you were dying."

"Oh," said Stein, "that's Joseph's way. He's had a face a yard long ever since I took my tumble. I got dizzy and fell on my head, Frank."

"Why don't you quit drinking?" Harworth demanded, laughing.

"Say, I haven't had a drink today. I'm just getting old; ready for the bone yard. And my rheumatism is giving me hell. My knee's all swelled up. The Doc's a cheerful guy. He says it's only the beginning."

"Beginning of what?"

"Why, beginning of the end."

"Oh, cut it out. You'd think you were sick!"

"Well," said Stein, "if it's the beginning of inflammatory rheumatism, I'll be pretty hard to get along with from now on."

Harworth lit a cigarette. There was a long silence and Stein went back to his paper. Harworth had kept his speculations from Stein for over a week; but he had begun to feel uneasy about it. Stein always knew all about his business; he had for years. Finally he said:

"August, listen. I put all that restaurant money into stocks."

Stein flung down his paper.

"So you're going to finish in the poorhouse after all. Speculating, eh?"

"Yes, Southern Copper's already up ten points. The others are up a little."

Stein said nothing for a moment, then he shifted about in bed, trying to get his leg in a more comfortable position and swearing.

"Frank," he said, "give me a list of what you've got and I'll keep my eyes open. It'll give me something to do while I'm on my back. You ain't no good on earth, chasing after them swells. It's a good thing you've already made a pile."

"Just wait. I'll show you a pile. Magnussen and I are in on the same stocks."

"Yes," said Stein, "but he can afford to lose."

"So can I."

"Well, from all I can hear, and, mind you, I don't know nothing about that racket, you got in at the right time. A fool for luck."

Harworth laughed.

"Yes, sir," said Stein, "but don't get swell-headed about it and hold on if she keeps going up. What goes up must come down. If I was you I'd sell that copper out now, if it's up ten points."

"She's going up farther. Magnussen's got a friend in the know."

Stein snorted.

"In the know! Hell, what a sap you are. Haven't you played the horses long enough to know that that kind of information is worse than no good? You might just as well toss up. I'd like to have the dough I've lost on feed-box information. Yeah. I wish I had a dollar for every time some jockey or swipe has said to me, 'August, bet on this or that plug; he's as good as in; it's fixed.'"

"I can't imagine you plunging," said Harworth, laughing.

"No," said Stein. "I'm over fifty now and I've learned a lesson. But when I was twenty-odd I didn't have any more sense than you've got. I believed in Santa Claus."

Harworth laughed and got up.

"Going to get up for dinner?" he asked.

"Get up for dinner! I can't get out of bed even."

"You mean it?"

"Of course I mean it."

THE smile faded from Harworth's face. He stood looking at Stein.

"Well," he said, "I'm going out tonight. But Joseph'll stay with you."

"Don't worry about me. Give me that list I was asking you about and I'll try to keep you out of the pogey."

Harworth took a pencil from his pocket and marked the stocks on the financial page.

"Put down what you bought 'em at," said Stein.

At dinner Harworth was lonesome without Stein. The big dining-room was very still and Joseph walked about on tiptoes. It was early fall and the windows were already dark; one of the glass panels was open and there was a smell of fall in the wind. Harworth ate fast, taking no pleasure in it.

They came in late. The semi-wind-up was nearly over, and the fighters, an Italian and a Negro, were clinching and hanging on, both of them tired. They had seats in the first row ringside and had to climb across the knees of half a dozen men, all of whom grumbled but stared at Helen.

"Oh," said Helen, looking up, "I never sat this close before. You might as well be in the ring."

"Personally I like the balcony better," said Harworth. "But you have to sit with a bunch of mugs and sometimes there're fights."

The bell rang for the end of the round and the fighters went to their corners. The Negro was staggering; his handlers grabbed him and began to work over him furiously. The Italian sat on his stool gasping for breath and looking vaguely off across the stadium.

Someone leaned forward and put his hand on Harworth's shoulder.

"Hello, Harworth. How do you rate seats like that?"

It was Molina. Harworth said:

"Hello, Joe. I'm just lucky, I guess."

Molina laughed and drew back. Helen turned to look at him.

THE bell rang for the final round and the Italian came out throwing both fists. The Negro was groggy and perplexed, and Harworth felt sorry for him. The crowd began to rave; it sensed a knockout.

Molina shouted:

"Go to it, Giovanni. Kill that nigger."

The Italian was leaping at the Negro, trying to finish him. The Negro, nearly out on his feet, shuffled about trying to protect himself. Harworth saw his head go back from an uppercut, saw him fall into the ropes and hang there, helpless. But the Italian was merciless; he pounded the Negro about the body and then sent a terrific hook to his jaw. The Negro groaned and fell forward on his face. The crowd howled while the referee counted him out.

"Good boy! Good boy!" cried Molina.

Helen grasped Harworth's arm and squeezed hard. He turned to look at her. Her face was flushed, she was gritting her teeth, and there was a cruel expression about her mouth. "Oh, wasn't that wonderful!" she cried. He was slightly disgusted and looked away.

The Italian had his bathrobe around him now and was dancing about the ring, waving to a roaring crowd. In the far corner the Negro's handlers were trying to revive him. He sat with his eyes shut, his arms dangling, but gasped and jerked his head wildly when they put the ammonia to his nose.

The main bout was tame. Red Cannon, Harworth's boy, a boring-in fighter with a wallop, was too slow for his opponent, Mike Cerda, who ran from him for nine rounds, counterpunching all the time. In the fifth round the crowd began to boo Cerda and tell him what they thought of him. Once Molina leaned forward and said:

"He'd kill that hunky if he could get near enough."

Harworth nodded.

In the tenth round Cerda, exasperated by the crowd, tried to outslug Cannon, took a couple to the head and one to the short ribs which nearly doubled him over, then he began to run again. Cannon was given the decision and looked down at Harworth and grinned. The decision was a poor one but the crowd cheered and went home happy.

On the way to Stromberg's from the fight Helen sat silent. She was won-

(Continued on page 38)

Special "half-way" Prizes . . .

for Child and Baby Snapshots...

There's still time to enter Child Pictures made in May and June, the first two months of the contest. No skill needed. Only Amateurs eligible. Only Picture Interest counts.

$25,000 *in* U. S. Prizes

SIX PICTURE CLASSES

1,000 Chances to Win!

YOU may submit pictures of *any* subject in this contest. Prizes will be awarded in 6 classes, and your entries will be placed for judging in the classes in which they are most likely to win.

A. *Children.* Any picture in which the principal interest is a child or children.

B. *Scenes.* Landscapes, marine views, city, street, travel or country scenes, etc.

C. *Games, Sports, Pastimes, Occupations.* Baseball, tennis, golf, fishing, gardening, carpentry, etc.

D. *Still Life and Nature Subjects, Architecture and Architectural Detail, Interiors.* Art objects, curios, cut flowers, or any still life object in artistic arrangement, any nature subject, etc. Exteriors or interiors of homes, churches, schools, offices, libraries; statues, etc

E. *Informal Portraits.* Close-up or full figure of a person or persons, excepting pictures in which the principal interest is a child or children. (See Class A above.)

F. *Animals, Pets, Birds.* Pets (dogs, cats, etc.); farm animals or fowls; wild animals or birds, either at large or in zoos.

Prizes for United States

GRAND PRIZE: Bronze Medal and $2,500

141 PRIZES IN EACH CLASS

For the best picture in each class	$500
For the next picture in each class	250
For the next picture in each class	100
For each of next 5 pictures in each class	25
For each of next 133 pictures in each class	10

(*847 prizes, totaling $16,330*)

STATE PRIZES FOR CHILD PICTURES

For the best child pictures made and entered in May and June from each of the 48 states, also the District of Columbia, Hawaii and Alaska:

First Prize, each state	$100
Second Prize, each state	50
Third Prize, each state	20

(*153 state, territorial prizes, totaling $8,670*)

International Awards

The best picture in each class from each country will automatically enter the International Competition to be judged for later awards at Geneva, Switzerland.

GRAND AWARD: ***Silver Trophy and $10,000***

SIX CLASS AWARDS: Best picture in each class, a Gold Medal and $1,000

* * *

Total U. S. Prize Money	$25,000
International Awards	16,000
Prize Money for rest of world	59,000

NOTE that one picture may win a $500 class prize, the $2,500 grand prize for U. S. A. . . . plus a $1,000 international class award and the $10,000 international grand award . . . a total of $14,000 for a single snapshot.

A single, simple snapshot of your boy or girl, or of any other subject may win you as much as $14,000 plus world-wide fame.

YOU still have time to take a child or baby picture that might win a State Prize of $20, $50 or $100. These are special prizes, to be given halfway through Kodak's International $100,000 Competition.

Whether or not you win a half-way prize, all of your entries still take part in the general contest ending August 31.

Not Only for Child Pictures

While state prizes at the half-way point are for child pictures only, *any* picture made in May, June, July or August may be entered for national and international awards.

There are 1,000 prizes, totaling $25,000, for U.S.A. 141 prizes in each of six classes that cover every conceivable picture. First-prize winner in each class automatically enters the international judging at Geneva, Switzerland, where awards total $16,000.

One simple snapshot may win $14,000.

Only amateurs may enter. The user of a Brownie, Hawk-Eye, or the simplest Kodak has the same chance as owners of costly cameras.

Winners in U.S.A. will be determined by a committee of distinguished judges consisting of Mary Roberts Rinehart, foremost authoress; Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd; Rudolf Eickemeyer, eminent photographer; Howard Chandler Christy, celebrated artist; Kenneth Wilson Williams, editor of "*Kodakery.*"

Lay in a supply of film. Make lots of snapshots. Clip the entry blank. Enter to win.

Kodak Film
TOP
120

For pictures of the prize-winning kind, use Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box, or the new Kodak Verichrome Film in the yellow box with checkered stripes.

Read these simple rules for U.S.A.

1. This contest is *strictly for the amateur.* Any resident of U. S. A., Hawaii or Alaska is eligible, excepting individuals and families of individuals engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Contest starts May 1, closes August 31, 1931. (Also see No. 14.)

3. An entrant may submit *as many pictures* as he pleases and at as many different times as he pleases; provided that the pictures have been *made on or after* May 1, 1931, that they are mailed under postmark dated *not later than* August 31, and that they reach Contest Office not later than September 7, 1931. (See No. 14.)

4. Any Kodak, Brownie, Hawk-Eye or other camera and any brand of film, chemicals and paper may be used in making pictures for this contest. A contestant need not own the camera. The finishing, of course, may be done by his dealer. Pictures may be made from roll film, cut film or film pack negatives. But pictures made from plate negatives are not eligible.

5. Both regular-sized contact prints and enlargements are eligible. No picture is to measure *more than 8 inches* the long way. Prints shall be made from unretouched negatives only. *No coloring* or artwork of any kind shall have been done on either negative or print. *Prints shall be neither mounted nor framed.* Do not write even your name on either front or back of your pictures.

6. Enclose an entry blank with each lot of pictures. Mail entries to Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. Use the entry blank on this page, obtain others from dealers, copy the form, or write to the Prize Contest Office for a supply.

7. *No entries can be returned.* All mailings are at owner's risk. *Do not* send negatives with entries but be sure they are in your possession and *hold them* ready to send on request.

8. All pictures will be *judged solely on general appeal*—the interest they arouse. Photographic excellence or technique will not be the deciding factor in determining the prize winners.

9. The decision of the judges shall be final. In the event of a tie, the advertised award will be paid to each of the tying contestants.

10. Each prize-winning picture, together with the negative, and the first and sole rights to the use thereof for advertising, publication, or exhibition in any manner, becomes the property of the Eastman Kodak Company.

11. Winner of first prize *in each class, including winner of U. S. Grand Prize,* will automatically enter the International Competition.

12. Although no entrant may win prizes on more than one picture, he may win *several* prizes with the one picture. Naturally, *the more pictures you send in, the greater the chance that one of them will win a prize—or prizes.*

• • •

The following additional conditions apply to the offer of prizes for the best child pictures made in each state, during May and June, 1931.

13. To be eligible for a prize in the Child Picture Contest, a picture shall fulfill the requirements of Class A, Child Pictures.

14. Special State Child Picture Contest closes on June 30, 1931. Entries must be mailed under postmark not later than that day and must reach Contest Office not later than July 7, 1931. All entries in Child Picture Contest, including winners, *remain eligible for further prizes* in Class A at the end of the general contest.

Important! Do not specify classes into which pictures should go. Each picture will be placed in the class in which it is most likely to win. ◆ So that judges shall not know the names of contestants, entries will be filed numerically and each entry acknowledged by a postal card bearing its number. *Please do not* write about entries. Winners will be notified as soon as possible after the judging.

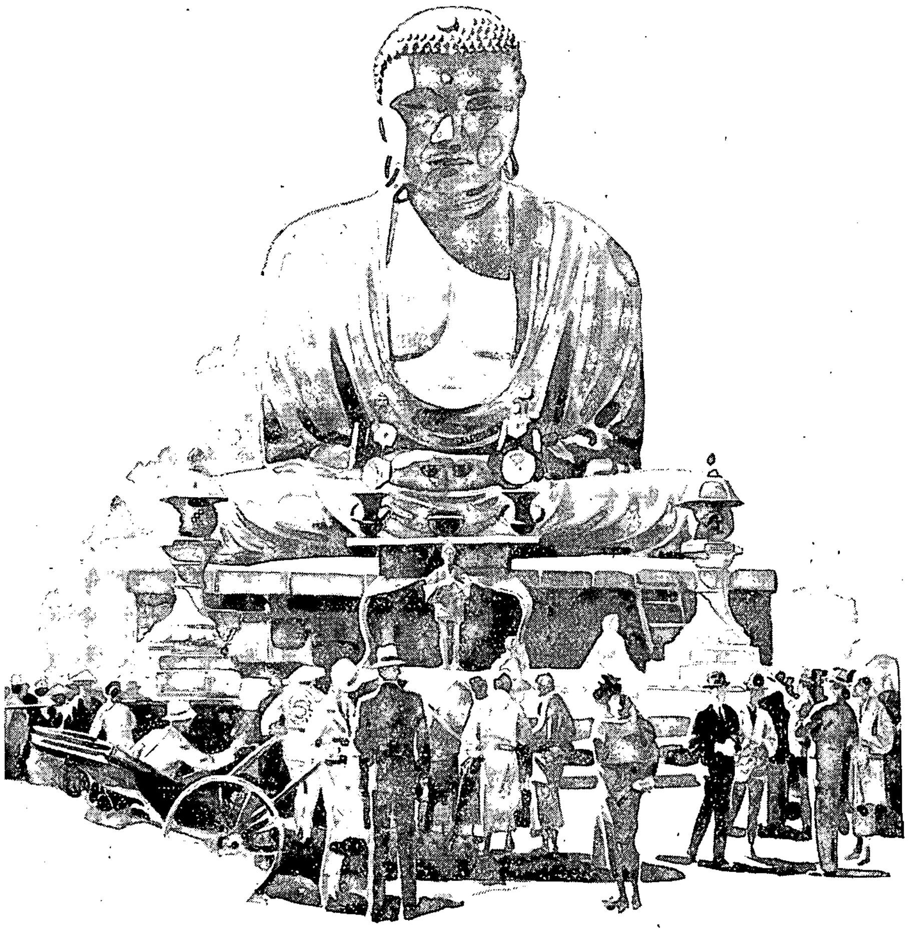
Entry Blank—*Clip it Now!*

Mail blank with your entries to Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y. Do not place your name on either the front or back of any picture:

Name ____________________
(Please Print)
Street Address ____________________
Town and State ____________________
Make of Camera ____________________
Make of Film __________ *Number of pictures accompanying this blank* __________
Col. 6-13

KODAK INTERNATIONAL $100,000 COMPETITION *for Amateur Picture-Takers*

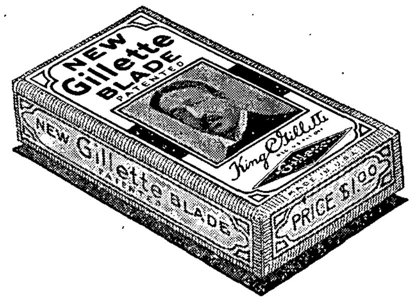
THE VAST MAJORITY DEMANDS GILLETTE



IN TULSA OR TOKIO

It's Gillette!

"EAST is east and West is west"—but men of all races think alike when they need razor blades. Gillette is overwhelmingly first choice in Tulsa or Tokio—in almost every city and town here and abroad. The outspoken preference of more than a hundred million men proves that the Gillette blade is unsurpassed in quality and shaving performance. Men the world over know that every Gillette shave is smooth and clean. Finely tempered steel—double-edged for double service—glides over your skin swiftly and easily without harshness or irritation. This is the reason most men insist on Gillette.



Gillette
RAZORS Gillette BLADES

Protection

Continued from page 36

dering who the big Italian that had sat behind them could be. She was positive she had seen his picture somewhere.

As Harworth helped her out of the limousine, she said:

"Frank, I'm not generally so inquisitive. But who was the man that sat behind us?"

Harworth hesitated.

"Why, that's Joe Molina."

They began to cross the sidewalk.

"Joe Molina!" exclaimed Helen, turning to look at Harworth. "*The* Joe Molina?"

"Yes."

"The man who always has his name in the papers?"

"Certainly."

"What a thrill!"

The head waiter met them at the door and bowed.

"Evening, Mr. Harworth. Want a booth?"

Harworth nodded.

WHEN they had ordered Helen said: "My goodness; it's like looking at the Prince of Wales. And you actually know him?"

"Well," said Harworth, "yes, in a way. He wanted to buy my interest in Red Cannon and came to see me about it."

He always told the same story regarding Molina. It generally saved him further questioning.

"Do you like him?"

"Yes. He's all right. I think a lot of that newspaper stuff is exaggerated. Every time something happens in Chicago they blame him."

"He looks rather harmless."

The waiter came with their orders and for a while they ate in silence.

"Have you heard the latest about Arthur?" asked Helen, finally.

"No," said Harworth, "what now?"

"He hasn't been sober for over a week. I haven't seen Louise for ages."

"She certainly seems to have one hell of a nice time!" exclaimed Harworth, suddenly indignant.

"Now, now," said Helen, putting her hand on his arm.

But Harworth sat thinking about Louise. The last time he had seen her she had pressed his hand and smiled, rather timidly, he thought. Why should a girl like that waste her life over a fellow like Burne! She shouldn't be standing between him and the world, trying to make things easy for him, trying to protect him. She should be protected herself. He shifted in his seat and stopped eating.

"I'd like to have a chance to do something for her," he was thinking. "Why, I'd marry her in a minute if she'd let me, and then she'd never have to worry again."

Helen touched his arm.

"Take those wrinkles out of your forehead," she said, "and stop staring. You've hardly eaten anything."

"I've had enough."

Helen went on eating for a moment. Then, glancing up to watch the effect of her words, she said:

"Dick says Louise is going to marry Arthur."

Harworth said nothing.

"Doesn't that interest you?"

"Why should it?"

Helen laughed.

"Dear boy," she said, "that poker face doesn't fool me in the least. You think Louise is wonderful!"

"Maybe!"

"And he tells me to my face!" said Helen, laughing. "I'm insulted."

She began to sip her coffee.

Harworth thought for a while. Then he said:

"I wish I had a sister like her."

Helen set down her cup and laughed, putting her handkerchief to her mouth. Harworth sat flushing and cursing himself for saying such a thing. He knew that he didn't mean it; but it was the closest he could come to saying what he did mean.

"Oh, Frank," said Helen, still laughing.

"What's so funny about that?"

"You've been going to the movies."

Harworth felt a sudden wave of anger.

"Why do you hate Louise?" he demanded.

Helen stopped laughing to stare at him.

"Hate her! Why she's my best friend."

Harworth laughed but said nothing.

"What made you say such a thing?"

"It's the way you act."

"Oh," said Helen, smiling, "I see. Because I always laugh at you about her. Silly!"

Harworth didn't pursue the point. But he was sure that he was right. He had watched Helen too many times when Louise was present. He sat thinking.

In a moment Helen pressed his foot under the table, and when he glanced up she said:

"Look!"

He turned and saw Jo Paul and a tall young man coming into the restaurant.

The head waiter guided them past Harworth's booth. Harworth got to his feet.

"Hello."

"Hello, Mr. Harworth," said Jo.

The tall young man bowed vaguely. Helen glanced up and barely nodded to Jo, who, without smiling, said:

"Hello, Helen."

They went on and were seated by the head waiter. Harworth looked his surprise. Helen tossed her head.

"Jo thinks I slighted her. Isn't it queer? I thought she wasn't going to speak for a moment."

"You didn't encourage her any."

Helen smiled at him.

"Bright boy! You notice everything, don't you?"

Harworth said:

"I thought she was marrying Magnussen."

Helen laughed:

"Dick! Marry her!"

"He told me the other day that she was the nicest girl he'd ever known."

Helen said nothing. Harworth sat staring off across the restaurant, then he said:

"Shall we go?"

"I'm ready."

THEY were silent all the way home. As Harworth was helping her out of the limousine, Helen said:

"Don't come in tonight, Frank. I'm terribly tired."

"All right."

"When shall I see you again?"

"I'll call."

He walked into the lobby with her. The clerk said:

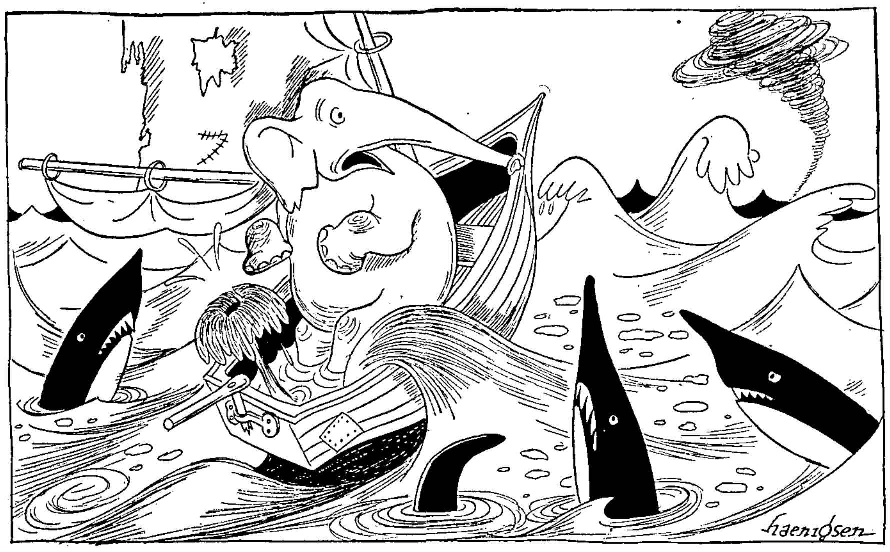
"Message for you, Mrs. Magnussen."

Helen took the message and, holding it in her left hand, offered her right to Harworth.

"Good night, Frank. Thanks for the evening."

"Good night."

(To be continued next week)



Elephant's Fears

By The Gentleman at the Keyhole

SIGNS of the difficulty in which the Republican party finds itself multiply. One of the most significant was the recent meeting in Washington of the women opposed to prohibition. I should make a rough guess that eighty per cent of these women were Republicans and very important Republicans—a former Republican national committeewoman from New York, the wife of a former treasurer of the Republican national committee, the wife of the most powerful Republican in Rhode Island, the wife of the most influential Republican in Michigan, and so on.

Many millions of dollars were represented, in fact the roll call of delegates sounded like the distaff side of the roster of contributors to the Republican national campaign fund. Where, I wonder, are the Republicans going to get their money to run their 1932 campaign?

Not only is money involved, but also social position. The women who came to Washington were social leaders of all parts of the country. There never has been a meeting like it. Causes are usually taken up by women of the middle classes. The upper classes are too sophisticated to be carried away by reforms.

Up to a couple of years ago the drys had a monopoly of respectability. It wasn't the thing to do to be wet. Now "our very best people" are wet; and this is important in a country as imitative as this country is.

Bigger than the Party

"Our very best people" also have always been Republicans, which is one advantage that the Republican party has always had. But these women, who in two years have recruited 300,000 of their sex against prohibition, have pledged themselves to vote for wet candidates without regard to party, which means that they probably will be voting for a Democratic candidate for President in 1932.

It is also significant that they came to Washington with no intention of visiting the White House. Some Republican with wit enough to see the political effect of the President's seeing the dry ladies, as he had a day or two before, but not seeing the wet ladies, conveyed to the latter the word that the President would be glad to receive them. So they went to the White House. Otherwise they would have acted as if they were already outside the Republican party.

There is another sign—the utter confusion into which the death of Speaker Nicholas Longworth has thrown the Republicans in the House of Representatives. It looks now as if it would take some time for the House to choose a Speaker.

And the chances are that the Republicans, even if they retain their majority of two in spite of such changes as may result from deaths and the filling of vacancies, will in the end fail to unite upon anyone for Speaker.

A House Divided—

Tilson, the floor leader, is next in line to Longworth. But Tilson is a stiff, dull person, without a spark of brilliancy in his personality, ungenial, and at the same time without the commanding ability which sometimes makes men follow unpopular leaders, an extreme reactionary.

Snell, next in line in the Longworth machine, is a more practical person, a better politician, with more knowledge of human nature, but as reactionary as Tilson, the representative of the power interests in the House. Snell will have most of the Eastern support.

Illinois, in the Middle West, puts forward Britten as its candidate for Speaker, a former lightweight boxer, a furious publicity seeker, a man of great energy and self-assertiveness, but one at whose antics the judicious shrug their shoulders. Iowa will offer Ramseyer, a rather popular man and a good talker, one of the best of the lot, but probably too much of a rebel to be acceptable to members of the Longworth machine.

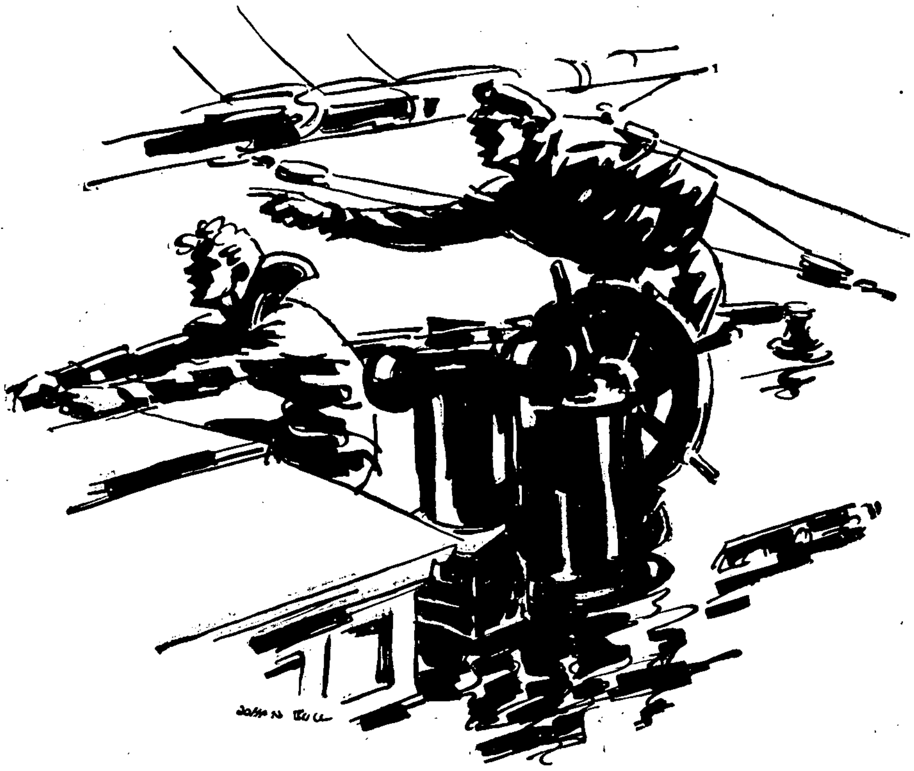
The rest are scattering. There is not one on the whole list to whom the party turns naturally for leadership.

Against them the Democrats will present a united front. Garner is their inevitable leader, the keenest man in Congress.

Another sign of the times is Governor Louis L. Emmerson's veto in Illinois of the repeal of the state prohibition enforcement act. The state in a referendum went wet last November by a large majority. Both houses of the legislature, Republican and hitherto dry, construed this vote, the third popular test that has resulted in the same way, as a mandate from the people, and passed the repealer.

Governor Emmerson, dry, vetoed it, probably in the knowledge that his party would be dry in the 1932 national election, perhaps on the urging of Republican national leaders. His act probably ruins the Republican party in Illinois, which is now as hopelessly divided as the Republican party in New York and Massachusetts.

Your strength against the storm's . . .



but even the bold and hardy can get "Pink tooth brush"

YOU may be so strong, so hardy, that you wouldn't be daunted by a trip around the world in a yawl! So tough from an out-of-doors life that torrid heat and icy winds are all the same to you! But you are not immune to "pink tooth brush"!

Think of the foods you eat. *Soft* foods. Certainly not conducive to healthy hardness of the gums! Those gums of yours—they've been growing lazier and flabbier with each year, ever since you were a boy! Perhaps you've noticed that they bleed occasionally.

Don't take chances with "pink tooth brush". It's an open invitation to gingivitis, to Vincent's disease, even to the much dreaded but less frequent pyorrhea. More serious still, it is the first step towards infection at the roots of teeth which today look so healthy and sound and white. Which means the possible loss of those teeth.

Today, get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it in the regular way.

But each time you clean them, put some additional Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and *massage it lightly into those soft gums of yours!* There's ziratol in Ipana—the same ziratol modern dentists use for toning and stimulating the gums back to healthy firmness.

In a day or two, your teeth will actually *sparkle* again. In a month, look at your gums. They're pinker; they're harder; they're almost healthy. Keep it up—using Ipana and massage. And in the future you'll see mighty little of "pink tooth brush"!

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. L-61, 73 West Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of mailing and packing.

*Name*__________ *Street*__________

*City*__________ *State*__________

WITH
ETHYL
TRADE MARK
REG. U.S. PATENT OFF.
BRAND OF
ANTI-KNOCK
COMPOUND
ETHYL GASOLINE
CORPORATION
NEW YORK, U.S.A.

ETHYL IS EVERYWHERE

1 PUMP IN 5 NOW HAS IT

MILLIONS OF MOTORISTS BUY IT

SLIGHTLY more than eight years ago, one lone service station was selling Ethyl Gasoline. Today 100 oil refiners sell it through their own and dealer stations, and through thousands of independent local oil companies.

Ethyl Gasoline has become the largest selling brand of motor fuel in the United States and Canada.

There must be a reason for such success. There is! *Every* gallon of Ethyl Gasoline is *good* gasoline, tested for purity, volatility and all other qualities that make a gasoline good, *plus* Ethyl fluid, the ingredient that *controls combustion.* Ethyl fluid prevents the uneven explosions of gasoline that cause power-waste, harmful "knock" and overheating. It delivers added power to the pistons with a smoothly increasing pressure that brings out the best performance of *any* car.

Try Ethyl in your car. Whatever its age or make, Ethyl will improve its performance and you will effect a *real* saving in operating costs in the long run.

Ethyl is a premium-priced gasoline by the gallon, but it is the most economical motor fuel you can buy by the year. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York City.

NAMES MAKE NEWS!

HERE ARE THE NAMES OF LEADING OIL REFINING COMPANIES LISTED IN THE ORDER IN WHICH THEY STARTED TO SELL ETHYL GASOLINE

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

Fleet-Wing Oil Corporation FLEET-WING ETHYL

Refiners Oil Company REFINERS ETHYL

Standard Oil Company (Indiana) RED CROWN ETHYL

1924

Standard Oil Company (Kentucky) CROWN ETHYL

Standard Oil Company of Louisiana STANDARD ETHYL *and* ESSO (*with Ethyl*)

Standard Oil Company of New Jersey STANDARD ETHYL *and* ESSO (*with Ethyl*)

1926

Associated Oil Company ASSOCIATED ETHYL

Atlantic Refining Company ATLANTIC ETHYL

Colonial Beacon Oil Company ESSO (*with Ethyl*)

Continental Oil Company CONOCO ETHYL

Humble Oil & Refining Company FLASHLIKE ETHYL

Imperial Oil, Limited IMPERIAL ETHYL

Pennzoil Company PENNZOIL ETHYL

Standard Oil Company of Cuba ESSO (*with Ethyl*)

Standard Oil Company (Nebraska) RED CROWN ETHYL

Sterling Oil Company STERLING ETHYL

Union Oil Company of California UNION ETHYL

Waverly Oil Works Company WAVERLY ETHYL

1927

American Oil Company AMERICAN ETHYL

Anglo-American Oil Company, Limited PRATTS ETHYL PETROL

Ashland Refining Company RED PEPPER ETHYL

Johnson Oil Refining Company JOHNSON ETHYL

Louisiana Oil Refining Corporation LORECO ETHYL

A. D. Miller Sons Company MILLER'S ETHYL

RICHFIELD ETHYL

Root Refining Company ROOT ETHYL

Standard Oil Company (Ohio) SOHIO ETHYL

Texas Pacific Coal & Oil Company T-P ETHYL

1928

Crystal Oil Refining Corporation CRYSTAL ETHYL

Kendall Refining Company KENDALL ETHYL

Mexican Petroleum Corporation PAN-AM ETHYL

Pan American Petroleum Corporation PAN-AM ETHYL

Pennsylvania Refining Company PENN-DRAKE ETHYL

Solar Refining Company SOLAR ETHYL

Tidal Refining Company TYDOL ETHYL

Tide Water Oil Company TYDOL ETHYL

1929

British American Oil Company, Limited BRITISH-AMERICAN ETHYL

Champlin Refining Company CHAMPLIN ETHYL

Continental Refining Company CORECO ETHYL

Deep Rock Oil Corporation KANT-NOCK ETHYL

Eason Oil Company EASON ETHYL

Freedom Oil Works Company FREEDOM ETHYL

Independent Oil and Gas Company INDEPENDENT ETHYL

Lincoln Oil Refining Company LINCO ETHYL

Mid-Continent Petroleum Corporation NEVR-NOX ETHYL

Midwest Refining Company MIDWEST ETHYL

WHITE ROSE ETHYL

Ohio Oil Company MARATHON ETHYL

Pasotex Petroleum Company RED CROWN ETHYL

Phillips Petroleum Company PHILLIPS '66' ETHYL

Producers and Refiners Corporation PARCO ETHYL

Richfield Oil Company RICHFIELD ETHYL

Shreveport-El Dorado Pipe Line Company SPARCO ETHYL

Standard Oil Company of California STANDARD ETHYL

Standard Oil Company of New York SOCONY SPECIAL *plus* ETHYL

Utah Oil Refining Company PEP '88' ETHYL

Vacuum Oil Company MOBILGAS ETHYL

White Eagle Oil Corporation WHITE EAGLE ETHYL

White Star Refining Company WHITE STAR ETHYL

Wirt Franklin Petroleum Corporation PALACINE ETHYL

1930

Aetna Oil Service, Inc. AETNA ETHYL

Allegheny-Arrow Oil Company ARROW 66 ETHYL

Barnsdall Corporation SUPER-GAS ETHYL

Canfield Oil Company CANFIELD ETHYL

Col-Tex Refining Company COL-TEX ETHYL

Elk Refining Company ELK ETHYL

Garber Refinery, Inc. OMAR ETHYL

General Petroleum Corporation of California GENERAL ETHYL

Glasgow Oil and Refining Company GLYCO ETHYL

Globe Oil & Refining Company GLOBE ETHYL

Home Oil Distributors, Limited HOME ETHYL

The Kanotex Refining Company KANOTEX ETHYL

Latonia Refining Corporation SOHIO ETHYL *and* FLEET-WING ETHYL

Lion Oil Refining Company LION ETHYL

Lubrite Refining Corporation MOBILGAS ETHYL

Magnolia Petroleum Company MAGNOLIA ETHYL

Oil Creek Refining Company OIL CREEK ETHYL

Pennsylvania Oil Products Refining Co. ELDRED ETHYL

Pure Oil Company PUROL ETHYL

Rajah Oil and Refining Company RAJAH ETHYL

Regal Petroleum Company, Limited REGAL '66' ETHYL

Rio Grande Oil Company RIO GRANDE ETHYL

Skelly Oil Company SKELLY AROMAX ETHYL

Standard Oil Company of Pennsylvania STANDARD ETHYL *and* ESSO (*with Ethyl*)

Stoll Oil Refining Co. STOLL ETHYL

Swan-Finch Oil Corporation SWAN-FINCH ETHYL

Texas Company TEXACO ETHYL

Tri-State Refining Company TRI-STATE ETHYL

United Refining Company KEYSTONE ETHYL

Wadhams Oil Corporation WADHAMS ETHYL

H. F. Wilcox Oil & Gas Company WILCOX ETHYL

Wolverine-Empire Refining Company, Inc. EMPIRE ETHYL

1931

Gulf Refining Company NO-NOX ETHYL

Indian Refining Company TEXACO ETHYL

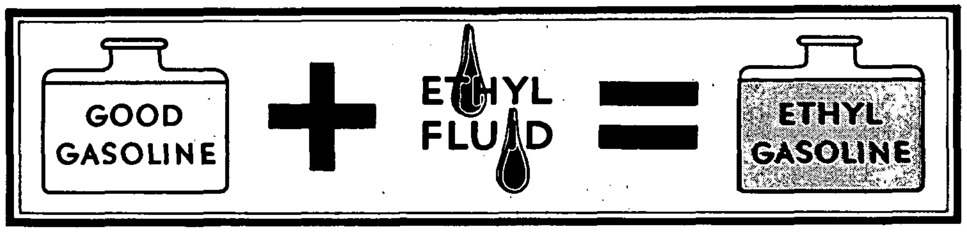
Shell Petroleum Corporation SUPER-SHELL ETHYL

Shell Company of Canada, Ltd. SUPER-SHELL ETHYL

Shell Eastern Petroleum Products, Inc. SUPER-SHELL ETHYL

Sinclair Cuba Oil Company, S. A. H-C *with* ETHYL

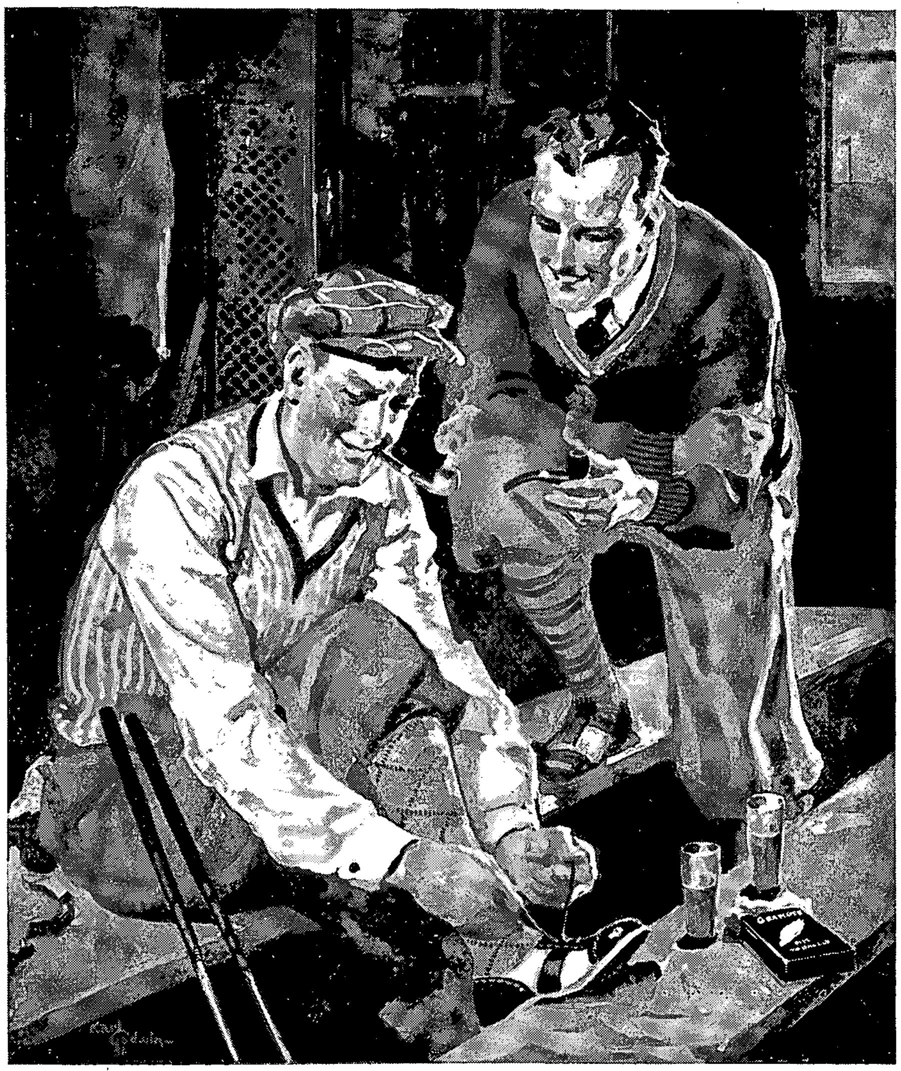
Sinclair Refining Company H-C *with* ETHYL



The active ingredient used in Ethyl fluid is lead

© E. G. C. 1931

ETHYL GASOLINE



*"Earth never did breed
Such a jovial weed."*
—HOLIDAY

—with a "birdie" in each mellow bowlful!

1 Cut for Pipes Only

2 Made by Wellman's Method . . . an 1870 Tobacco Secret

3 Big Flakes that Burn Slow and Cool

4 Sweet to the End No Soggy Heel

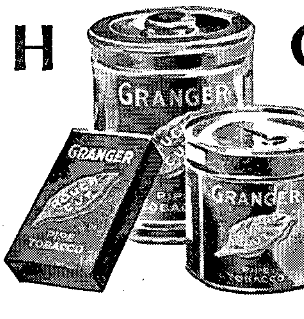
Whether your pipe is caked and venerable, or brand-new, here's a tobacco, Mr. Smoker, that will put it in top form and *keep* it there.

Pack your pipe with shaggy Granger flakes. Load it on the "installment plan"; pack it tight; light it all around.

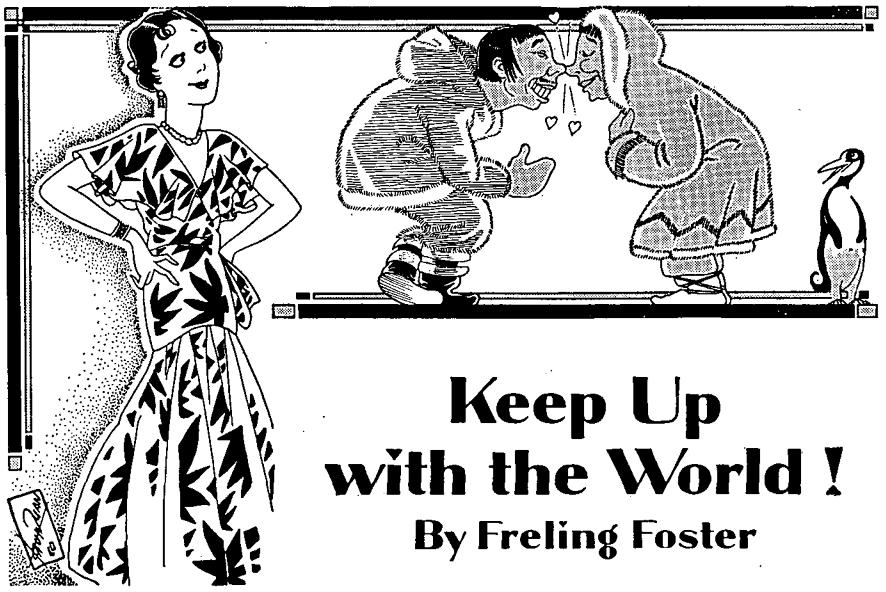
Then draw deep: Sweeter, mellower flavor—a cooler, drier, cleaner pipe—that's the *answer!*

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

GRANGER
ROUGH CUT



A COOLER SMOKE AND A DRIER PIPE



Keep Up with the World!

By Freling Foster

Kissing, as a gesture of salutation, is a custom known to only half of the world today, the other half greeting its relatives and friends by rubbing noses, embracing, patting and other caresses.

Throughout the world today more rice is consumed than any other kind of food.—*By J. A. Ralph, Quebec, Canada.*

The Kyailteyo pagoda, a sacred tower in Burma, is built on a great rounded rock which is miraculously balanced "by a hair of Buddha" on another large rock. No one knows why the structure does not fall as it sways in the wind.

All American motor highways are not free to the public; there are at least 10 of them, running a total distance of 150 miles, that are privately owned and on which a toll is charged.

A larger number of Americans live permanently in China today than in Great Britain.

In Siam, a dead person is embalmed externally and kept in a large sealed jar in the house for several months, after which the body is cremated, the ceremony being accompanied by loud rejoicing, theatricals and fireworks to cheer the soul of the departed.

As Americans are the greatest foreign travelers, 20 countries maintain tourist information bureaus in the United States today.

Gold, the most malleable metal, can be worked to astonishing fineness without breaking; one pound can be pulled into a wire more than 700 miles long and sheets can be beaten to less than 1/250,000 of an inch thick.—*By William Meckel, St. Louis, Mo.*

Only one out of every four Americans ever visits a dentist.

"Pig-sticking," or boar-hunting with spears, is still the most popular field sport in India.

Murder is only one of the five crimes that may be punished by death in this country at the present time, the other four being arson, rape, first-degree burglary and perjury in a capital case.

There are not more than 500,000 Communists and active sympathizers in the United States today and the majority of them cannot vote because they are aliens.

The American school savings-bank system now is in operation in 15,000 schools and 95% of their entire enrollment, or 15,000,000 pupils, have accounts to which they make weekly deposits.

In Russia, marriage and divorce now require no other formality than the signing of papers, and adultery and illegitimate children are no longer recognized by the moral code, which has stripped sex of nearly all legality, religion and ethical ideas.

In the Children's Clearing Bureau of New York abandoned babies of unknown parentage are given a name, usually from the telephone book, and a corresponding religion before they are distributed among the Protestant, Catholic and Jewish charitable organizations of the city.

Pelota, or Jai Alai, the chief athletic game of Spain, Cuba and South America, requires more speed, a better eye, greater activity and surer control than any other sport in the world.—*By Mrs. E. Gilbert, Waterbury, Conn.*

Herbert Hoover is the first President of the United States to have a telephone on his desk.

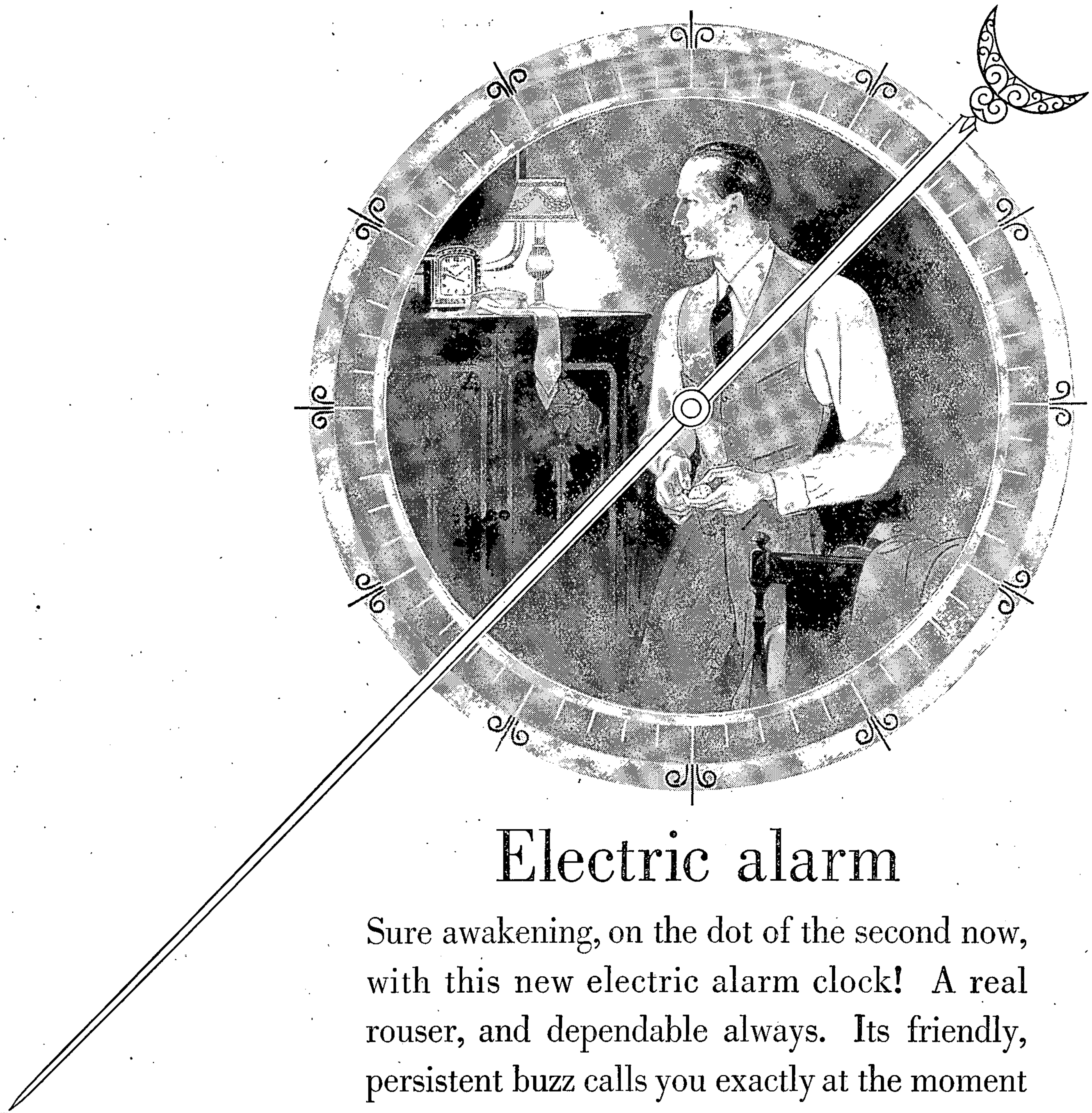
In India, the tonic medicines in popular demand for body-building contain the powder of precious stones, even rubies, and the ashes of silver, copper and gold.

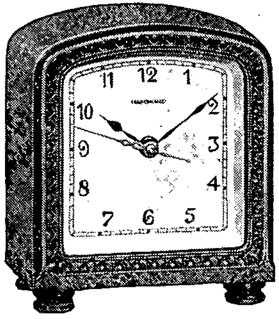
It is the custom in several European countries to add a 10% charge to hotel bills and restaurant and cabaret checks to cover gratuities to the staff, but in Germany it is required by law.

Movie trends: Hotels are being wired for the projection of talking pictures, several big producers are trying to put unobjectionable advertising into their features, and small newsreel theaters are to be opened from coast to coast.

General trends: The decreasing use of child labor, the increasing success of music in the treatment of mental patients, and the building of highways around and not through cities and congested areas.

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.





"777"

The new Logan electric alarm. In beautiful walnut bakelite case. Price $7.77. Other models to $32.50. Chime clocks $72.50 to $110.

Electric alarm

Sure awakening, on the dot of the second now, with this new electric alarm clock! A real rouser, and dependable always. Its friendly, persistent buzz calls you exactly at the moment you decree. And this new "777," like all Hammonds, is free from the annoying tick of spring clocks. Quiet! Here's a positive timekeeper with its famous sweep second hand. Plug into any alternating current light socket and let the powerhouse generators supply you electrically perfect seconds—and an alarm that calls you easily—surely—and on the dot! At department stores, jewelers and electric shops. Or write us direct for illustrated booklet. The Hammond Clock Company, Chicago.

In Canada: The Hammond Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto.

HAMMOND

ELECTRIC CLOCKS

We'd Rather You Wouldn't Buy!

First . . . shave a week at our expense

There's 2 ways to win a customer—by "high pressure" and by merit. We prefer the last. See coupon.

GENTLEMEN: We used to waste days wondering how to sell more shaving cream. An outsider gave us the answer when he said: "If Palmolive is all that you say it is, have men try it free. Let your product win new customers by what it does in practice." (Other manufacturers may be interested to know this has proved the greatest sales idea in our whole history.)

That policy still holds. We say, "Accept a free supply of Palmolive Shaving Cream and try it for 7 days. You be the judge." If you are disappointed, then we lose. Because 86 out of every 100 who make this test remain our steady customers, we venture the belief you'll be quick to change from present methods to this way that's new.

1,000 men told how

We were asked many times to make a shaving cream before we did. Finally, we had 1,000 men write down where other kinds had failed. Then, one by one, in 12 months' time, we overcame each fault.

Through the olive oil principle we know so well, the finished formula possessed five unique advantages:

1. **Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.**
2. **Softens the beard in one minute.**
3. **Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.**
4. **Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.**
5. **Fine after-effects, due to olive and palm oil content.**

Please write

Palmolive is the world's largest selling shaving cream and it wins men by sheer merit. That's why you owe it to your face to send the coupon now and give new ways a test. Do not delay.

PALMOLIVE 35¢
Shaving Cream

NEW! Palmolive Shave Lotion.

Here's a new way to leave the face tingling, fresh and clean. Try it! Also Palmolive After Shaving Talc.

7 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Palmolive, Dept. M-1150, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City.

....

....

....

(Please print your name and address)

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern Standard time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Central Standard time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Mountain Standard time; 5:30 to 6:30 p. m., Pacific Coast Standard time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Co.

Lady for Luck

Continued from page 13

our grandfathers were wont to entertain their guests on jocular occasions.

"Twelve dollars," thought Bunny. "Not so bad for a morning's work. But now let's get to business."

A passenger list hung in his pantry, and he had already learned that Mrs. Van Eyck was in A-10, an expensive suite of bedroom, sitting-room and bath on the promenade deck. So, first making sure that the assistant chief steward was starting breakfast and therefore wouldn't be making his morning tour of inspection for at least a quarter of an hour, Bunny hurried up to the promenade deck and was just in time to see a trained nurse come out of A-10—one of those blessed nurses who combine the gift of beauty with the art of healing.

"Well, bless my soul, if it isn't Mary Fitz Gerald!" exclaimed the chubby steward. "How's your patient?"

"Hello, Bunny," smiled Mary. "Why, I think she might have been up and out this morning, if the weather hadn't turned so rough."

"You mean she's seasick?"

"Pretty close to it. Have you seen Jed this morning?"

"No," said Bunny. "But I saw him last night."

"I hope he hasn't been gambling," she sighed. "You know I nearly married him this winter—"

"I know you did. In fact, I thought you had."

"But I was afraid of his gambling . . . and besides, he really couldn't afford to get married. . . . My dad's been a poker-player all his life—and I know what it did to him—so I finally told Jed that if he'd give up playing cards and save a thousand dollars. . . ."

"Mm . . . mm," said Bunny. "A thousand dollars, you said?"

"Yes."

"And a promise to leave the cards alone?"

"To stop playing poker; yes—"

They were interrupted by a deep-toned groan from inside A-10—one of those maritime sounds of human suffering which in stormy weather are offered so freely at Neptune's shrine.

"Mm . . . mm," said Bunny for the second time. "That reminds me that I really came up to see the old girl in there. Do you mind telling her that one of the stewards would like to see her for a moment—an old steward with a message of sympathy from the crew?"

"That sounds funny to me," said Mary uncertainly. But she disappeared inside A-10 and presently stood in the doorway with a beckoning finger.

"Let me talk to her alone," Bunny whispered.

Two minutes later he reappeared and hurried down to his pantry, returning soon with a tray on which, beneath a napkin, he was precariously balancing an extra-large glass of Bunny's Beneficient Balm. . . .

JUST before noon the storm abated and snatches of blue sky began to appear. Down in the baggage-room, Tex Taylor picked up a page of manuscript in the composition of which he had spent most of the morning.

"We'll be busy this afternoon, now that it's calm again," he said to Angus McDermott, his assistant. "I'm going upstairs for a minute to see the chief steward. Remember now: all the tips that you get are to go in that box in my desk."

"'Remember'?" said Angus dryly. "Ye gi'e me no chance to forget."

Tex hastened up the stairs and a minute later was admitted into the presence of his chief.

"Begging your pardon, sir," he began in the immemorial formula of the sea. "But would you mind if I had some cards printed by the ship's printer—to get up a purse for Simmons—"

"Too late," said the chief steward. "The purse has already been started."

"Quick work, that, sir," said Tex, trying to hide a smile of satisfaction. "Do you remember the passenger's name who started it?"

"It wasn't a passenger; it was one of the stewards—Bunny Ayres. He had a resolution—signed by a committee of three passengers. The printer's probably working on it now."

INSTEAD of trying to hide a smile, Tex now found himself concerned in concealing a frown of suspicion. He hastened down to the printer's office and a minute later was reading one of the first copies of a card which was to be placed by the side of each passenger's plate in the dining-room that night:

"Since the dawn of history, Mankind has rewarded its heroes.

"Yesterday, Jed Simmons saved one of our passengers from being crushed and drowned between the ship and the dock. You may be the next who will need rescuing!

"Tomorrow, in the dining-room entrance you will find a box with a sign above it: 'Purse for Jed Simmons.'

"If you believe that heroism should be rewarded, place your contribution in an envelope—with your name and stateroom number upon it—and drop it in the box.

"All contributions will be publicly acknowledged. The three largest contributors will serve as a Committee of Presentation and a photograph of the occasion will be sent to the New York newspapers.

"Mrs. Van Rensselaer Van Eyck.
"Cornelius S. Pettigrew, M. A.
"Hon. Abner J. Walls (U. S. Senate)."

"Did Bunny bring this in?" demanded Tex, no longer trying to hide his frown of suspicion.

"Aye," said Homer Bliss, the printer, methodically feeding the press.

"He didn't write it, though," said Tex. "Somebody with brains wrote this."

"Aye," said Homer, imperturbably kicking away. "And Bunny's no fool, either."

"That's all right," said Tex. "I'll straighten this out before morning."

He straightened it out in the mess-room shortly before midnight. The evening poker game was drawing to a close when Jed Simmons appeared, his hands in his pockets for the same reason that teetotalers used to turn their glasses upside down.

"Hello, Jed," said Tex after a few moments' frowning thought.

"Hello, Tex."

"Now, listen, Jed. I don't want any mistake about this. I see a purse is being started. Whatever you get from that purse—no matter how little or how much—you're to pay it right over to me. Is that right?"

"Sure is," said Jed. "Why?"

"In other words, I *bought* the purse from you. Is that straight?"

"Sure is. Who's beefing?"

"Nobody yet. I want a clear understanding—that's all—in the presence of these witnesses, so nobody need think that he can gum up a perfectly simple agreement between two gentlemen."

"Between two what-did-he-say?"

Bunny asked his neighbor in a loud whisper.

"I said 'Between two gentlemen'!" repeated Tex in a loud voice. "Now what do *you* say?"

"I say 'Play cards,'" said Bunny. "I've got a dollar in this pot—and I'd like a run for my money."

"'A dollar'!" scoffed Tex. "Do you call that money?"

And indeed the sum was small compared with the amount which was chalked on the blackboard in front of the purser's office just before the deck stewards began serving the clam juice between breakfast and lunch next morning.

"Important Bulletin," read the announcement. "Amount of Jed Simmons Life Saving Fund to 10 A. M.: $1,246. Have *you* made your contribution yet?"

It didn't take long for Bunny to slip up to the gymnasium and whisper the amount into Jed Simmons' reddening ear.

"I'm a natural-born fool," groaned Jed. "Mary told me last fall that if I could save a thousand dollars—and stop playing poker—"

"Wait till she hears about Tex Taylor," Bunny interrupted.

"You needn't rub it in," groaned Jed again.

But Bunny, following his own fell purpose, went looking for Jed again just before the passengers came streaming out of the dining-room that evening. The gymnasium was locked for the day, but Bunny finally found his quarry on B deck, cheerlessly chewing the herbage of vain regrets.

"Heard the news yet?" whispered Bunny.

"No."

"Dinner was about half over when the purser stood up by the side of his table and rapped a spoon against his plate for attention. 'Total of Life Saving Fund,' he said, 'is $1,870.' Up gets Mrs. Van Eyck. 'If somebody will raise it to $1,900,' she says, 'I'll make it an even two thousand.' No sooner said than done. They're going to engross a resolution and make the presentation the night after we leave Havana. So you'd better begin getting your little speech ready. You're the hero of the hour, my lad."

"The fool of the hour, you mean," said Jed, bitterly.

BUNNY first looked over his shoulders to make sure that no one was within listening distance.

"Listen to me now," he whispered. "If I can wangle that money out of Tex Taylor for you, will you swear on paper to Mary that you won't play poker again till death do you part?"

"But you can't wangle it out of him," said Jed with just the least touch of hope in his voice. "I promised, and I can't go back on my promise."

"That's all right," said Bunny grimly. "I didn't promise him anything—except to get even for the way he trimmed me last voyage. So now if I can coax him out of this two thousand dollars—and make everything all right between you and Mary—will you promise—"

"Sure will!" exclaimed Jed eagerly. "Gee, Bunny; if you can do that. . . . Where are you going?"

"That's all right," said Bunny, already stepping over the anchor chain. "You stay here and sun yourself in the moonlight; but me—I've got some work to do, and there isn't any time to waste. . . ."

The Southern Queen, like a once-exiled monarch returned to her rightful domain, was gliding imperiously through a balmy sea under a sky of dark blue velvet sprinkled with glittering gems. The cultured Americans who made up her passenger list were assembled in the lounge to hear a lecture and hold a discussion on "What I Saw in Havana."

"But before the lecture starts," said Professor Pettigrew, speaking from the stage as though he, too, had returned to his own rightful domain, "we have a pleasant duty to perform. We have a hero to praise. We have an act of heroism to reward. Mr. Jed Simmons, will you please ascend the rostrum?"

Jed made his way to the platform, and while the audience applauded he bowed and shook hands with the Committee of Presentation: Professor Pettigrew, Mrs. Van Eyck and the Honorable Abner J. Walls (U. S. Senate).

"Jed Simmons," began the professor, "from the earliest pages of human history we learn that mankind has ever delighted to honor its heroes. . . ."

BUNNY was standing near the doorway with an attentive delegation from the crew—some of whom you have met before. Looie the barber was there, for instance, and Angus McDermott from the baggage room, and Cockeye Coleman from the galley, and the little red-headed stewardess from E deck. And Tex Taylor, too, was there, his blue jowls freshly shaved, his black hair rich with the tropical aroma of bay rum.

"From the pages of history we have also learned this," Professor Pettigrew was presently continuing, "that the lives of our heroes are uncertain. Tomorrow, sir, you may risk your life again; and tomorrow your heroism may be crowned with the supreme sacrifice. The tumult and shouting of praise will soon be stilled; but what of those who have loved you, and those who have depended upon you for the necessities and comforts of life? After earnest reflection, therefore, and following a suggestion of Mrs. Van Eyck herself, your committee presents you with this watch, suitably engraved, as a constant token of our admiration for you."

"You wouldn't take a watch away from the boy; would you, Tex?" whispered Bunny near the door.

"The balance of the fund of $2,000," continued the professor in a breathless silence, "we have forwarded to the great National Trust Company of America, with instructions that it be placed in trust and invested—the income to be paid to your wife as long as she lives, the payments to start as soon as you return to New York. This, sir, is the receipt for the funds, embodying the provisions which I have thus briefly set forth. . . ."

It was nearly an hour later before Tex found Bunny enjoying the balmy air of the southern seas on the front of B deck.

"Cooking up some more dirty work?" growled Tex.

"Now, Tex," beamed Bunny, "you didn't hear me beefing when you trimmed me at poker last voyage—the time I didn't know that you were playing deuces wild?"

"That was your funeral."

"And this is yours," chuckled Bunny.

"Yes; but you can't get away with this. I just found out that Jed Simmons isn't married. How can the income of that money be paid to his wife, if he hasn't got one?"

Bunny held up a warning hand and pointed to the dimly seen figures of Jed Simmons and Mary Fitz Gerald—standing very close together as far up in the bow as they could get.

"Don't you worry, Tex," whispered Bunny. "That boy isn't scared of nothing when he once gets started—and something tells me that he's going to have a wife all right by the time he gets back to New York. . . ."

BUILD "STAND-BY" INCOME WITH BONDS

To MEN... in their 30's *and* 40's

BEHIND you are years of hard experience and moderate but increasing earnings. Ahead . . . within the next fifteen or twenty years . . . lies your opportunity to achieve financial success, to attain financial independence.

Fortunately, you stand at the crossroads of your financial career in 1931 . . . you have seen the collapse of the unsound theories and fallacies of the "new era" of speculation . . . you may have seen entire fortunes lost by men too late in life to recover them . . . you are still young enough to profit by the return to a more sensible investment viewpoint.

Today, the established principles of sound investment stand out clearly as reliable guide-posts for men moving into the most productive part of their careers . . . into the years that will bring them surplus earnings from which they may build a reserve in sound bonds to provide an independent income. One of the surest ways to achieve such financial success is to make the purchase of future income from well-secured bonds a fixed part of current living expenses.

A successful New York physician is an example of the thousands of investors who follow a definite plan. Eight years ago, at age 34, he began to invest a definite part of his earnings every month. Today he owns $53,000 of diversified bonds. As his professional income increases, so do his monthly investments expand. Even if there should be no advance in his present earning power and rate of investment during the next fifteen years, at the end of that period he estimates that he will own over $215,000 in bonds, paying him a dependable "stand-by" income of nearly $12,000 a year.

To apply to your own situation the same tested principles of efficient investment which are making other men and women financially independent, let us send you *Looking Ahead Financially*. Write for booklet CR-61.

COMPETENT INVESTMENT SERVICE BY MAIL. For investors living at too great a distance from our offices to be called upon by our representatives, we maintain a competent staff, trained to give as efficient and satisfactory service by mail as could be rendered by personal contact. If you are interested in knowing the details of this service, full information will be sent upon request.

CHART THE COURSE TO YOUR FINANCIAL OBJECTIVE

To Accumulate ↓	in 25 yrs.	in 20 yrs.	in 15 yrs.	in 10 yrs.	in 5 yrs.
	Amounts required to be invested monthly				
$25,000	$ 39.13	$ 57.54	$ 89.75	$ 156.54	$ 361.86
$50,000	78.25	115.08	179.49	313.08	723.72
$75,000	117.38	172.62	269.24	469.61	1,085.58
$100,000	156.50	230.17	358.98	626.15	1,447.44
$200,000	313.01	460.33	717.96	1,252.30	2,894.89

assuming that funds are invested monthly in safe bonds yielding 5½%, with interest promptly reinvested, at the same rate.

HALSEY, STUART & CO.
INCORPORATED

CHICAGO, 201 SO. LA SALLE ST NEW YORK, 35 WALL ST.
AND OTHER PRINCIPAL CITIES

BONDS
TO FIT THE
INVESTOR

Hear . . . "THE PROGRAM THAT DOES MORE THAN ENTERTAIN" . . . every Wednesday evening . . . Nation-wide NBC network of 38 stations. 8 P. M. Eastern Time • 7 P. M. Central Time • 6 P. M. Mountain Time • 5 P. M. Pacific Time. *Daylight saving time one hour later.*

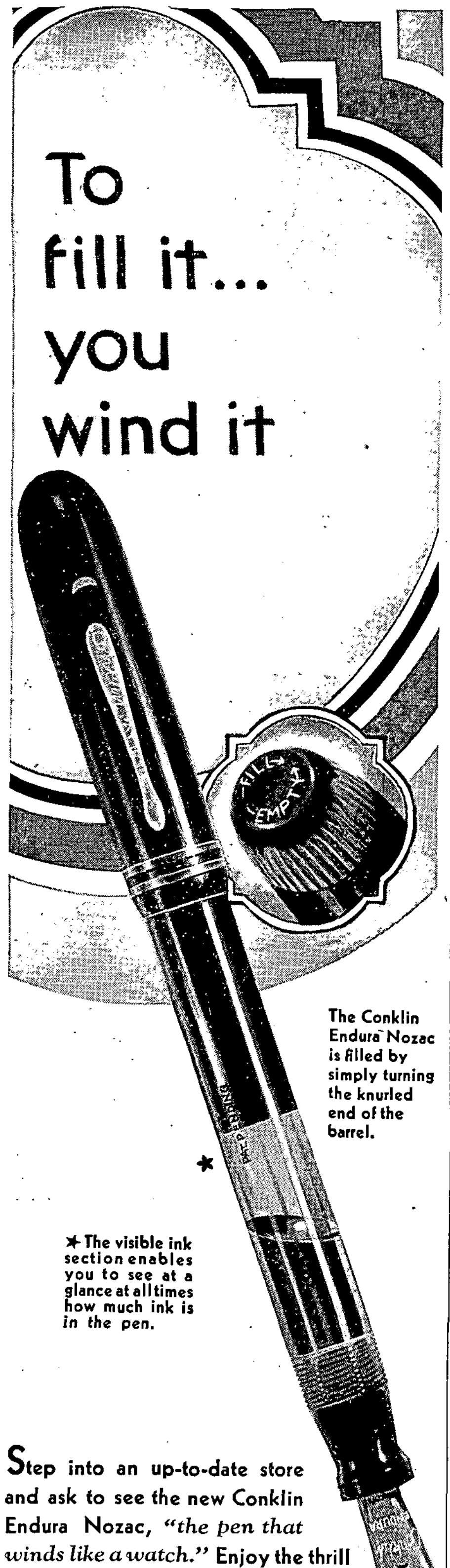
LOOKING AHEAD FINANCIALLY

HALSEY, STUART & CO.
201 South La Salle Street, Chicago, or 35 Wall Street, New York
Please send me by mail, without obligation, your booklet *Looking Ahead Financially.* (CR-61)

NAME

STREET CITY

To fill it... you wind it



The Conklin Endura Nozac is filled by simply turning the knurled end of the barrel.

✱ The visible ink section enables you to see at a glance at all times how much ink is in the pen.

Step into an up-to-date store and ask to see the new Conklin Endura Nozac, *"the pen that winds like a watch."* Enjoy the thrill of filling a fountain pen by "winding it up." Then appreciate the advantages that this new Conklin brings to all who write.

For the Conklin Endura Nozac is much more than merely new. It affords a far greater utility. It holds more ink, because there is no rubber sac in the barrel. The filling operation is always positive in action and is accomplished in an easy and natural manner. Constant, permanent satisfaction is assured by an unconditional service guarantee. This is the pen for those who want modernity in performance as well as appearance. Pen $6; pencil to match $3.50.

THE CONKLIN PEN COMPANY
Chicago TOLEDO, OHIO San Francisco

Conklin
ENDURA
NOZAC
SERVICE UNCONDITIONALLY AND PERPETUALLY GUARANTEED

The Wrong Wife

Continued from page 9

the holder of the office usually does."

"Usually? But in your case?" she persisted.

"Well—no," he replied. "I—the trial branch of the law has always interested me. I—thought there'd be more opportunity to secure trial experience in the district attorney's office than anywhere else, so—I managed to secure an appointment."

"And therefore you heed my uncle's call. Is that it?"

He felt the slightest shade of uneasiness. It wasn't irritation. How could any man be irritated by this loveliest of creatures? Perhaps it was something defensive aroused in him.

"Your uncle is a very distinguished man, Miss Carmichael," he said. "I am a young and unknown man. If he asks me to visit him, natural curiosity—if nothing else—would be likely to bring me down here, wouldn't it? But does my acceptance of his invitation really require an explanation?"

"Of course it doesn't, and I'm being rude, I'm afraid," she replied. "And I *don't* mean to be. And anyway, I was right when I told Uncle that you'd come."

"But that isn't the important thing at all," said a fresh young voice.

CORDOVA turned, and rose, missing the annoyed expression that for a fleeting moment marred the serene beauty of Miss Carmichael. He looked into a pair of frank gray eyes surrounded by a powder of freckles. A white tennis frock that ended at the knees, wool socks and sneakers clothed a slim young figure. Her arms, he noticed, were slightly freckled, too. Her brown hair waved prettily, and the smile with which she greeted Cordova was gay.

"My cousin, Deborah—Deborah Carmichael," said the ash-blonde. "This is Mr. Cordova, Deborah."

"I had already guessed as much," said Deborah. "But I hadn't realized how old he was. Or how young I am."

"Deborah," explained the ash-blonde languidly, "is criticizing my introduction. I'm sorry. Miss Carmichael, may I present Mr. Richard Cordova?"

"I'm not 'out' yet, Mr. Cordova," said the younger girl. "And Del persists in treating me like a very young thing and, like a very young thing, I resent it."

Somehow or other she was not unpleasant. The words, of course, savored of that petulance which so often exists in the relationship between kinswomen, but the tone in which the younger girl spoke seemed to deny any ill-feeling. Cordova had the queer feeling that he was listening to someone put a case without heat, without resentment, but accurately and firmly.

"And now," said Deborah, settling herself comfortably in a chair, "let me remark again that the question of your correctness, Del, and about Mr. Cordova's arrival isn't a bit important. What is important is how long Mr. Cordova is going to remain. Another thing arises: is Uncle going to claim all of Mr. Cordova's time, or is he going to permit him to play tennis with two extremely attractive young women?"

Cordova smiled.

"I'm afraid I'm not equipped for anything like that," he said. "I brought no racquet, nor clothes—"

"We play in bathing suits, mostly," said Deborah, "and we can outfit you with one, and we have oodles of racquets. Sneakers, too. Like to swim?"

"Love it," admitted Cordova.

"Before breakfast, then, tomorrow morning," she said. She rose abruptly. "See you at dinner."

She was gone as swiftly as she had come. Her cousin smiled deprecatingly at Cordova.

"Our little Deb is *such* a child, Mr. Cordova. She's like a boy. A small boy. Tell me"—she dismissed Deborah as though she had never existed—"what exactly is the situation in New York now?"

"Isn't that a large order?" he parried. "Do you mean the weather? Hotter than Tophet."

"I don't mean that, nor do I mean financially. Uncle has a stock ticker in his study. I mean politically."

He shrugged.

"It would take a smarter man than I am to answer that question," he replied.

"And yet I shouldn't be surprised if that's the very question Uncle is going to put to you," she said.

She knew—although Cordova was too obsessed with her beauty and charm to take note of it—the exact dramatic moment to ring down the curtain upon a scene. She arose gracefully.

"We dine early—seven-thirty—a concession to Uncle's early morning fishing," she said. "Until then—"

It was the merest phrase, but to Cordova it seemed that she had put into the two words ineffable meaning, rapturous suggestion. He watched her, a bit hazy in his thoughts, as she went through the French window. Then a quick embarrassment descended upon him. She hadn't told him about his room, or if they dressed for dinner. . . . He looked around for the bag which he had dropped at the edge of the veranda. A liveried servant bowed to him.

"If I might show you to your room, sir?"

Cordova, bewildered, followed the man. He went through the most enormous room—outside of a public building—he had ever been in, he thought. It was roofed with huge timbers, and the walls were authentically rough logs. But there were tapestries upon the walls, and if that wasn't a Romney over the fireplace then he was losing his mind. There were antlers, skins of animals, great mounted fish—there was even a suit of medieval armor in a corner. He had never seen such a nightmare in his life.

The room to which he was led conformed to the rest of the house in its utter unsuitability to its location. The bed was a gilt affair, dating to one of the Louis's, and the rug on the floor had come from Tiflis. He expected, as he entered the bathroom, to find its fixtures done in solid gold. His toilet things were already there, and as he turned back to his bedroom the liveried man was putting studs in his shirt, and his evening clothes were laid out.

"Dinner at seven-thirty, sir," said the man, "but Mr. Carmichael would be glad to see you downstairs when you are dressed."

QUIETLY the servant departed. Cordova sat down on the edge of the bed, and stared at the closed door.

Servants in livery, genuine old masters, period furniture—amateur in such cultural matters though he was, he recognized the beauty of each portrait, of each particular bit of furniture. That desk was a Sheraton and those chairs were Chippendale. But, in the name of all that was compatible, why stick these things within a log camp?

But, as he stepped into the bath which had been drawn for him, his mind ceased dwelling on the extraordinarily bad taste which ex-Senator Daniel Carmichael had shown in the furnishing of his Maine camp. Instead, he visualized the ash-blond hair, the blue eyes, the curving lips, the gently rounded chin, and the slender, delectable figure of Del Carmichael. "Del." He wondered what the abbreviation stood for. Delicious. That would be the only proper name for her. He grinned at himself, but the grin lasted only a second.

He'd always known that if love ever came to him, it would come like this, unexpectedly, without warning, upon the first meeting. For it was love. He knew himself well enough to realize that. This girl, this Del Carmichael, was the one woman in the world for him.

He looked long at himself in the mirror as he adjusted his black tie. Thank God—if the Carmichaels lived like this—that he'd brought a dinner jacket, at least. He supposed the senator would wear tails.

HE LOOKED at his watch. Seven-five. Well, darn it, she might be dressed, might be waiting downstairs; perhaps they'd have a chance for a bit of conversation before dinner. Impulsively he opened the door, and descended the heavily balustraded stairs.

The living-room was deserted, and it was with a sudden realization of the fact that he had not met his host that he went through the open window to the veranda. On the dock at the foot of the lawn stood a slim young figure. It was Deborah, and she hailed him joyously.

"Come on down here," she invited.

He frowned faintly. He hoped—without conceit—that she wouldn't monopolize him during his all-too-brief stay. It was her cousin, Del, that interested him, that set his pulses racing. . . . Nevertheless, because her cousin might appear any moment, he couldn't be rude to Deborah. He crossed the lawn and reached the dock.

She was in what he roughly termed a dinner frock. Anyway, it was long below and low above, and the breeze from the lake whipped it closely about her boyish form, revealing graceful lines. And—extraordinarily—she was whipping the surface of the lake with a fly.

"Early morning or just at sundown," she explained. "That's when they bite best."

"Trout?" he asked, admiring the sure and graceful casting.

"Bass. Small-mouthed. I hate to lose a minute of it. Want to try?"

"Wouldn't know how to go about it," he replied. "Never fished in my life."

"Really? I don't believe it."

"It's true, though," he said. "Never been shooting, either. Although the guide that brought me here promised I'd get a deer if I came up in November."

"Jeb Stone promised that? He offered to take you hunting?"

"Yes. Why not?"

"You don't know Jeb, or you wouldn't ask. He takes no one unless he likes him. And he doesn't like him unless he's swell. Jeb knows."

"Thank you," he said. "That's the nicest compliment—"

"No compliment at all," she said. "You are swell."

"Well, now, really," he stammered.

"Am I brazen?" she asked. "Please don't think so—I mean—well, you *are* swell."

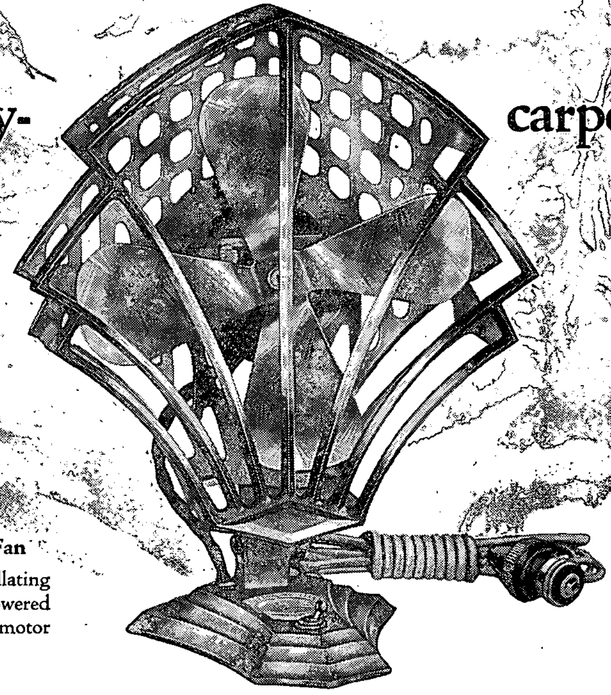
"So are you," he said impulsively.

She thrust out her hand, shyly,

(*Continued on page 48*)

The Sign R&M *of a Breeze*

Behold! A truly beautiful electric fan, newly designed by Robbins & Myers for up-to-date homes. A fan you will never feel like hiding, decorative in every charming line and finished in rich silvery tones that quietly harmonize with modern interiors. Sturdy, dependable, beautiful—a masterpiece of 33 years' skill in breeze-craft; silent and cunningly-bladed, to summon crisp, refreshing zephyrs—cool, cool as the pine-scented winds that blow in poppy-carpeted high Sierra valleys.



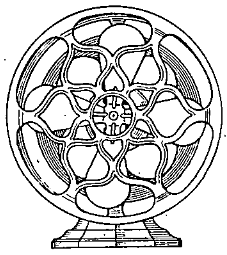
8-inch Modernistic Oscillating Fan

Costs no more than ordinary fans. Oscillating mechanism concealed and protected. Powered for a lifetime with sturdy R & M fan motor—world's standard since 1898.

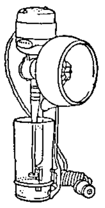
Only $12.75

At good electric shops, or write
ROBBINS & MYERS, INC.
Springfield, O.; Brantford, Ont.

Robbins & Myers Fans

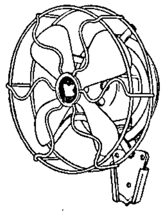


NEW ART FAN—A handsome 10" modern fan for homes and offices. Lustrous bronze finish. $12.95. Oscillating, $18.95

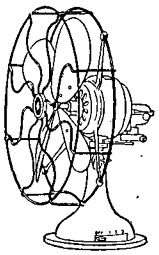


BIDDY—Combination drink mixer—juice extractor. No parts to change. Mounts on wall. $14.95. De Luxe, $18.95

PORTABLE WALL FAN—Ideal for keeping kitchens cool and comfortable. Fits Biddy bracket. Only $7.50



STANDARD FANS—All sizes, stationary and oscillating, A. C. and D. C.—quiet, trouble-proof, built to last. $6.50 up.



MOTORS, GENERATORS, HAND AND ELECTRIC HOISTS AND CRANES

There's something NEW in GLASSES —and this is IT!

The same man, but different glasses. He's wearing old style in the small picture, new **FUL-VUE** *in large picture.*

Ask the man who fits your glasses to show you the new, patented FUL-VUE *frame.*

New FUL-VUE frames with high temples *improve your appearance*

OLD-FASHIONED glasses hide your eyes from the sides. But not Ful-vue. This new frame for your glasses is quite different. Hinges and temples are high up out of the way. When people glance at you from the sides, they *see* your eyes.

This is the principal reason why men and women everywhere have been so quick to change their old-fashioned glasses for new, modern Ful-vue. You will look much better in this new, modern frame.

Other features help make Ful-vue more becoming. The temples run in an attractive streamline from the ears to the top of the lenses instead of sagging off downhill. The shape of the lenses follows the natural contour of the eyes and brows.

Ful-vue models for men and for women are made in a new precious metal, pink gold, which blends with the complexion. All fit lightly and comfortably. Look for the name FUL-VUE in tiny letters under the bridge.

Get this beautifully illustrated booklet free

Send the coupon, and we will mail you a new free booklet which shows how this new frame makes you look so much better. It also contains important facts about Tillyer Lenses—facts every wearer of glasses should know.

Mail the convenient coupon today.

FUL-VUE
FRAMES FOR YOUR GLASSES

AMERICAN OPTICAL COMPANY
©1931, A. O. CO.

NEW

American Optical Co., Dept. C2, Southbridge, Mass. Please send free Ful-vue booklet.

Name ____________ Address ____________

City ____________ State ____________

The name of the man who fits my glasses is ____________

HAVE YOUR EYES EXAMINED EVERY YEAR

The Wrong Wife

Continued from page 46

suddenly coloring. He took it, and, unaccountably—she couldn't be over eighteen—found himself blushing, too.

From the veranda, banishing a feeling of awkwardness that might have made Cordova angry—young men resent the cause of their shyness and never find the cause in their own gaucherie—came a flutelike voice. Cordova turned. Dusk had just begun to come, and the windows of the great living-room gave forth a blaze of light in which was outlined the form of Del Carmichael. If she had seemed radiant before, she seemed ethereal now, and her voice was as something celestial calling. He took a quick step toward the house. Then, embarrassed again, he turned back to Deborah.

Upon that young woman's generously wide mouth flickered the faintest smile, and the gray eyes that surveyed Cordova held a hint of mockery. She waved aside his offered assistance with her rod. Cordova unaccountably felt like a very small boy with whom an adult was extremely patient. It was exactly as though she read his thoughts, his emotions, at sound of Del Carmichael's voice and at sight of her figure, and found them amusing.

"Don't wait for me," she said. "I have to set the line out to dry."

SHE turned her back on him and began reeling in her line. An instant the young man hesitated, then he started across the lawn. An extremely assured—rude—young woman, he said to himself. Yet he knew that he was unjust as he made the accusation. She hadn't been rude at all. She'd merely been—well, what? Superior. That was the word. But what on earth was she superior about? And he ceased his mental questioning as he reached the veranda.

If Del Carmichael had been lovely in the blue organdie, she was ravishing now. Cordova knew as little as most men about the mysteries of the feminine toilette, but he guessed that the flaming red chiffon dress she wore had cost not merely money, but the lavish expenditure of the designer's time and effort. The string of pearls about the lovely throat was beautiful, although Cordova couldn't know that the senator had spent two years in collecting the carefully matched units.

"Deborah can't spare a minute from her fishing," her cool voice greeted him. "She's at the age when she thinks that the only important things are sports. She'll come out this fall, and then I suppose sports will give way to young men. But at the moment a good tennis player is superior to a statesman."

Cordova smiled.

"There are more good statesmen than there are first-flight tennis players," he said.

Del Carmichael smiled.

"I hadn't looked at it in that light. Perhaps you are right. Shall we go inside? Uncle will be down in a moment."

Cordova had come down here to meet Carmichael, but at the moment he resented the man's very existence. Here, on this veranda, was quite the loveliest girl in the world, and financiers and politicians and all practical men and matters were intrusions. But he held the French window wide for her and followed her into the living-room.

At the far end, cocktails in hand, chatting in earnest tones, stood two men. The girl led Cordova along the great length of the room.

"Mr. Martine, Mr. Grenfell—Mr. Cordova."

Martine held out a great fist. The fingers that gripped Cordova's hand held faint protuberances that would never vanish. Martine had begun at the bottom—digging in a ditch—and sheer driving will had forced him to political heights.

Grenfell was a different type. He was alert, quick of speech, roving of eye; one instinctively felt that he—in any association the two men might have together—would be the finder, while Martine would be the getter. Then, as they muttered friendly greetings, Carmichael descended the stairs, and as his harsh voice called Cordova's name, the young man knew that if the three were in association, then Carmichael would be the one to know the existence of the thing that Grenfell would find and Martine would get.

"Hello, Cordova," he cried. "Had about given you up when the boat returned from Haydon's Landing without you."

Cordova turned and strode over to meet Carmichael.

"I was mixed up. The operator said that Warumkeg was calling me, so I bought my ticket to there—"

Slightly under average height, Carmichael nevertheless took longer strides than one would have expected. Cordova had the feeling that this very speed of physical movement was but an outer indication of an inner speed of thought.

The senator smiled at his niece, who had seated herself upon a small French sofa. Carmichael's smile was revelatory. Here was a face that was hard as granite, Cordova thought. No, hard as marble, for its features were smooth. The high forehead, from which the white hair had receded, spoke of intellect. The black, unfathomable eyes hinted at intrigue. The high-bridged nose was both artistic and predatory, and the grim mouth was cruel, and the chin tenacious.

But the smile on the cruel mouth softened the whole expression of the face. It was not, Cordova thought, a loving or tender smile, but rather an expression of pride.

"You won your bet, Del," he said as he sat down in a chair near her. He turned to Cordova. "Told me you'd be here. Never won a bet from her in my life. Don't know how she does it. I sometimes think she has an angel perched on her shoulder who forecasts the future for her."

"Uncle hates to lose a bet, even so trifling a one as this," said Del. "He can't believe that his judgment can possibly be inferior to any other human's, so I must invoke supernatural aid."

"WHERE'S Deborah?" asked Carmichael.

"She was fishing," said Del, "and you know how she is about setting out her lines, drying her rods—"

"Good sensible girl," said Carmichael. He held up a cocktail. "Welcome to Carmichael's camp," he said to Cordova.

Cordova bowed an acknowledgment. He lifted his own glass.

"To the angel," he said, looking at Del Carmichael. He paused perceptibly. "On your shoulder," he added.

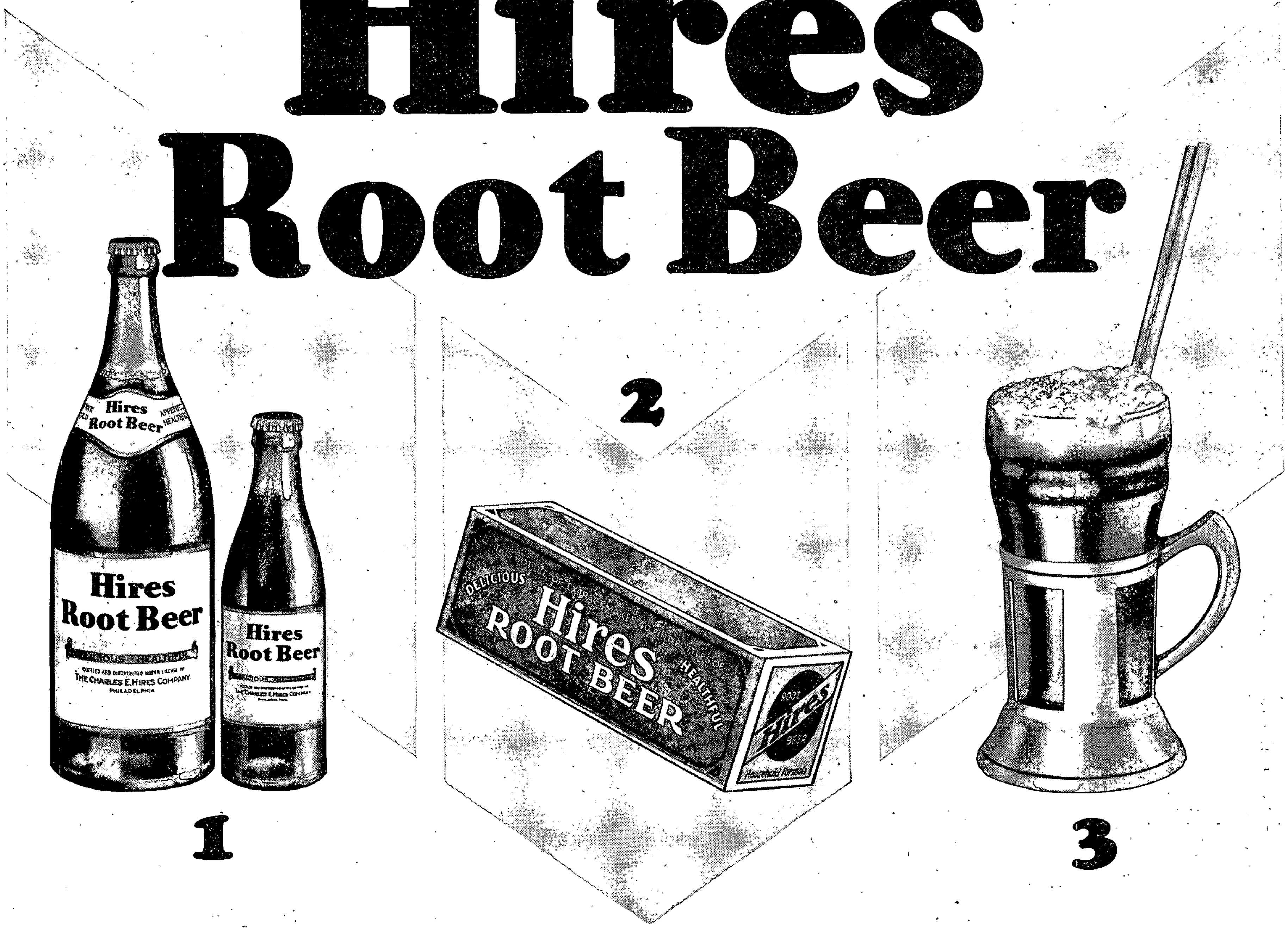
On the girl's face appeared the least perceptible of blushes. Martine's left eyebrow raised slightly, and Grenfell's roving eyes paused in their wandering about the room to meet Martine's glance for a second. Something unspoken passed between them.

From a far doorway the butler spoke,

(*Continued on page 50*)

now 3 ways to get your daily

Hires Root Beer


Hires Root Beer
Hires Root Beer
Delicious Healthful
The Charles E. Hires Company
Philadelphia
Hires Root Beer
2
Delicious
Hires
Root Beer
Healthful
Root Hires Beer
Household Formula
1
3

1 IN BOTTLES. Some folks prefer to buy Hires Root Beer already bottled. For sale at stands and stores everywhere. 5c per bottle and up.

2 AT HOME. Make 40 bottles of delicious Hires Root Beer from one bottle of Hires Root Beer Extract. So easy, so economical. When made at home, 1½c per bottle.

3 AT FOUNTAINS. There's nothing so refreshing and appetizing as a glass of Hires Root Beer, folks say. Try it today and see for yourself. 5c and 10c per glass.

IN THE PAST THREE YEARS, millions of new friends for this 55-year favorite . . . because of its rare flavor, so delicious, so satisfying—the healthful benefits of its vitalizing juices of 16 roots, herbs, barks and berries—its purity and freedom from artificial coloring and flavoring—its recommendation by 9 out of 10 doctors★—its economy, an aristocratic beverage at a democratic price. No wonder Hires Root Beer is a national favorite. We invite *you* to get acquainted with Hires Root Beer and share the pleasures with countless others who want the finest beverage, yet at the lowest price.

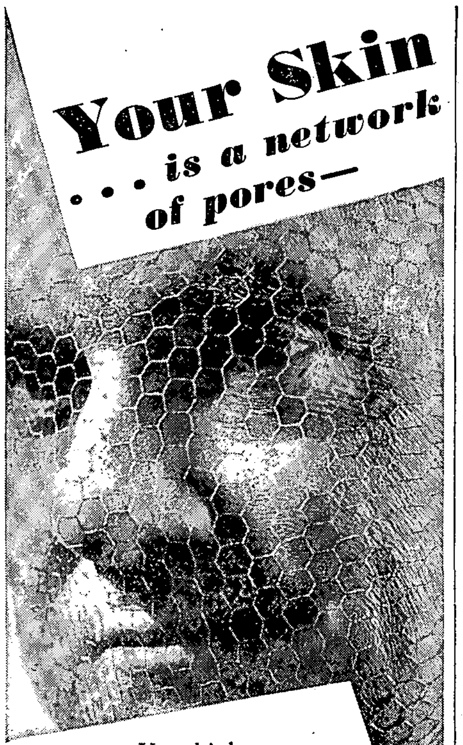
★Of 3,281 doctors who have written to Mr. Hires within the past six months, 2,978, or 97.4%, state that they give first rank to Hires Root Beer as a family beverage.

FREE 8 bottles

of Hires Root Beer can be made in your own kitchen from the sample bottle of Hires Extract which will be mailed to you if you fill out the coupon and send it to us.

Canadians may mail coupon to The Charles E. Hires Co., Ltd., Toronto

THE CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY,
Dept. M, Philadelphia, Pa. [3-6-13]
Please send me free sample for making Hires Root Beer at home.
Name..
Address..
City........................State........................
PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS



You think you can wash out dirt? Dirt that has entered the very network of your pores?

Try it! Wash your face several times. The towel finally shows no residue of dirt? Wait! Rub in some POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM . . . work it in around your nose, the crease of your chin, your forehead.

Keep rubbing — now watch it. The cream that went in pink and rosy now rolls out. Color? Grey — dirty, grimy grey! The dirt that often causes blackheads, blemishes and skin eruptions has been removed.

Look in the mirror now. The fog has lifted! Your skin is clean this time — *pore-clean.* It sparkles with the ruddy glow of an athlete in condition.

Every first-class barber knows the magic of a Pompeian Massage. Order one after you shave—and tell him to use the genuine *Pompeian Massage Cream.* Keep a jar in your bathroom. Use it regularly, and have a clean face instead of merely a washed face. Only 60c for a generous jar, at all druggists.

The Pompeian Co., Inc., New York and Elmira, N. Y. *Sales Offices:* H. F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., New York, N.Y. and Toronto, Can.

POMPEIAN
PINK MASSAGE
CREAM

Year's Greatest Travel Bargain!
EUROPE $219
5 COUNTRIES · 30 DAYS · ALL EXPENSES

See Canada, England, Holland, Belgium, France. Cross on famous Canadian Pacific *Empress* liners. Lots of motoring in Europe. Booklet "B210"

THE TRAVEL GUILD, Inc.
521 Fifth Ave. N.Y. 180 N. Michigan, Chicago

Know the smooth recording of swift thought Ti-con-der-oga pencils give you for five cents.

PENCIL SALES DEPT. 52-J
JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.
JERSEY CITY, N. J.

The Wrong Wife

Continued from page 48

announcing dinner. Once again the excessive formality of the place grated on Cordova's sensibilities. But, as he offered his arm to Miss Carmichael, he forgot everything but the fact that she had not been annoyed at his toast—a trifle presumptuous, he had felt, as soon as he uttered it—and that the hand that rested on his sleeve was beautifully formed.

"Where's Deborah?" asked the senator again.

As he spoke the younger girl came into the dining-room. She paused a moment.

"I think," she said, "that you're all pigs. You've had your cocktails without waiting for me."

"As if we'd let you drink one," said Carmichael.

His voice was a harsh jeer, yet its harshness, like the smile he had given his other niece, was also revelatory. For there was in it something that consorted strangely with that predacious face. Pride, such as his smile for Del had shown, blended naturally with that high-bridged nose; but tenderness, such as queerly crept through the harshness of his voice now, seemed foreign to the man.

"No, but you know I love caviar, and now it's too late," pouted Deborah.

She accepted her uncle's arm, and Cordova had a sudden consciousness of gaucherie. Perhaps he should not have offered his arm to Del Carmichael. But what did it matter? Everything was in conflict in this palatial house, anyway. The furnishings didn't match each other, nor did they belong in a rough log camp. So, if he should have permitted his hostess—he realized by now that Del was the mistress of the household—to be taken in to dinner by one of the older men, it didn't really matter much.

Ornately liveried servants pulled out chairs. Once again Cordova wondered that the taste which had been shown in selecting the furnishings seemed so utterly lacking in their blending; the same bad taste accounted for the formality of the service in what was, after all, a camp in the woods.

Carmichael—not his niece Del. So he decided.

He sat at Del's right. Carmichael sat at the upper end of the table—it was Spanish—and at his left was the heavy Martine. At his right, almost opposite Cordova, sat Deborah, and between her and Del was Grenfell.

Grenfell and his host immediately began a long-winded argument about the afternoon's fishing, in which Deborah and Martine joined, and Cordova was enabled to talk with Del. He remembered the conversation later that night, but it seemed to him that it had advanced him little in his knowledge of the girl.

SHE drew him out. He was born in New York. He had gone to St. Paul's. He was a Yale man. His father and mother were dead. Vaguely—later—it seemed to him that after these preliminary questions and answers the conversation had turned to matters social. Yet—he later indignantly stated to himself—there was nothing of the climber, avid for intimate details of the lives of the fashionable, in her questions. She was as one who from a height looks down amusedly at the petty efforts to entertain—and be entertained—of that group of people whose money somehow prevents them from seeking more of life than amusement.

Cordova couldn't quite understand it. Carmichael had money—that was all too evident. The man himself—despite the contradictory evidence of this camp—had breeding, culture. He belonged to what are known as the best clubs. Yet his niece—the most beautiful girl in the world—had obviously not belonged to the Junior League; although she had referred to Deborah's coming-out party Cordova gathered that she herself had never been formally presented to society. She knew none of the people that Cordova knew. She had spent a great deal of her time in Europe, but still. . . .

Yet it seemed to him, as dinner ended, that she must know all about him, whereas he knew nothing of her save what knowledge he had brought to dinner—that she was beautiful and charming and brilliant.

The harsh banter that had been evident in Carmichael's voice and manner during the dinner vanished as they took coffee in the great living-room.

"You young girls will have to leave us alone," he stated. "I'll give Cordova to you tomorrow morning, but tonight I want him to myself."

Deborah frowned at her uncle.

"You mean that you want a man's bridge game."

"That, too," agreed Carmichael. "But—there are matters of business, as well."

"Come along, Deborah," said her cousin.

She put her arm about the waist of the younger girl in a fashion that to Cordova's besotted eyes seemed infinitely and graciously tender. He was annoyed with the younger girl when she very matter-of-factly removed herself from the embrace. The child was a trifle spoiled, he gathered. Even if her uncle had been brusque—why couldn't she profit by the charming example of her cousin, who seemed able to adapt herself to a situation gracefully?

HE ROSE, smiled an acknowledgment of Deborah's reminder of their swimming engagement, and blushed as he bowed over her cousin's hand. He watched the progress of the young women up the long flight of stairs, then turned back to his host.

Already a bridge table had been set out; coffee, liqueurs and whisky and soda stood near by. Carmichael had cut. He nodded to the young man.

"You're my partner, Cordova. Two cents a point all right? You play contract, of course?"

Cordova nodded.

"Badly," he said.

"That's all right. Just take me out of a two double. Grenfell, your deal."

Cordova played mechanically. It seemed to him that everything was unreal. The telephoned summons to come down here; the canoe ride; the lovely Del and the youthful Deborah; the mismated furnishings; the palatial luxury within these log walls; and now this bridge game, upon which the other three men were as intent as though nothing in the world existed save fifty-two cards.

FOR fully two hours, there was no conversation except the bidding. Then a servant spoke to Carmichael:

"Ten-thirty, sir."

"Eh? Oh, all right." Carmichael threw down his half-played hand. "Rule of the camp, Cordova. I come here for rest, for health. Must be in bed by ten-forty-five. Sorry. This last rubber doesn't count. Cordova, you win twenty-eight dollars. Only winner. Good close game. You play well, young man."

He accepted a whisky that the servant offered him.

"My night-cap," he stated. "Have something, Cordova? No, I notice you don't drink. Good habit."

His right hand waved, and the servant glided from the room as though he were a mechanical figure and Carmichael's hand had pressed a lever that set him in motion. The senator looked at Grenfell; the latter's roving eyes were still for a second. He nodded almost imperceptibly. Carmichael looked at Martine. Solemnly that shaggy head moved forward and back, as though in assent to some unspoken question.

"Cordova," said Carmichael, "you've been wondering why I sent for you, eh? Well, we've been looking you over, we three men. Cordova, you're handling the prosecution of the Drovers and Builders Investment Trust, aren't you?"

Cordova stiffened.

"I am, sir."

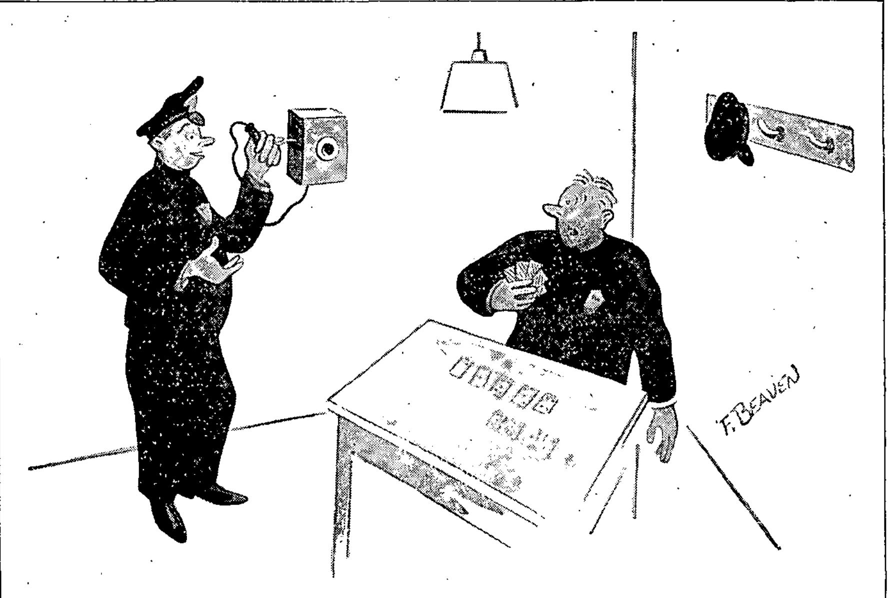
"Think you'll get a conviction?" asked Carmichael.

So this was it, eh? Going to scare him out of prosecuting—Cordova had heard of these things.

"I *know* I will," he said emphatically.

"Good lad," said Carmichael. "Well, if you do—Cordova, how would you like to be mayor of New York?"

(To be continued next week)



"Emergency call from the Elite Arms! I'd better go, Bill—you need a shave!"

MEN...here are your SUMMER SOCKS

COOL...LIGHT...RIGHT

yet "the best wearing socks in America bar none"

You're interested in tasteful summertime patterns, a little lighter, perhaps, than you choose for other seasons—patterns that fit right in with white flannels, linen suits and sports clothes. Realsilk gives you the broadest possible choice.

Light-weight coolness, of course. We give you that in breezy, stylish effects—at no sacrifice of wear.

And comfort! When the thermometer's high and clothes *will* stick—then's the time you want full-length, ample-dimensioned socks that lie easy on the leg.

Realsilk gives you all these things. And, due to its unique method of selling *direct* to men and hearing what *they* have to say about socks and how *they'd* go about making them, Realsilk has eliminated all the guesswork of wear and style and incorporated Super-Service advantages found in no other brand.

The Realsilk Representative will call at your office, or home, with the new Summer Socks. Take a few minutes to look them over. If they can't sell themselves—don't buy!

EXCLUSIVE FEATURES—
No wonder they are called "SUPER-SERVICE SOCKS"

1. *Triple-Tip Toe*—with six-ply end. Patent-applied-for, exclusive with Realsilk, the best-wearing toe ever built.
2. *High-Spliced Heel*—found in no other fancy sock. Two-ply; a wall of protection where the shoe counter rubs.
3. *More Compact Weave*—Realsilk socks are woven more closely—more material used. The difference shows up in appearance and wear.
4. *Two-Ply Sole*—double layer, double wear—another exclusive Realsilk superiority.
5. *Longest Silk Leg* found in any sock. Comfort at all times, no binding, better fit—for the bigger the foot-size, the longer the leg. (Ordinary socks have *one* length for *all* sizes.)
6. *Double-Thick Garter Bands*—made to fit the leg—another feature of comfort as well as wear.

REALSILK HOSIERY MILLS, INC., INDIANAPOLIS
World's largest manufacturers of silk hosiery and makers of fine lingerie

SOLD ONLY IN HOME AND OFFICE. If a Realsilk Representative is not calling on you regularly, look in your 'phone book for the Realsilk number—he'll gladly call. Branches in 250 cities.

"... right for white flannels ... plain black clock ... dressy...it's named POLAR*..."*

"... hardly feel it on the leg ... handsome all-over pattern ... SANDTONE *or* GREYTONE*..."*

"... coolest sock you ever wore ... new 'porous' knitting ... called the ARCTIC *..."*

"... conservative yet cool and summery ... plenty of wear and plenty of style ... it's the TUNDRA*..."*

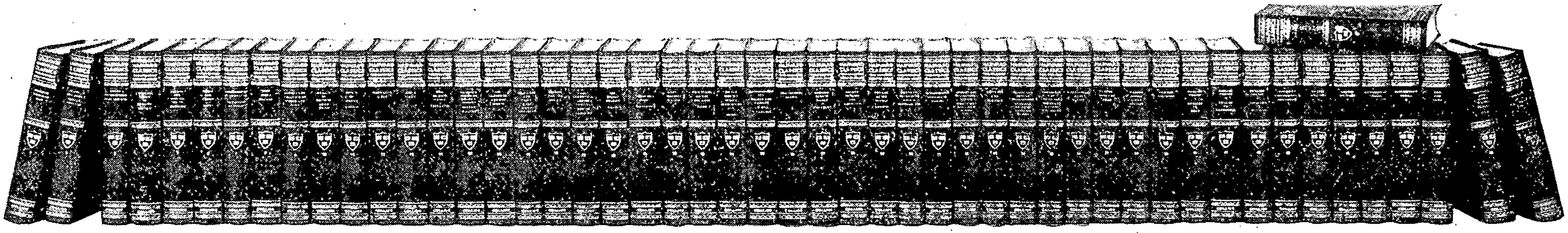
"... golf sock de luxe ... extra long ... light-weight wool ... plain colors ... handsome contrasting trim ... imported especially by Realsilk."

REALSILK
SOCKS

The HARVARD CLASSICS

Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books

The Beautiful New Home Library Edition



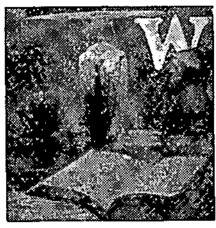
Now where can I find out about that?

A GLANCE at the fiftieth volume of The Harvard Classics answers that question. Here are indexed the best thoughts of some 300 of the greatest men of all the ages on 76,000 subjects. Here you get instantly the answer to the time-wasting questions of a busy man's life, and gain immediate access to information on a wide range of subjects.

Over a year of expert work was spent on the Index Volume of the Five-Foot Shelf. It is the only volume of its kind in existence, and it may justly be said to perform the duties of a private secretary.

The Index Volume is a marvel of excellence, and by it one may easily trace the best thoughts of the wisest men on all topics of vital human interest running through the ages.

Their first investment—15 minutes a day



WHAT should a family's first investment be? Bonds? A home? Insurance? There is one thing even more vital than these. Their future success and happiness depend principally upon his and her mental growth. Will people feel that she is worth knowing? Will men in business be impressed with his range of information, his capacity to think clearly and talk well? Their future depends on the solution of these questions.

Over 350,000 families have found the answer in Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books. There is magic in fifteen minutes a day which will help anyone to be more interesting, more welcome, more worth while.

Some day he will ask *you*—

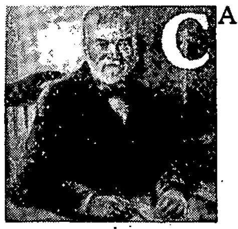
WHEN that important question is put to you, you will be glad you learned the secret of fifteen minutes a day. More and more, business leaders are asking this question of the men who come to them: *"What have you read?"*

Says ex-President Hadley of Yale:

"In every department of practical life, men in commerce, men in transportation and in manufactures have told me that what they really wanted from our colleges were men who have *this selective power of using books efficiently*."

What are the few great books? How shall a busy man find them? Dr. Eliot has solved your reading problem.

"I would not exchange it," *said Andrew Carnegie,* "for all the millions that were ever amassed by man."



CARNEGIE knew the value of millions; but there was one thing which he valued even more. As a young man he worked for Colonel Anderson, a man of wide culture and fine tastes. Colonel Anderson took an interest in him, welcomed him to his library, guided him in his reading and choice of books.

"To him," said Carnegie, "I owe a taste for literature which I would not exchange for all the millions ever amassed by man. Life would be quite intolerable without it."

What Colonel Anderson did for Carnegie, Dr. Eliot has done for busy men and women everywhere.

Why some people are always welcome

MANNERS alone are not the key to social success. Good manners are always an asset; but good manners alone will open no doors and lead to no delightful friendships. A well-behaved bore has no chance to keep step in the swift march of American social and business life. The time has passed when the untutored man can reach the heights of success. This is the day of the well-read man.

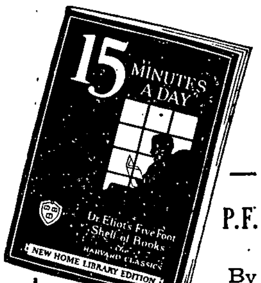
The really popular man is the man who has learned to interest other people. He may not have read widely but well; he may have traveled little but he knows about other countries than his own. He knows something of history and biography, of the works of great scientists and philosophers, poets and dramatists.

"Those 15 minutes made me more money than eight hours' work!"

I MADE more money last year than I made in five years before," says a prominent business man. "Yet I did not work harder. Actually, I worked fewer hours and had more time for golf, travel, and enjoying my friends.

"There is a mistaken idea in many men's minds that hard work is all that is required for success. Day laborers do hard work and remain day laborers always. Clerks do hard work. Ninety-nine out of a hundred stay clerks; the hundredth becomes an executive."

This famous booklet, FREE



Before you spend another penny for books, get a copy of "Fifteen Minutes a Day"—the famous free descriptive booklet—that tells how to turn wasted minutes into growth and increased power. It's ready and waiting for you. Sending for it does not obligate you in any way.

MAIL THE COUPON NOW!

P. F. Collier & Son Dist. Corp., 250 Park Ave., New York City

Since 1875 COLLIER Good Books

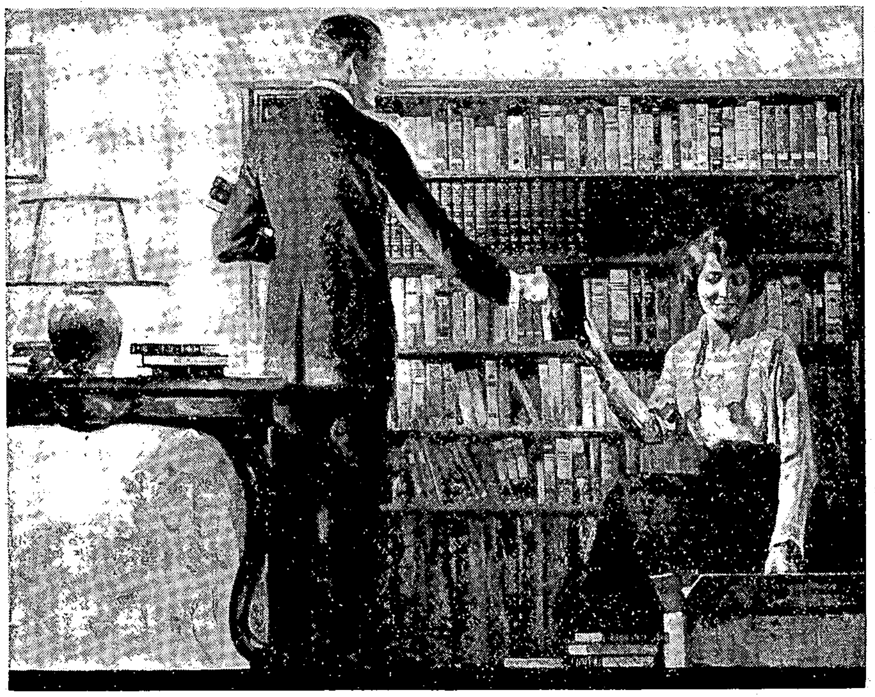
By mail, free, send me the booklet that tells all about the new Home Library edition of Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics), and Dr. Eliot's own story of how he came to select the greatest library of all time.

9069-HC-DSA

Name { Mr. Mrs. Miss ....

Address..

....



Freedom Threatens Little Rhody

Continued from page 11

be no general voting. Judges, for example. Supreme Court and inferior court judges are appointed by the legislature, a mere formality. If a miracle should transpire and a hand-picked minor judge should thwart the will of the bosses, the matter can be rectified in the Supreme Court. To give a liberal air (Rhode Island version) to the courts, the governor is permitted to pick intermediary (superior court) judges. But if he picks one who doesn't measure up to the Republican legislature's requirements, which doesn't happen, that selection can be rejected by the legislature by simply ignoring the governor's choice for three days. If the legislature ignores the nomination for three days it is assumed that he is incapable of selecting a judge. Whereat the legislature picks one for him.

No Arms to Spring To

The governor has certain veto powers but we may ignore them just as the legislature can and does. You see, there is always danger that a governor, however carefully selected and whatever his reputation for docility, will go berserk. One may never be sure that, due to one influence and another, a governor will not come out for the people or go in for liberalism, thereby wrecking whole campaigns and upsetting the apple-cart of his creators. Men go drunk with power—especially weak men.

Therefore he was made a mere figurehead with no powers that can't be taken from him the moment he seeks to use them independently. The right to originate, pass upon and administer all finance legislation was given to a check and double-check officer known as the state finance commissioner. A bond-issue bill, a taxation ordinance, appropriations and so on are born in the offices of the state finance commissioner. What the governor might think about a bill is of no consequence whatever inasmuch as his opinion has nothing to do with its fate. From the commissioner such legislation goes to the legislature, which graciously permits the governor to read and even sign it, after it has passed it. If he should balk, they'd probably commit him to a state hospital for observation.

The finance commissioner is Mr. Peck himself. He is selected by the legislature which, in turn, is controlled by him (with the assistance of Mr. Pelkey). And they say mean things about Tammany Hall!

Which explains, all too briefly, why the Peck-Pelkey faction of the Republican party adopted this remarkable fireman-save-my-child expedient, and how it could be put over. Opposing it were United States Senator Jesse H. Metcalf, Republican, an amiable and upright but not very forceful gentleman, and Mr. Peter Goelet Gerry, Democrat, who has the distinction of being the first man Republican Rhode Island sent to the Senate in Washington under the Seventeenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution, which took away from the legislatures the right to elect senators and gave it to the people. Inasmuch as a United States senator had nothing to do with the state's fiscal programs, all unconvicted adults could vote for him. And Rhode Island's masses went Democratic.

Both Mr. Gerry and Senator Metcalf own newspapers which have fought the ripping of Providence with tons of ink. Naturally their calls to the people to spring to arms in defense of their new liberties came to naught because the people had no arms to spring to. It was not a matter for the people of Providence to decide upon. Had they had that opportunity, the so-called public safety legislation would have been murdered. But it was a matter for the legislature to vote on, and Messrs. Peck and Pelkey owned the legislature. If in 1932 the indignant followers of Senator Metcalf combine with the sanguine support of Mr. Gerry, a number of changes unwelcome to Messrs. Peck and Pelkey will be possible.

Rhode Island is wet. There is no wetter spot in America. Although she has steadfastly refused to concur in the Eighteenth Amendment and continues to be a thoroughly discouraging place for enterprising Federal prohibition agents, she has a dry law of her own—the Sherwood Act—which doesn't say much and apparently means less. But it does make it possible for you to arrest bootleggers and does contribute to the state's humor. Some months ago, when its fate was submitted to the people at large, they voted three to one in favor of repealing it. But the legislature declined, as usual, to take the popular will seriously.

The reason for this is simple. Hanging on to both factions of the Republican party you behold bootleggers. There is very little if anything Messrs. Peck and Pelkey can do about theirs. Correspondingly, Senator Metcalf is wholly incapable of doing anything about the rum peddlers attached to his parade. Neither faction is eager to do anything anyway because, as I say, the state is overwhelmingly wet. Yet each faction takes pleasure in slandering the speakeasies conducted by gentlemen alleged to be friendly to the other. Furthermore, raids on speakeasies and stills are not designated as "They pinched Mike's last night" or "Joe's got shut up Thursday"—the usual dismissal of such catastrophes. You are told that "The Capitol put the finger on Katie's" or that "Stanny's was closed by the Federal agents." Reducing this to political terms, it means that the Metcalf faction accuses Messrs. Peck and Pelkey's state police of stopping Katie from selling her varnish remover in retaliation for the ruining of Stanny's embalming fluid dispensary by the Metcalf-appointed Federal agents.

Mr. Lavell and Beer

How much truth there is in these accusations, if any, is not easy to ascertain. Nobody believes that gentle Senator Metcalf would engage personally in any such warfare; but there are men in his following who would. Without consulting him, too. Similarly, neither Mr. Peck nor Mr. Pelkey would be likely to be silly enough personally to take part in any such procedure. But they have less timid lieutenants. It is equally difficult to learn how much, financially, either side benefits from rum—as difficult as it is to identify the heads of the two thriving rum-smuggling enterprises that flourish in Narragansett Bay. But one doesn't have to be brilliant to realize that the Narragansett racket doesn't go on unnoticed by politics. Not in Rhode Island.

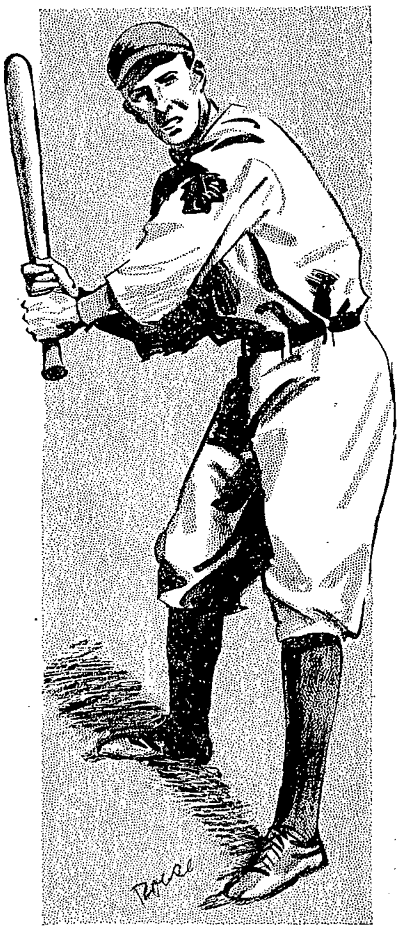
There are two well-ordered and remarkably orderly booze-importing businesses in the bay. Both are of national caliber but both contribute to the abundant supply of liquor one finds in Newport, Providence, Narragansett Pier,

(*Continued on page 54*)

FAMOUS WALK-OVERS ★ IN SPORT ★

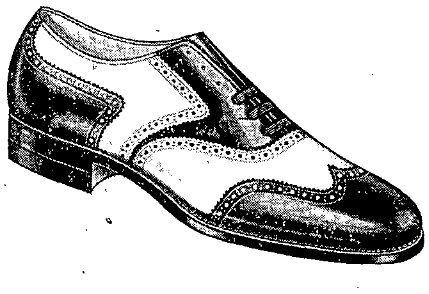
BOSTON BRAVES
miracle team of baseball

Last place in the National League on July 17, 1914, the Boston Braves suddenly hit their stride. Of the next 76 games they won 60 and the league title. The baseball world gasped but shook its head. "Wait till they meet the Athletics. 100 to 1 they can't win four straight in the world series." Miracles do happen. The Braves made a clean walk-over of the series, won the world's championship and set a record never before equalled.



★ *Walk-Over is the term in sport for an overwhelming or uncontested victory—when competition cannot meet the pace of the winner. Walk-Over Shoes prove their right to all the name implies—in quality, service, style.*

GOLDSMITH MAID, Queen of Trotters, undefeated from 1871 to 1875, scored, in her first race, her most famous walk-over. For with this victory she changed from farm horse to racing mare and set the pace that brought her a world's championship and record earnings of $364,200.



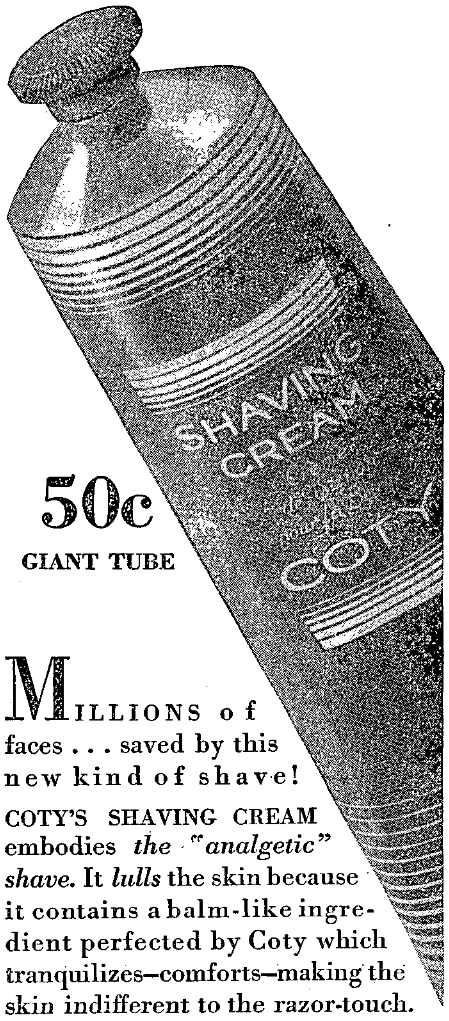
The Walk-Over dealer in your neighborhood will show you the greatest selection of sport shoes ever assembled. Modern styles and priced in the spirit of the times. The BRISTOL, white Nubuck with brown or black trim. $8.50

WALK-OVER SHOES

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY, CAMPELLO, BROCKTON, MASS.

THE
Analgetic
SHAVE

"IT LULLS THE SKIN"



50c
GIANT TUBE

MILLIONS of faces . . . saved by this new kind of shave!

COTY'S SHAVING CREAM embodies *the "analgetic" shave.* It *lulls* the skin because it contains a balm-like ingredient perfected by Coty which tranquilizes—comforts—making the skin indifferent to the razor-touch. And this lulling sensation l-i-n-g-e-r-s —saves your skin from after-burn!

What a treat for your face! The *"analgetic"* shave . . . learn how smooth it is—how fast—how pleasant! Send the coupon below for a free trial tube of Coty Shaving Cream—*today.*

COTY
SHAVING CREAM

Other *"analgetic"* preparations for the man—each supremely finer, in the Coty tradition of excellence:
After Shaving Lotion *Talc* *Hair Lotion* *Hair Dressing*

COTY, Dept. X, 714 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
I want to test *the "analgetic" shave.* Please send me my free trial tube of Coty Shaving Cream (Postpaid).

Name..

Address..

(Continued from page 53)

Westerly, Pawtucket, Woonsocket and Central Falls. By agreement with a third, but not altogether independent outfit, neither bothers with beer.

Justly or otherwise, the name one hears most in Rhode Island when the popular subject of beer is discussed is James Lavell. Mr. Lavell is a rather gloomy gentleman from Pawtucket, where he lives in luxury if not peace in one of the town's most imposing residences. Before prohibition he was a wholesale liquor dealer. He was industrious in politics as well as in alcohol and is said to have combined the two with considerable success—so much success, in fact, that he aroused much jealousy in less shrewd competitors.

The Whisky is Better

He acquired large interests in breweries, amounting sometimes to control. Politically he grew powerful enough to make it difficult for the beer of his competitors to gain profitable circulation.

One of the establishments in which his financial interest was large was the Hand brewery in Pawtucket. Perhaps Mr. Lavell was wholly ignorant of what went on in the Hand brewery after prohibition, but the United States government upon investigation enjoined that fragrant institution from operating. For one reason and another, not the least of which was politics, the government did nothing further about the Hand brewery and neither did Rhode Island, which leaves us without satisfactory proof of what was going on. Prohibition agents were appointed, transferred, fired, hired and what-not. But nothing important happened. That was back in 1922 and 1923.

But now, at this late date, the Federal government accuses Mr. Lavell of having made nearly a million and a half dollars from the produce of the Hand brewery in those two years! The government does not accuse Mr. Lavell of violating the Volstead Act. It does not threaten to cast him into prison for selling alcoholic beverage to the thirsty masses. It merely charges that Mr. Lavell did not make satisfactory income tax returns on his earnings of those two years and that a large part of his income was derived from the produce of the Hand brewery.

So far as one can learn from the Federal authorities in Providence, it may have been near-beer that Mr. Lavell dispensed at such impressive profit—if he dispensed it. But Mr. Lavell's enemies, who are also acid in their dislike for the Peck-Pelkey faction of the weary Republican party, do their best to convince you that it wasn't near-beer.

At any rate, the name of Mr. Lavell is much heard in Rhode Island and, however cruelly he may be traduced and maligned by the government and the hungry Metcalf Republicans, there is no reason to doubt that Mr. Lavell and Messrs. Peck and Pelkey are anything but political friends. Moreover, the Hand brewery, one is assured, is not producing anything at present. It merely stands there, a monument to the old days of good beer, a valuable real estate parcel. If you should seek the name of the owner of the property, the official records do not give you the name of Mr. Lavell but of his son-in-law, J. Clifden O'Reilly, assistant attorney-general of the state of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations. In the meantime Mr. Lavell maintains a dignified silence.

Of one thing at least you can be certain: beer is to be had in large quantities in Providence, Newport, Central Falls, Pawtucket, Woonsocket and so on. It isn't good beer, but its alcoholic content is high—so high indeed that one wonders why its dispensers go to the trouble and expense of adding a shot of ether to it. I had some of it. I am going to struggle along without any more.

The whisky is better—particularly that which is fetched in from St. Pierre and Miquelon, the cold, vegetationless isles of France just south of Fortune Bay, Newfoundland. The two mobs that smuggle it in by way of Narragansett Bay work without friction. They make the Eighteenth Amendment look ridiculous without wrangling. One, a group of serious business men from Detroit and Chicago with trade agreements with the French importers at St. Pierre, transport their liquor from trawlers anchored off Rock Ledge, nine miles or so east of Block Island, and land it in the vicinity of Tiverton on the Sakonnet River. This is for the Western trade.

The other mob, dominated by a New Yorker who characterizes the year or so he spent in the Federal penitentiary at Atlanta as "all a mistake, all a mistake," dumps its liquor in the Charlestown area, just east of Westerly. As far as one is able to learn, there has been but one "touch-off." An overambitious chap known as Chisel Boyle, annoyed that his frequent applications for a position of prominence in the New York gang—a job where he could share liberally in the profits—were rejected, turned hijacker and in his very first venture was shot full of holes. The impressive thing about it is that although Mr. Boyle was attempting to prey upon the New York syndicate, he was done to death by a Chicago rum runner who is alleged to have explained it thus:

"Ah, that's nothing; them New York boys would have done the same for us guys."

All of which is somewhat aside from the point; but it indicates how better business methods have crept into rum running. And it illustrates, too, how amicably the interest may be conducted if it isn't complicated by law. The general knew all about that although he died ten years before the Eighteenth Amendment was born. In 1886, for some reason not so easy to isolate, Rhode Island pinned to her rusty constitution an amendment reading:

"The manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage shall be prohibited. The General Assembly shall provide a law for carrying this article into effect."

Of course everybody realized that this amendment and the laws it authorized would have no effect upon drinking in Rhode Island. But the legislature passed a law and created a state enforcement constabulary. Several thousand keen business men instantly applied for jobs. The general was postmaster of Providence at the time but dropped everything, including that job, to apply for the post of chief enforcement officer. He got the job.

An Ignoble Experiment

It's too bad we haven't the space to set down all that happened in Rhode Island under that law. Anyway it would amount to mere repetition of what has taken place in America under the Eighteenth Amendment. But you may take my word for it that nobody in the state feeling the need of a drink paid any attention to the general and his boys. Neither, except to distribute among the prohibition enforcers a few memorable injuries, did the two walloping mobs of rum runners who immediately took possession of the state highways.

Presently the general, horribly disappointed, abandoned his enforcement post. He moved his personal effects into offices hired for him by the wholesale and retail liquor dealers who had raised an impressive fund to finance a fight to restore the drinking business to the hands from which it had been snatched. The rum runners similarly contributed to a defense fund. Plenty of money for everybody. The general's repeal fight won—after the funds of both sides were skillfully exhausted. He made several memorable speeches. He told the ruling classes (the propertied people) that unless they longed to see control of the state pass from their thoughtfully chosen and obedient legislature into the pistol pockets of the mob, they would insist that the dry law be repealed. They insisted. He told the Republican leaders that if they wanted to retain their dignity, prestige and jobs they would write off this amendment without further ado before they found themselves taking orders from Massachusetts and Connecticut bandits. They wrote it off. Which ended Rhode Island's noble experiment.

Among other difficulties that the dominant faction of the Republican party will have to consider, no matter what happens next year, is the reëlection of United States Senator Felix Hebert (or of a man to take his place). As a national legislator, Mr. Hebert isn't particularly important nor impressive. But he is the leader of a large following of French-Canadian industrial workers and is not to be flipped aside carelessly.

He will be opposed in his own party by the Metcalf Republicans who, of themselves, aren't numerous enough to elect a man more to the liking of Senator Metcalf but who can pile up enough votes to throw victory to a Democrat. And the Democratic nominee will doubtless be Mr. Gerry, who was defeated by Mr. Hebert in 1928 by only 3,000 votes in spite of the fact that Mr. Gerry foolishly spent most of the campaign in New York. Thus early one can visualize sorrow for the Peck-Pelkey machine. It will have to do something radical to placate Providence, which city might have been willing to listen to reason had a little diplomacy been used instead of frank ripper legislation.

Brayton Was Right

Mr. Pelkey does not admit, naturally, that his and Mr. Peck's desperate expedient in Providence is ripper legislation. Not at all; merely a stern determination to preserve the purity of Rhode Island. With impressive solemnity he told me that the public-safety bill was adopted to save Rhode Island from becoming "Tammanyized." Inferentially he admits his fear of the strength of the Democratic vote, a direct result of the removal of the property qualification to voting. The Democratic party in Rhode Island, he shudders, is already thoroughly Tammanyized and is now bent upon Tammanyizing Providence and the state. A thoroughly unlovely prospect.

"Was it in your mind at all," I asked Mr. Pelkey, "to protect your own control that you advocated this public safety legislation?"

"Naturally we desire to protect the Republican party," said Mr. Pelkey.

"From Tammanyization," he added, as if by afterthought.

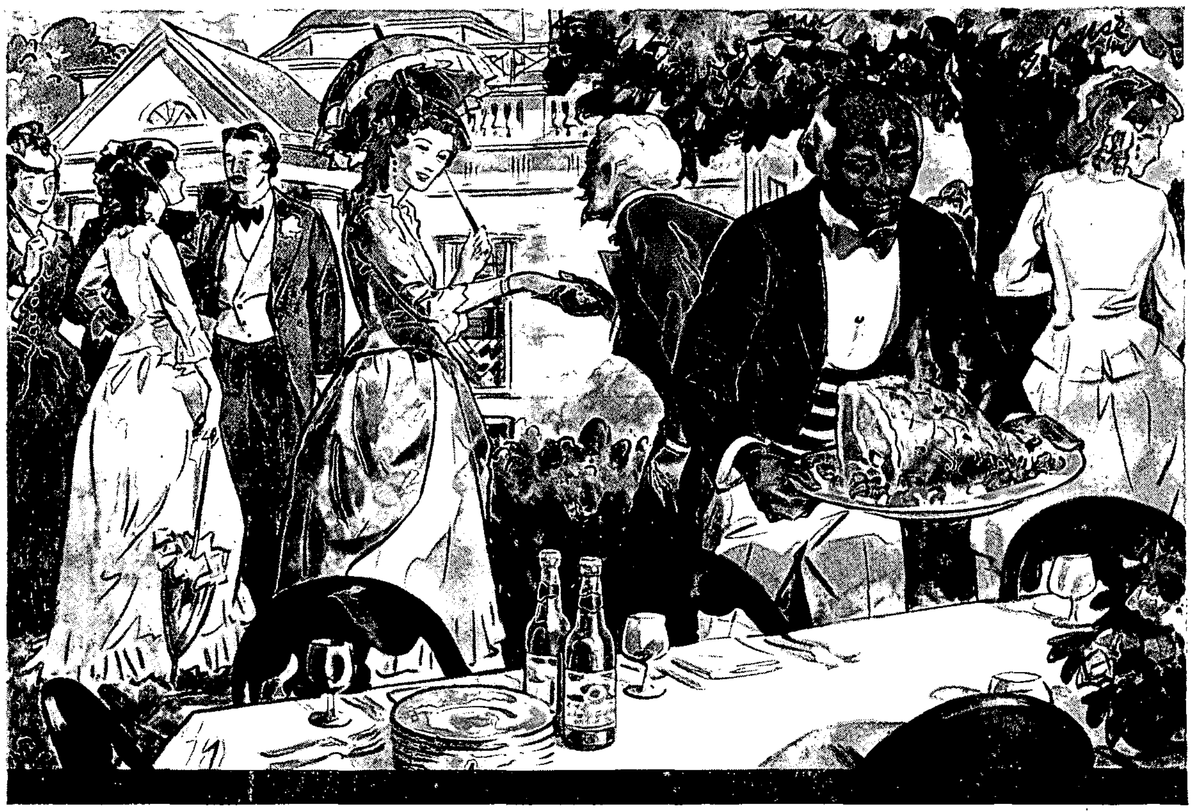
Old General Brayton saw it coming. Once when he was entertaining the current boss of Vermont, he was informed by his guest that things were not as felicitous as might be at home.

"We've got an epidemic of typhoid up our way," mourned the Vermonter.

"Hell," cried the general, "that's nothing. We got Democrats down here. Ever see one?"

Budweiser

GOING STRONG IN 1870 – AND EVER SINCE



ANHEUSER-BUSCH
BUDWEISER
ST. LOUIS MO.
U.S. PERMIT
MO-L-22
We guarantee that this beverage is healthful, refreshing, nutritious, free from bacteria, fully matured and aged. Will keep in any climate, and is made in St. Louis. Notice that all crowns bear our "A" and "Eagle" trademark.
THE WORLD RENOWNED
AB
AUSTRALIA
EUROPE
AFRICA
ASIA
AMERICA
TRADE
MARK
MIN. CONTENTS 12 FL. OZ
DOES NOT CONTAIN ½ OF 1% OF ALCOHOL BY VOLUME
Budweiser
the original Budweiser Process from the
Choicest Cereals and Hops
dealcoholized to conform to Federal Act of
Anheuser-Busch Inc.
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
St. Louis, Mo.
TRADE MARK

Thank the State of Virginia for enriching the American table

Once only Virginians knew the delightful deliciousness of Old Virginia hams. Then the packing industry began using Southern methods. Hams that smacked of the flavor of chestnuts, beechnuts, sweet potatoes, laurel, cinnamon, cloves and molasses became available all over the United States. With this event, the American standard of eating was raised another degree!

Lovers of good food and drink soon discovered that nothing whetted the appetite for Old Virginia ham or heightened the fine flavor better than BUDWEISER, famous in that day as the king of bottled beers. Baked Virginia ham and BUDWEISER have been favored by one generation after another for over 50 years. BUDWEISER matches good food because it is *itself* a good food—in liquid form.

Brewed from the finest barley—blended with selected domestic and imported Saazer hops—thoroughly aged—70 years of knowing how!

Whether with a ham sandwich or a full course dinner, you'll find that BUDWEISER *tastes better with food and food tastes better with* BUDWEISER.

Bottled exclusively by Anheuser-Busch in the largest and finest bottling plant in the world

ANHEUSER-BUSCH ST. LOUIS

BUSCH
EXTRA DRY

And when you want ginger ale . . . BUSCH EXTRA DRY, *America's finest ginger ale, fits every occasion—in the home, at the club, for dancing and dining, for old and young of both sexes.*

Hold all World's Records

On Road and Track for

SAFETY...MILEAGE SPEED...ENDURANCE

Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires flash to victory for the 12th consecutive year on Indianapolis Speedway. Such amazing performance year after year is the greatest tribute to extra stamina, strength and safety ever paid to any tire.

World's Performance Records

- —*Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires hold all the world's records on road and track for safety, mileage, speed and endurance.*
- —*for twelve consecutive years they have won the 500-mile Indianapolis Endurance Race.*
- —*were on the winning cars in the Pike's Peak Race where a slip meant death.*
- —*were on the G. M. C. truck, carrying a two-ton load, that hung up the coast-to-coast endurance record.*
- —*were on the Studebaker car which on a board track in Atlantic City in 1928 went 30,000 miles in 26,326 minutes.*
- —*ran 71,351 miles on a Detroit taxicab, before the first tire was replaced.*

THERE ARE reasons why Firestone Tires give such miraculous performances as listed here—reasons why they conquer so many miles of pounding, brutal punishment.

Gum-Dipping penetrates every cord and coats every fiber with pure liquid rubber and welds every cord in every ply into one massive unit of protection. This greatly minimizes the friction and heat that tires develop revolving at one hundred miles an hour—giving from 25% to 40% longer tire life.

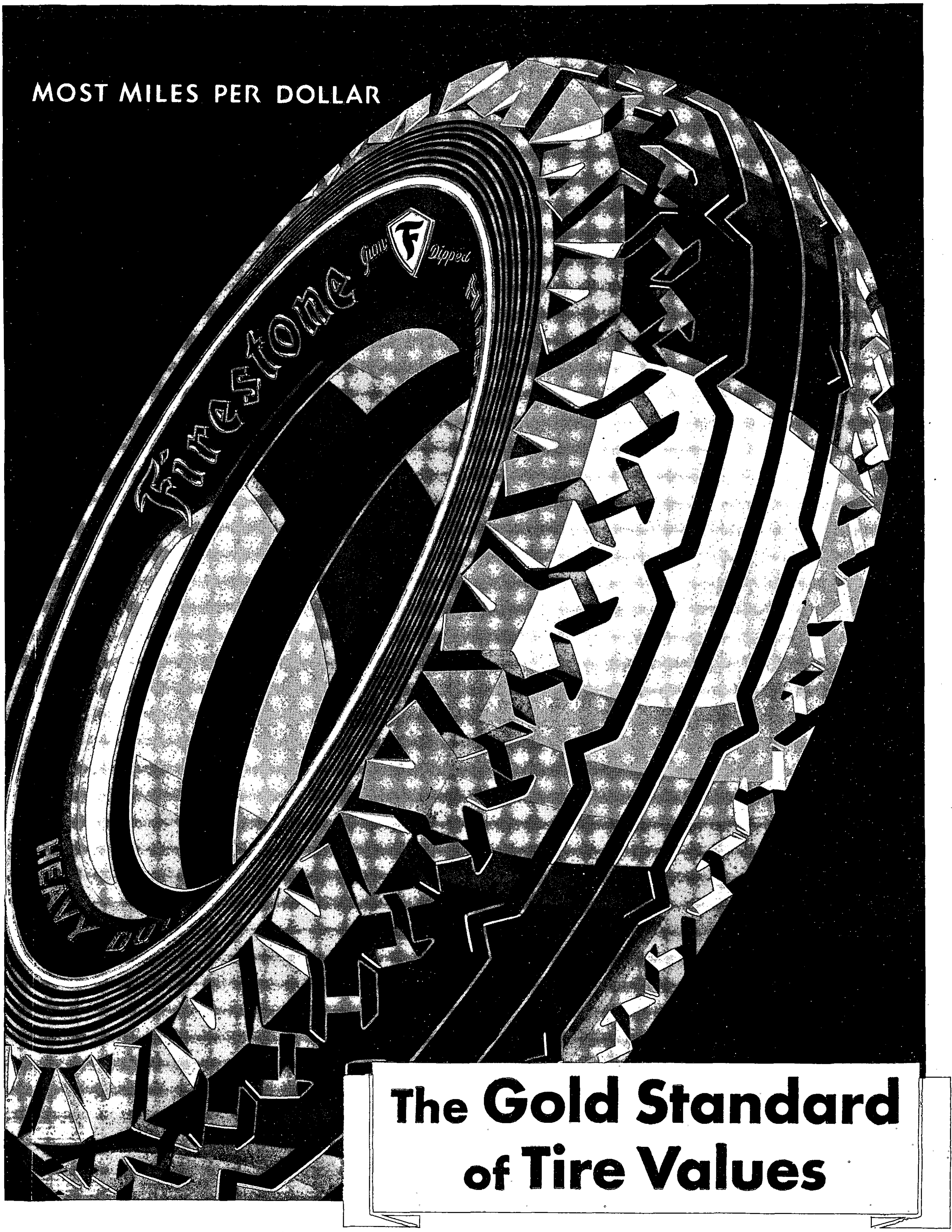
The patented Double Cord Breaker—two EXTRA protective plies under the tread—gives 26% greater protection against blowouts—56% stronger union between tread and cord body. Even with the most blinding speed and wrenching strains on the turns, the treads on Firestone Tires do not tear off.

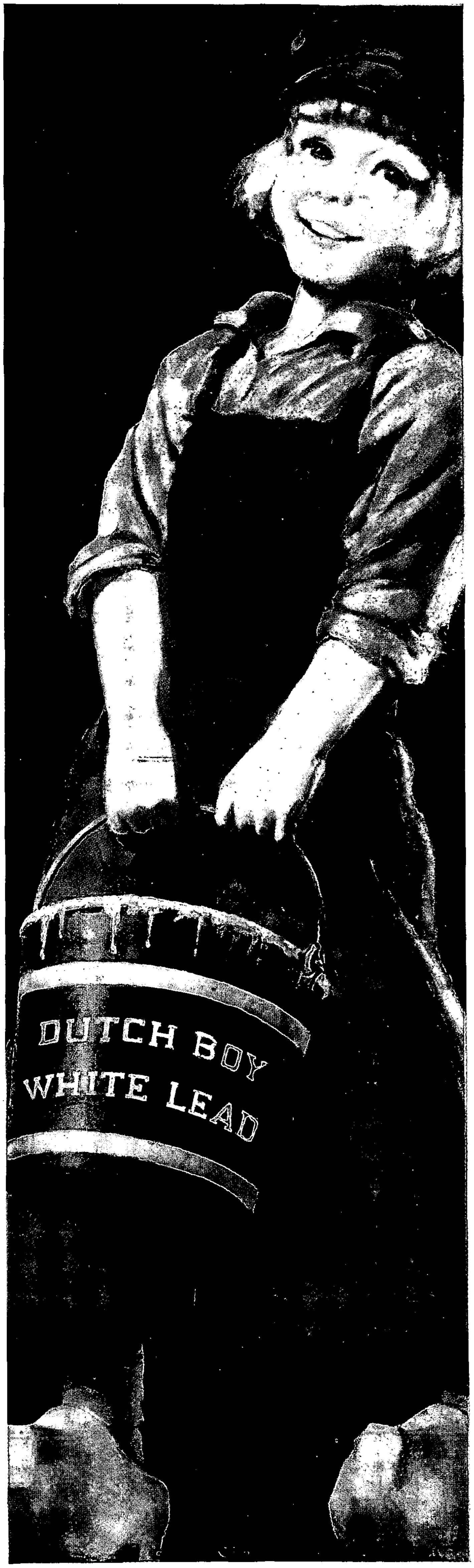
Racing Drivers know what these construction features mean, and *insist* on Firestone Tires. Their chance of victory and even their lives *depend* on them. For you, too, they give added safety and remove the mental hazards of driving—*for your own safety and your family's, buy them now.*

See your Firestone Service Dealer today. Never before in history have such high-quality tires—the Gold Standard of Tire Values—sold at such low prices.

Firestone

Copyright, 1931, The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.


MOST MILES PER DOLLAR
Firestone
Gum Dipped
HEAVY DU
The Gold Standard of Tire Values



8 PAINTERS IN EVERY 10

USE DUTCH BOY WHITE LEAD

(According to an impartial, country-wide survey)

Let us repeat that . . . 8 painters in every 10 use Dutch Boy White-Lead. It *means* something to the man who is interested in a paint job.

It means that painters generally do not want to use a "cheap" paint . . . because it can't stand up, can't produce an economical paint job.

Consider the question on a common-sense basis of facts and figures. If "cheap" paint applied to a job costs $250 and happens to last two years, the yearly paint cost is $125. If a Dutch Boy paint job costs $270 and lasts four years (most painters say it is good for five or six), the yearly paint cost is only $67.50 . . . a saving for four years of $230 . . . a saving of $125 for every year *beyond* four.

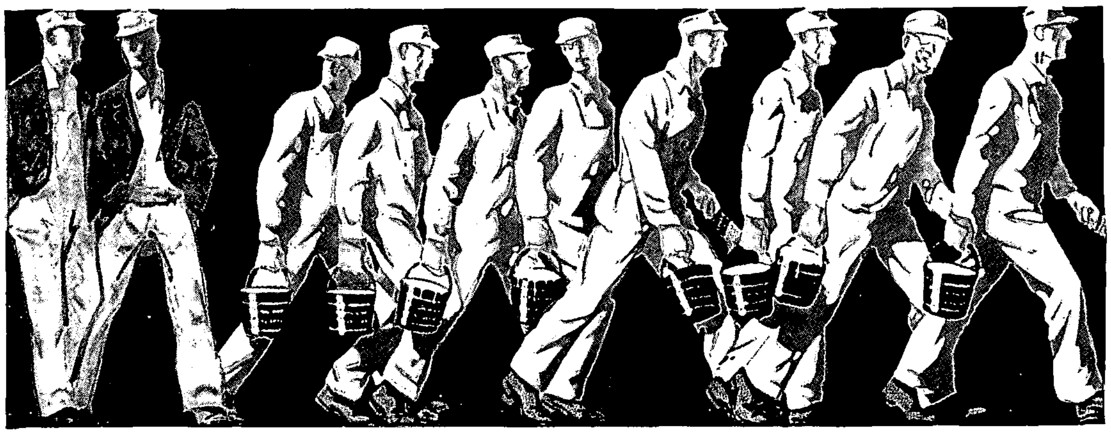
Besides, Dutch Boy White-Lead has the advantage of wearing down smoothly by gradual chalking, leaving a perfect surface for repainting. It does not crack or scale and will not add to your cost at next repaint time by demanding expensive burning and scraping.

No wonder "8 painters in every 10 use Dutch Boy."

Write for free booklet—"The House We Live In"—which gives helpful suggestions on the decoration and protection of the home. Address the branch office nearest you.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York, 111 Broadway—Buffalo, 116 Oak Street—Chicago, 900 West 18th Street—Cincinnati, 659 Freeman Avenue—Cleveland, 820 W. Superior Avenue—St. Louis, 722 Chestnut Street—San Francisco, 2240 24th Street—Boston, National-Boston Lead Co., 800 Albany Street—Pittsburgh, National Lead & Oil Co. of Pa., 316 Fourth Avenue—Philadelphia, John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Widener Bldg.



. . . AND NO ONE KNOWS PAINT LIKE A PAINTER

A Front-Page Family

Continued from page 30

after Mr. Belasco had altered it so completely that Lulu Belle's fathers scarcely knew the girl.

It was during this period that Mr. MacArthur met Helen Hayes. For the first time, no one had to suggest to him just what would be a good thing to do. He knew perfectly and he did it. Just before she opened in her biggest non-Barrie success, Coquette, they were married.

Miss Hayes played Coquette to packed houses for a year in New York and then, once again, she took to the road.

Natural honesty obliged her to be frank with her producer, Jed Harris, and to explain that she probably wouldn't be able to play the entire season. It was something concerning the future Mary MacArthur. Consequently, when Mr. Harris suddenly found it desirable to close the road tour of Coquette without the customary week's notice demanded by the Equity contract—except, says the contract, in case of "fire, catastrophe, or acts of God," he attributed the closing to the coming of Mary—undoubtedly an act of God.

Bursting with Conversation

And then the battle began.

Lustily the actors demanded their two weeks' salary and asserted that Jed Harris was exceeding his authority when he proclaimed the expected baby an act of God. With equally large headlines and a truly becoming idealism Mr. Harris held his point and likewise the salaries. Then the matter was taken up by the Equity Council in New York. There was great discussion. Many of the council were fathers and mothers. They decided that Mr. Harris was mistaken.

But idealism knows no bounds. He took the next step. The Actors' Equity Association is a branch of the Federation of Labor. Mr. Jed Harris carried the matter to that august body. Newspapers from California to New York began to take sides. The supreme council of the American Federation of Labor met in solemn conclave. There was great debate. The embarrassed MacArthurs barricaded their doors against besieging reporters and camera men. Was this baby an act of God or wasn't it? A decision was reached. The gentlemen of the American Federation of Labor emerged from conference, said that no baby was an act of God, and graciously gave the full credit to Mr. and Mrs. MacArthur.

About this time, Mary MacArthur thought, "Oh, is that so?" and made her terrestrial début. Never has any star had her entrance upon the scene so excitedly built up for her. But, judging by her disposition, the American Federation of Labor was wrong. She is so good-natured and so entirely sweet that she must have brought her peace from something like a divine idea.

It is true that her vocabulary is somewhat limited. She calls everyone and everything "Papa." It is her one word. Significant, perhaps. You can see that she is bursting with conversation, she struggles to put it into proper phrasing; you are sure you are about to be treated to a speech of sparkle and eloquence—and then she says "Papa."

Helen Hayes says she believes that most mothers try too hard to show off their children, that they force them to learn things long before they should—just out of their own personal vanity. She has never taught Mary any parlor tricks, but now she has an idea.

"I have decided to make up a list of twenty questions," she states, "all of which Mary can answer intelligently with 'Papa,' and when guests come I shall fire the questions at her rapidly and watch them marvel at her complete understanding of everything I say."

The plan has infinite possibilities, as any wife and mother will quickly see. Mr. MacArthur did not respond to the idea.

But he had another one. "Suppose," he suggested, "that a baby were to grow up without any preconceived notions—how would it turn out?"

It was Miss Hayes' turn to quirk an eyebrow.

"I mean," explained the father of Mary, "suppose one parent negated everything the other one said. Suppose Helen told Mary she must eat her spinach or she wouldn't grow up into a nice big girl and then I took her aside and said, 'There's nothing to it, Mary; they're just kidding you when they tell you such things. Do as you please about it.' . . . See?"

"Yes—well, suppose we try it the other way around," suggested Miss Hayes. "You try telling her what she ought to do for a while and let me be the one to tell her to do as she pleases. You know," she explained, "the things he does to get into that child's good graces are amazing. He's always taking her off and having a heart-to-heart talk with her regardless of discipline, and then the two of them—but I think she looks like him, don't you?"

And when the answer came that Mary looked exactly like her mother, Miss Hayes was almost put out about it.

It is easy now, with the changed conditions in the theater, for a star of the stage to have a home and family. A play that is a hit may run for two years in New York; and the road, even if one takes a short tour, is not the gypsy trail it once was.

"I think perhaps we've lost something fine and stirring even though we've gained security," says Miss Hayes, looking back a bit wistfully to the trouping days and dreaming a little of the glamorous time there when strolling players were people quite apart from the conventional social run. "We try now to be like other people—and we can't exactly. I try myself, and—"

"And she can't," broke in Mr. MacArthur. "The spirit of the trouper is there. No matter what is happening, no matter how sick she may be—she is like all the rest of them. Anyone else would say it couldn't be done. But she gets to the theater somehow and the play goes on."

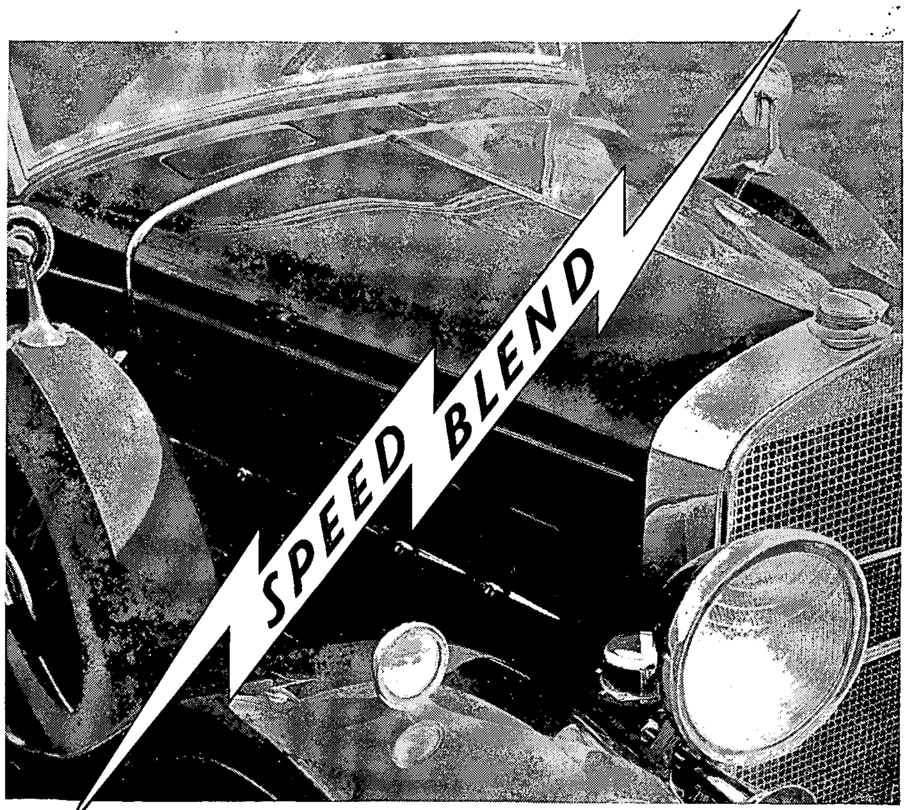
Mary May Do It

Miss Hayes has been playing this season in Petticoat Influence, a light comedy in which she was charming. Being through with that, she has started immediately to fulfill a picture contract which will keep her engaged during the summer. And next autumn she will appear on Broadway again in Molnar's new piece, The Good Fairy.

For four years she has wanted to revive Barrie's play, Mary Rose—"and every year," complains Miss Hayes, "some producer has promised to do it for me and then persuaded me to go into something else."

Now it has happened again and, things in the theater being what they are, it may continue to happen. One wonders perhaps if some day Mary MacArthur, having learned to say more than "Papa," may not step to the footlights and play—let us say, Mary Rose.

Polish your car in half the time with SPEED BLEND

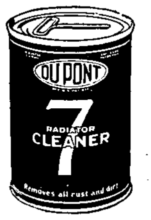


The new, fast-working No. 7 Duco Polish—made by du Pont

DUCO
7
POLISH
SPEED BLEND
Made by the makers of Duco

IF you want to clean and polish your car in less time and with less effort than ever before—use SPEED BLEND. Rub it on—wipe it off—the job is done. Traffic Film* is gone. Your car is bright as on the day you bought it. Just try this *new* No. 7 Duco Polish. It's *bound* to be better, for it is the product of the same famous du Pont chemists who produced Duco. And *safe*—no acids, no grit, nothing to harm your car. Be sure to ask for SPEED BLEND—and get it.

CARE WILL SAVE YOUR CAR

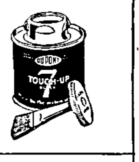


STOP RUST-CHOKE!

Clean out rust and scale from your engine cooling system with No. 7 Radiator Cleaner. You'll be amazed at the increased power, better engine performance.

QUICK CURE FOR WORN SPOTS!

Touch up worn places and scratches on fenders, bumpers, tire carriers, etc., with du Pont No. 7 Touch-up Black. Brush supplied in can.



DU PONT
7
NICKEL POLISH
REMOVES RAIN SPOTS

KEEP BRIGHTNESS BRIGHT

with No. 7 Nickel Polish for radiator, lamps and hardware.

PRESERVE THE LUSTRE!

After polishing car, use du Pont No. 7 Super-Lustre Cream to preserve gloss and protect finish against weathering. Much easier to use than ordinary waxes.

DU PONT
7
SUPER-LUSTRE

DU PONT
7
AUTO TOP FINISH
Made by the makers of Duco

SAVE THE TOP!

Restore the lustre, waterproof the top with No. 7 Auto Top Finish. You can brush it on in half an hour. It dries overnight. No. 7 is made by du Pont, the world's leading maker of auto top materials.

SEND COUPON—GET BEAUTY KIT

Containing generous samples of (1) *No. 7 Duco Polish,* (2) *No. 7 Nickel Polish,* and (3) *No. 7 Auto Top Finish.* Enclose 10 cents to help cover postage.

• • •

***TRAFFIC FILM**—Oily, sticky dust and grime, baked by the sun into a hard film which soap and water can't remove. Speed Blend takes it off—quickly—easily—safely.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., INC., Desk C5
General Motors Building, DETROIT, MICH.
Canadian Industries Limited, P & V Div., Toronto 9, Canada

Send me your Sample Beauty Kit for my auto. I am enclosing 10 cents (coin or stamps) to help pay the mailing cost. (*Good only in U. S. and Canada.*)

NAME____________________
ADDRESS____________________
CITY__________STATE__________

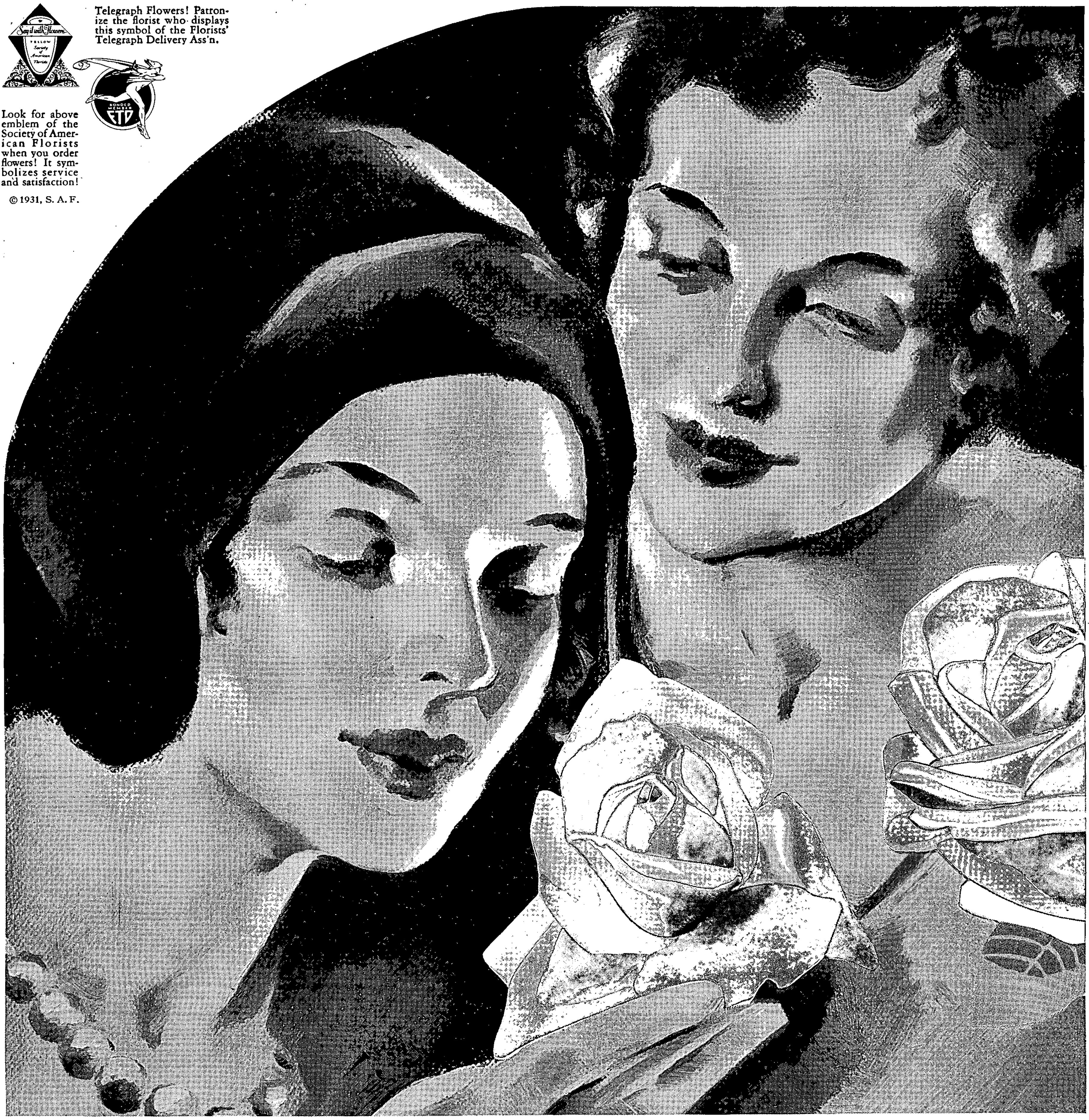
Telegraph Flowers! Patronize the florist who displays this symbol of the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Ass'n.

Say it with Flowers
FELLOW Society of American Florists

BONDED MEMBER FTD

Look for above emblem of the Society of American Florists when you order flowers! It symbolizes service and satisfaction!

© 1931, S. A. F.

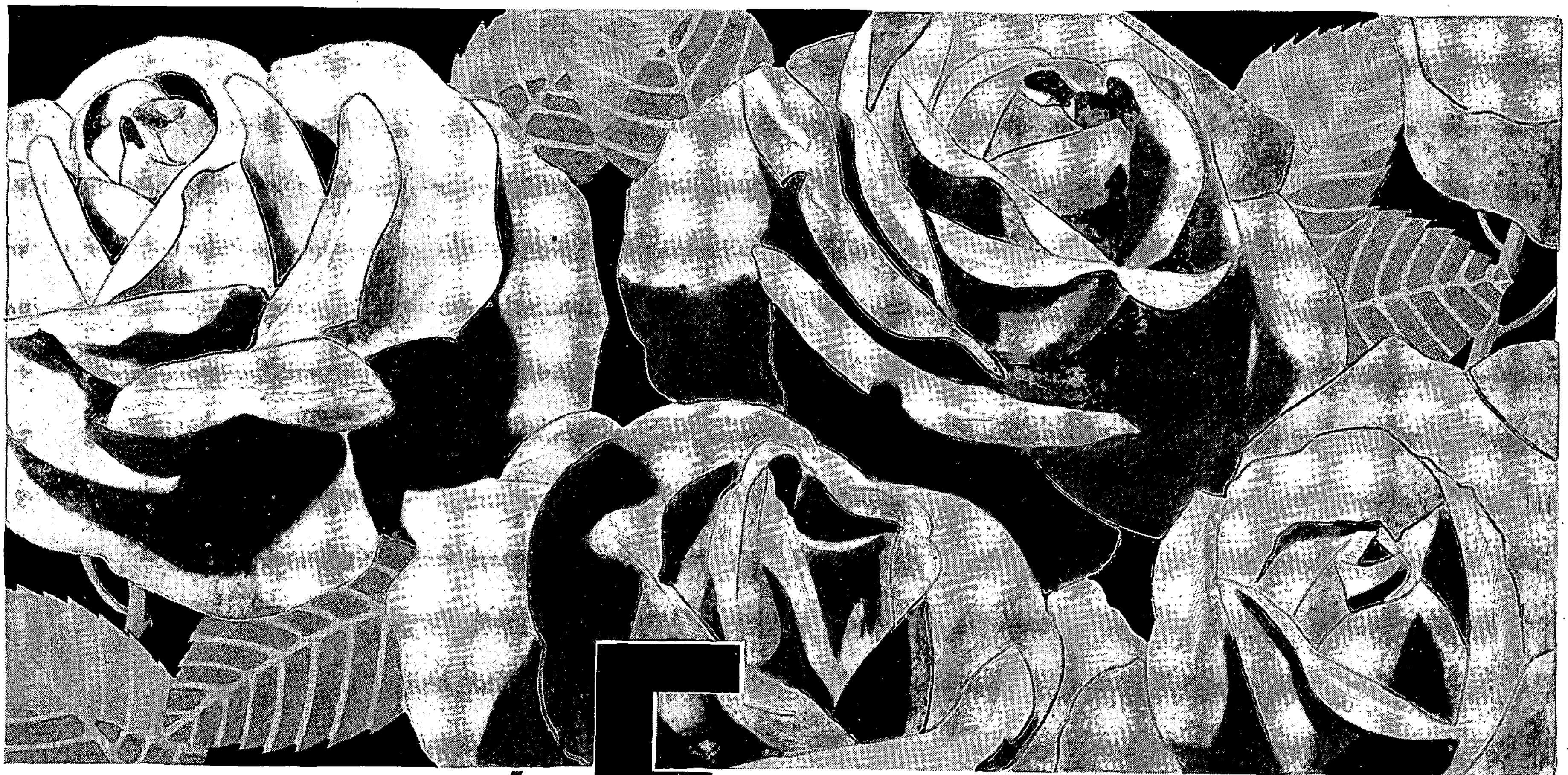


THOUGH the years have hurried by since she was a sweet, shy bride and he was a blushing groom—they still find time for those little touches of thoughtfulness that keep love alive . . . that make marriage worth while. And as she lifts the fragrant bouquet from its box, no wonder her eyes sparkle with pride while she tells her friends, "He *still* sends me flowers!"

On your anniversary—she will remember so don't you forget!

HOW SHE LOVES TO TELL HER FRIENDS

"he still sends me FLOWERS"



say it with **FLOWERS**

EXCESS COST

robs as surely as the "Gentlemen of the Road"

IN every daily transaction—buying equipment for home or office, paying rents, building skyscrapers, factories or dwellings—excess cost is robbing your pocketbook. STEEL—the universal metal—balks this thief.

In household equipment, a washing machine today costs half what it did a few years ago. More beautiful, durable kitchen ranges are purchased for less money.— Pressed Steel is the reason.

Two-inch solid steel lath and plaster partitions in place of the old thick partitions permit one extra apartment per floor and lowers rentals.

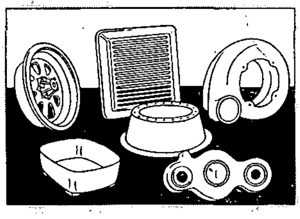
A public service company needed more storage space. Instead of adding a building, the old type shelving and box arrangement which required so much space and frequent costly changes was replaced with steel. Storage capacity was increased 600% and better access given to all materials.

The manufacturer of a bottle washing machine saved $60.83 on each unit by using pressed steel. Machining and breakage were eliminated, service men's work was simplified—sales bounded ahead. As with the public service company, such savings come to you in lower costs or improved service.

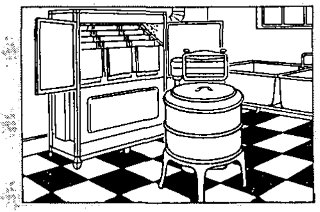
—And in construction, steel doors and trim, wall tile, steel partitions hold their finish better—speed construction. Upkeep costs are cut—a saving directly reflected in rentals and profits.

Thus everywhere, in your home, in commerce, in industry, steel is lowering costs. Whenever you make a purchase, whether a new building or a kitchen cabinet, demand steel. No other material is doing so much to reduce household and business budgets. Trade Research Division, National Association of Flat Rolled Steel Manufacturers, 511 Terminal Tower Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

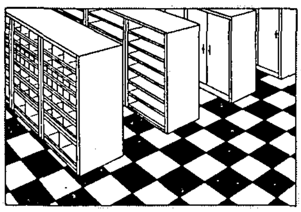
Save $ MONEY with Steel



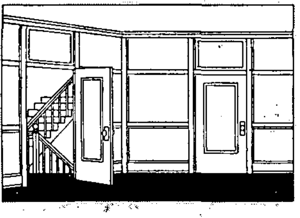
Pressed steel saves machining; lowers handling, breakage and manufacturing costs. No misfit parts to hold up production.



A steel washing machine plus steel laundry dryer and laundry trays halves the labor and time required for wash day.



Steel shelving provides a place for everything and keeps everything in place. Inventory and misplacement costs are cut.



Steel doors, partitions and trim require only one-third the time to erect. Building costs are greatly reduced; income increased.

There are over 5,000 different steel products—saving life, fire loss, drudgery, health, upkeep, depreciation, money, dirt, weight, space or time. Make use of these savings. Buy it in STEEL.

Lost-a-Petal

Continued from page 19

"Listen, Flower," he said. "Lo-Hai is a man of no integrity. You would not buy my life. You might, for my sake, pay his price but there would be no bargain. For a day, perhaps; but life has many days, or few. Yet he has power and until another arises he will keep that power. Therefore I pretended not to know. He is to the country as he is to you and me, a threat disguised as a promise. . . ."

"But, Night Star, you will go among his soldiers?" she asked, after a silence.

"I have accepted the command," he replied. "But you will go to White Cloud, your brother. When Lo-Hai returns he will find you gone. The rest you must leave to me."

ALWAYS, in her tiny room on the flower-boat, there was a long vase carrying a single flower, and always one of the petals had been plucked and laid carefully on the mat before the vase.

Summer and winter alike, wherever she was, there stood the flower, there lay the petal.

She did it for her name, because Shan had taught her. She did it for remembrance.

The Chinese gave her name its full value. Europeans and other strangers called her "Lost-a-Petal."

Once she had been a wife, but that was before Lo-Hai took his revenge, first on Night Star and then on White Cloud, and instead of one doctor, buried two before he left the city. When White Cloud died the last light faded from Flower's skies.

So it came that she sat in her cabin on the flower-boat and the single flower stood in its vase, with a petal at the base.

She enjoyed a certain renown through the city. Men spoke of her as of a lost goddess and remembered the silken caress of her skin until they bethought themselves of her lovely inscrutable eyes.

Chang, the painter, had put her on a panel as she sat in her room, surrounded by cushions, with the little red lacquer cabinet by her side, and all the city knew what the room signified. It was the customary room of a flower-boat, gay and garlanded, where men found forgetfulness and pretended to find affection.

Prentiss, more artist than man, and more of a man because of his art, saw the painting Chang had done and asked where such a model might be found. Chang laughed and told him and Prentiss persuaded the old man of the flower-boat to let him paint Lost-a-Petal, too. It mattered little to old Joy-Lo how his flower ladies earned their money so long as they earned it.

Prentiss took his easel to the boat and painted her.

"Tell me," he said, "how did you come here?"

Smiling, she rose from her cushions, walked to the lacquer cabinet and from it took a small antimony box, a cheap Japanese trinket which she carried back to her cushions and opened, to show the contents to Prentiss.

"It was either that, or to come here," she said. "Lo-Hai killed my husband because I escaped from him, and he killed my brother because he sheltered and hid me, but I escaped him always, bringing my little box with me. One day I shall carry the box no farther. . . ."

Prentiss looked at her in amazement.

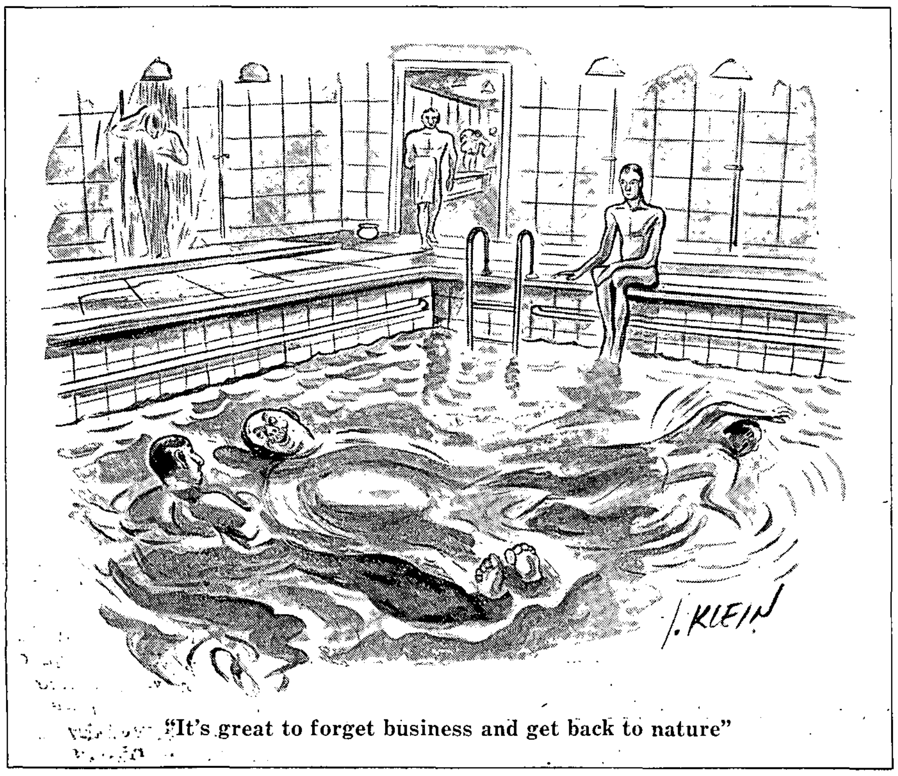
"And you are waiting still . . . what for?" he demanded.

"Lo-Hai does not forget," she replied. "He sent me messages on his marches. And I remembered. Soon he will reach this city, but he will come in peace, because it was for wealth and not for the country that he fought. He is wealthy, and from this city the ships sail. . . ."

PRENTISS had finished the portrait before Lo-Hai came secretly to the city, deserting the army that had followed him during the years of his warfare. His mission was ended. The last victory had paid his wages. In the chests he carried away was the wealth he had sought.

Within a few hours of his arrival his chests were on board a steamer, under the protection of a foreign power. Nothing remained for him but to wait till the steamer sailed. He had time for peaceful enjoyment, and the pursuit of Flower-Lost-a-Petal.

He found her, in her room. She knew him, but there was no response in her eyes, no embarrassment, no fear in her slow words.



"It's great to forget business and get back to nature"

"You have come, Lo-Hai?"

"I have come, Flower-Lost-a-Petal!"

He strode into the room and Flower took up her position on her cushions, sitting on her heels, her kimono closely wrapped round her.

In the slender vase on the lacquer cabinet stood a single flower. A torn petal lay at its base.

"That trick Shan Feng taught you," said Lo-Hai, flicking the petal to the ground. "I forgive him that and his other tricks."

"AND who will forgive you, Lo-Hai?" she asked, breathing the words gently. "Forgive you for the betrayal of your friends, your country, even your soldiers?"

"I need no forgiveness," he replied. "Soon I shall be out of range of forgiveness and condemnation alike. There is no law but the individual. . . ."

"Yet you come to see me," she said. "Because you wish to excuse yourself for the wrong. You are afraid, Lo-Hai. So you come to vaunt. It is the way of the fearful. . . ."

"You are wrong, Flower-Lost-a-Petal," he said. "I do not come to vaunt, but to suggest wisdom. It is better to be for one man than for many. I come to take you away, to be with me. . . ."

His voice trembled. Passion that had walked beside him through many marches awoke again. Nothing had been withheld from him save Flower, a woman at the mercy of the world, and of all his possessions he desired most this girl who mocked him silently.

"And should I not wish to go?" she asked.

"Then I must buy you from Joy-Lo!"

"Yes, you could do that," she agreed. "It is possible. . . ."

"Then you will come with me, Flower?" he demanded. "Away from this country where there will be war, and war again. Away to gentler places, where there is peace. . . ."

"We will talk about it," said Flower, quietly. "I will make you tea, and we will discover what you will do. . . ."

She glided across to her cabinet and heated water on her spirit lamp and brewed tea, but her back was towards Lo-Hai, and there were no mirrors.

"Two cups," she said, presenting them to him. "You will choose, as you did for Night Star when he gave you a draught. You are still afraid of your friends. And when you have chosen I will drink mine first. Then we can see how we shall escape from here and what you must do with Joy-Lo. . . ."

She smiled as she spoke, and Lo-Hai was taunted by the smile.

"You think I am afraid, Flower-Lost-a-Petal," he boasted. "I am not afraid. I will drink first!"

HE DRANK, and did not perceive the aroma of the tea for relief to see her lift her cup too, and drink quickly.

"Now you will robe yourself, Flower-Lost-a-Petal," he commanded. "And we will seek Joy-Lo, and go quickly, together. . . ."

"We will go quickly, together," she echoed, watching the twitching of his face, the sudden flash of terror in his eyes, the futile effort he made to reach her.

For herself, she was not afraid. She welcomed the creeping numbness, the weight of sleep.

"Together, quickly," she whispered, as she slid to the floor. "But not to find Joy-Lo!"

"Quick, Henry! The Flit!"

(Advertisement)

DANDRUFF

A Sure Way to End It

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need.

This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

QUIET AND COOL

IS THE HOME INSULATED WITH

INSULITE

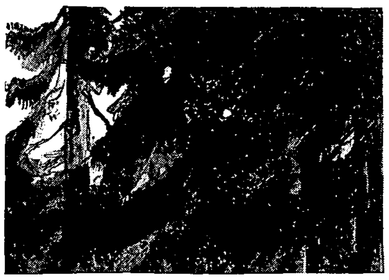
ENDURING PROTECTION AGAINST UNFRIENDLY WEATHER . . . QUIET and COMFORTABLE THE YEAR ROUND

ON a sweltering summer day do you long for the cool stillness of the forest? Do you crave a haven where the heat of the summer sun is barred, where the noises of this modern life are subdued? If you do, efficient insulation in your home can do much to make your dreams come true.

The home insulated with Insulite is protected against heat in summer, cold in winter, and is quieter the year round. Insulite is a product of the forest—it is made from the strong tough fibers of northern woods. The millions of tiny wood-locked air cells in every square foot of Insulite, effectively shut out unfriendly weather and deaden noise.

Insulite is and always has been a full 1/2 inch thick, because our engineers have always known that a full 1/2 inch of Insulite gives an eighth more efficient, strong, and durable insulation than ordinary 7/16 inch insulating boards. Insulite is chemically treated to resist moisture, and is not subject to rot or disintegration. Insulite Sheathing adds bracing strength to a building, and Insulite Lath grips plaster with much greater strength than wood lath, eliminates lath marks, and guards against unsightly plaster cracks.

The use of Insulite is economical—it is not an expensive "extra". It replaces non-insulating materials, and is easily and quickly applied, reducing labor costs. Because of the high thermal insulating efficiency of Insulite, it soon pays for itself in fuel savings and goes on paying dividends in home comfort through all the years.



AS THE HOME BUILT IN THE VIRGIN FOREST

If you are one who craves home comfort—before you build or remodel, be sure to send for a copy of "Increasing Home Enjoyment". This interesting booklet gives the facts about home insulation and is chock-full of clever ideas on how to transform waste space in attic or basement into useful and attractive rooms. Ask your architect about Insulite—he knows. Your Lumber Dealer, and *no one else*, can supply you.

THE INSULITE CO.
(A Backus-Brooks Industry)
1200 Builders Exchange, Dept. 48F
Minneapolis, Minnesota

OFFICES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

For Efficiency and Economy be sure the Refrigerator you select is insulated with INSULITE

INSULITE
the Wood-Fiber Insulating Board

Sky Life

Continued from page 32

in large slices and a stack of paper plates. This is Peek—the oldest lighter-than-air cook in the world—four years on the Los Angeles, proud of his service, devoted to airships.

The next trip to the galley produces potatoes, beans, bread, coffee and more paper plates. Air sailors don't wash dishes; they just drop them onto a cloud. We fall upon the meal while, 2,000 feet below, the last lights of Atlantic City flare up at us. After dinner, cigarettes in a fireproof smoker to the rear of the sleeping cabins. With non-inflammable helium as lifting gas, this revolution in airship routine was sprung for the first time on this cruise. Peek suddenly sticks his head into the smoker. Someone offers a cigarette. "I can't make myself do it," he says mournfully. "Not after eight years on airships." He lifts a small box from his blouse. "I use snuff," he concludes.

Main Street in the Air

That night we were blown down the Atlantic coast like a chip in the wind. Or perhaps more like a clipper ship in the Atlantic trades. I followed Captain Clarke out of the smoking-room, through card-playing officers' quarters to the bridge. We were in darkness. "Cumulus clouds, sir," said the officer of the deck, "starboard hand." A bank of obscurity, blacker than the night, was visible through the windows of the control car. "We'll *miss* it," said the captain. Suddenly a flame loomed up on the waves, a flare thrown overboard; the officer of the deck squinted quickly at it through his drift gauge.

I remembered an explanation made to me in the unnatural calm of the Lakehurst hangar. "Drift is important," the officer had said. "By neglecting it many airships get lost. A degree or two off for a few hours will run up an error of a hundred miles." I tried to forget about this as the buffet and lash of the wind sounded through the control car.

Then I became aware of the navigator huddled over his chart! A flashlight in one hand, dividers in the other. I looked over his shoulder. "We were there at nine o'clock," he said, moving a thumb nail into the limited arc of the flashlight. I looked down at a cross. It was longitude so much, latitude so many minutes and seconds—a tiny point in the open sea. He began to explain. . . . What a fine chance, I thought, to get lost in three dimensions!

I watch the "elevator man" controlling the up-and-down fins. With all his might he whirls the wheel forward a dozen turns, then back before he has time for breath. We are moving through a "disturbed area." Alternately the ship tends to rise or plunge. Suppose, I say to myself, she should keep on plunging. I look at the elevator man's face in the little light from instruments at his side. It is covered with perspiration—and bored.

Early in the morning I awoke in discomfort. We were over warm Florida waters and the sleeping-bag had become insufferable. I rose and dressed quickly. After breakfast, the air became soft and delicious. The navigator reported a bumpy night over the Gulf Stream—I hadn't noticed—and an average speed all night of eighty-two knots.

At nine o'clock I go aft for a stroll. Climbing a ladder at the rear of the galley, I am within the hull of the ship; the whole keel is visible. Men move up and down the "cat walk" or climb girder ways. The fo'c'sle would be large for a surface vessel; for a ship riding the airways it is huge beyond belief. Here is passed the everyday life of a crew of thirty-three. And no book or dispatch has ever really described air sailors' Main Street, which runs the length of the ship, 600-odd feet.

The street itself is eight inches wide, a wooden streak along the metal keel of the ship, running from a lookout hole in the nose to the rudder fins at her tail. Overhead it's like an enclosing circus tent which the wind has blown down into taut loops almost to your ears. Underneath too, between girders, is a canvas floor—but not to be stepped on. Traffic must stick to the girder ways. Out from Main Street, the chief girder cross streets lead uphill from the keel to the power eggs—which are about midway up the sides of the ship. The cat walk and the power-egg crossways each have a cable to hang to, but girder alleys offer you no support. Air sailors don't need them; they can swing themselves over the girder forest like monkeys.

Walking aft, I pass the chief petty officers' quarters, floored areas roofed by a sort of pup tent; they branch right and left of the cat walk; each with room for a bench, bunk and locker. Further oases rescued from the expanse of fabric and girder furnish messrooms. Sailors' quarters are like the C. P. O.'s, but without bench or locker. Just now in both rooms there are poker players. One of them shouts, "Watch out for the ventilator!" At my right foot, a gap six feet square gives abruptly onto the air. I cling to the cable and catch sight of the coast of Florida, thousands of feet below Main Street.

Just as I turn to go, Main Street livens. It is the change of watch. Down four sloping girder ways come engineers from the power eggs; toward the ship's nose up North Main Street move the new helmsman and elevator man. Poker chips are put away in the mess hall; men roll out of their pup tents, lacing shoes; suddenly a radio, located near the ladder to the control car, bursts into a Mexican tune; the off-watch do a fox trot on the cat walk.

We are entering the tropics. Yet at our elevation a cooling breeze still blows down the heel of the ship. All the bumps have been ironed out and it is glorious weather for a Caribbean cruise.

This Cook Can't Walk Out

Moving back to the officers' quarters, I pass the outside door of the airship. It is wide open, no chain or strap to prevent walking off into ether. As I draw back by instinct, a sailor comes from the galley and sits on the threshold. Meditatively he turns his head to spit into the empyrean.

In officers' quarters everyone is relaxed, happy. The navigating officer—who had been up all night—is catching forty winks; the captain reading a book. I drop back to the galley and fall into conversation. "Do you know," Peek remarks, "I'm the only duly qualified lighter-than-air cook in the Navy? I mean, I've been to ground school; I've done my free ballooning; I can take a regular flying job on any part of the ship." I found it was true and, talking with the executive officer, I learned what rigorous schooling all air sailors and officers get. Most of them are seamen first before they take to the air. They are then free-balloonists—taking a stiff course. After that, Navy J-ships, or blimps. Finally, a long flying service on the Los Angeles.

Sunset. Just twenty-four hours after the take-off in New Jersey we moor at

Guantanamo, dropping suddenly from the clouds to a world of palm trees, coconuts, black faces, bacardi. . . . That night the Los Angeles rolls at anchor. A mast set in a field holds the nose of the ship in a swiveling cone; the ship's hull is only a foot or two from the ground with a wheel at the tail. As the wind blows, the tail taxis in a circle. This naval invention pares millions from the operation budget. Hangars, except at home ports, are no longer necessary.

The landing field at Guantanamo was a green cup, fringed with jungle; the moon was full; in a pool of silver the ship swam gently at her ease. At least so it seemed to the inhabitants of the naval station. A close-up would have revealed Cook Peek loading fresh eggs and Cuban limes into her silver side. That night there was time to celebrate the flight in Cuban beer, but we slept aboard.

Stripped For Action

At 8 A. M. a ground crew unhitched our tail taxi, the nose lifted from the mast; we pointed our course for the "seat of war."

All day a thirty-knot breeze—dug up somewhere by Lieutenant Reichelsderfer—blew us over the Caribbean. I went "topside" with Lieutenant Rounds to "shoot the sun." We climbed through a cloth pipe, ninety feet high, slung down between gas cells. Once arrived, the world was ours. We rode and rode alone the back of a whale—which swam through the air—halfway between the scud of clouds and a blue Caribbean.

After sundown, an extraordinary night. Tiny pricks of light on the horizon; as we flew on, constellations of stars spread over the water. Moving nearer, they changed to the complex lights of a city erected on the waves. Then for a breathless five minutes we passed above the anchorage of the Atlantic fleet. We sent a radio and passed the flagship of the fleet. A tragi-comedy occurred. We fired our echo gun at that instant to check altitude. It was directly over the ship. Sailors on the deck of the Admiral's flagship stared up at us in terror. Were we bombing the fleet?

Then a galaxy—Cristobal! We drop suddenly as low as we dare, pass the Strangers' Club, circle the city, plunge into the darkness. The Canal, the lighted locks at Gatun, scratched like a tiny bright drawing of themselves against the black isthmus. In thirty-five minutes, Panama City, and all the officers who have done tropical duty pick out their favorite bars: Kelly's, Ritz, the Metropole, from a thousand feet. We throttle down and float down the Avenido Central. Men and girls rise from their tables at the Union Club. We float over the open-air dance floor circled with palms. Is the Admiral there? The lights of the club go out, so they can see us better. We move off toward Balboa Heights; the lights are on again, the dance resumes. We increase speed and plunge westward to the Pacific.

I think some day a race of airship artists will arise. The world, at least the world of the south seas, is a new and incredible vision from an airship. I think the novelty comes from a new *seeing power*, from the "kick of space." The same new vision comes of course to the passenger on an airplane, but with this difference. In an airship you can study the horizon at leisure all round; or even hover motionless over a spot; and you can talk it all over in normal tones with the man at your elbow.

At Cocos Island, the scene of Stevenson's Treasure Island, all the natives rushed out of the jungle or stood in front of their thatched huts on the beach to gaze motionless and amazed at the monster of the air. In the waters nearby we sighted a "blanket fish"—"bat of the sea"—flapping his winglike fins under water. Measured against the rudder's shadow we found him twenty-two feet square.

These tropic sights came to us while we were exploring the coast, making tests in fuel consumption, awaiting the opening of "war." The Navy's maneuvers were to be an "attack" on the Panama Canal, and our assignment was to act as air scouts attached to the defending fleet. The U. S. S. Patoka, an ex-oil-tanker, had been equipped with a mooring mast and assigned us as a floating base, so that between jaunts we lay tethered to the Patoka in a hidden bay.

A score of battleships, cruisers, submarines, transports, lay nearly a thousand miles from the coast. They represented the enemy. But no one except an umpire knew when or at what part of the coast the attack would fall. Our job was to spy out the fleet. In conjunction with airplane scouts we were to scour a vast slice of the Pacific.

Preparing for war, we "cleaned" the ship of unessential duffle. Excess baggage and even the upper berths came out. Officers were to sleep in relays in the lowers. Every ounce went into food and gasoline. War declared, we took off at sunset for the enemy. Extra eyes were needed at all hours to search for the fleet, and I was drafted. Twelve to four watch. I went on, feeling a little foolish. The constellation Orion rose peacefully at my elbow. Then the sky darkened. Not the enemy but vast armies of black clouds attacked us from all sides. We picked a hole between thunderheads and at full speed charged through.

In the morning all was clear—the visibility so good that we could see for forty miles. At 1:20 Captain Clarke himself sighted the main fleet. We radioed the Admiral instantly, giving him the enemy's location. I remember how crowded and excited the control car became in a second and how I ran back to one of the windows in the officers' quarters to get a good look at the enemy. The type and arrangement of warships were now clear to the naked eye.

Time to Eat

Swinging my glance around the horizon I saw three black wasps drop from a cloud. "Planes!" yelled an officer at my elbow. They were fighters launched by the enemy against us. Moving at a hundred and eighty miles an hour, they would reach us in about a minute. We ran across the ship to a starboard window. In a pale tropic sky, nine planes in perfect formation were swinging toward us without breaking their V.

Then suddenly the attack began. They dove at us from a great height, leveling off just as they reached the back of the ship, or zoomed past our lookout windows at what seemed arm's length. All this was only a maneuver, but it had moments of realism, as when one fighter dived under the ship and "destroyed" our antennæ. No one found it hard to visualize a duel to the death in the next war.

Noise, I suppose, had much to do with the realism, the deadly roar of twelve motors, and the planes' wings almost touchable from a control-car window. At 1:50 the umpire radioed: "You're sunk," but this was thirty minutes after we had sent our precious information to the defending fleet. Theoretically we were a smoking mass of fabric and broken wire swiftly sinking with forty corpses into the Pacific. But that one radio to the Admiral was worth our extinction.

"It's time to eat," said Peek. As we rose in a tumult he slipped back to his galley: "War must've made 'em hungry!" he was saying.

Like a Flame in the Forest

When a golf club "has something"... something every golfer is looking for, its fame spreads like a forest fire.

This accounts for the enthusiastic swing to the new Long Burke Registered Irons shafted in the new True Temper "No-Sting Shafts". This is *exclusively* a Burke presentation. Just as a few seasons ago Burke was first to introduce the True Temper "stepped" shaft, so today Burke is a year ahead in offering the latest scientific development of this shaft.

SNAPPIER ACTION IN PLAY

Four ribs extend six inches inside the shaft at the hosel end. These ribs increase the strength of the shaft and by stiffening it at the lower end, the whip is thrown a bit more toward the hand. This results in a snappier action in play, a sweeter "feel" ...*And an absolute elimination of sting!*

In a day when so much golf advertising flaunts flamboyant claims, Burke gives you one calm assurance about this new club: *We believe it will cut your scoring and we believe a few trial swings will convince you of this.*

Just swing them...at your dealer's or pro's...and we'll wager you'll exclaim as so many golfers have about Burke equipment, "Man, oh man, there's a golf club!"

NO-STING!
No-Sting SHAFT
Long Burke
GRADUATED IRONS
REG. NO. 42-8D
3 MID MASHIE

A TRUE TEMPER Product

Burke

CLUBS • BAGS • BALLS

FREE: Do you know how to "finish a hole" properly, or do you waste strokes at that crucial point? Our new booklet "Making the Club Head Work" giving full details of the four new stroke-saving Burke Smith-irons, is ready. Send for it.

THE BURKE GOLF CO.
Box B-3 Newark, Ohio

ANNOUNCING

THE RUBBER DOLLAR--
IT STRETCHES!

IT STRETCHES WHEN YOU SPEND IT FOR A MOTOR OIL MADE FROM PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE

Put a motor oil made from Pennsylvania Grade Crude into your crank-case—begin to drive—and the money you spend for oil begins to stretch!

It stretches by giving you greater mileage per quart of oil. It stretches by giving you better piston seal, which means more power—and that in turn means you use less gasoline. It stretches by saving the costly, irritating repairs caused by oils of lesser quality.

Why does Pennsylvania Grade Crude make better motor oils? Why? Ask Nature! She gave it greater oiliness, greater freedom from impurities. She gave it qualities that made it the world's finest raw material for motor oil. And get this straight—the better the crude, the better the finished oil. So don't be fooled! You can't make a fine oil from a poor grade crude any more than you can make a good suit of clothes from shoddy cloth.

Of course refining is important, too. No one will argue that. And in the Pennsylvania field you will find advanced, highly modern equipment. In this field, the first oil wells in the world were drilled. In this field refiners have the longest background of valuable experience. Small wonder, then, that the lubricants they produce are longer-lived, more resistant to heat—that they stand up and stay on the job when other oils quit. You will find these remarkable oils selected by lubrication experts for the toughest lubricating jobs everywhere—in automobiles, tractors, airplanes, motor-boats; in locomotives, stationary machinery and turbines. The emblem shown below appears on many brands of Pure Pennsylvania Motor Oils. Buy whichever one you prefer—and keep your motor sweet and healthy!

FREE! Send for your free copy of one of the most interesting oil booklets ever written. Address Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association, Dept. C-5, Oil City, Pa.

© 1931, P. G. C. O. A.

This emblem guarantees the quality of the crude oil—the maker's individual brand guarantees the quality of the finished product.

Guaranteed
100% PURE
PENNSYLVANIA
OIL

Trade Mark
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE
CRUDE OIL

from which the world's finest motor oils are made

Social Secretary

Continued from page 15

as possible and hope for sanity to reassert itself.

At the station the questioning began anew. This time the questioner was an older man.

"Your sweetheart grabbed at you, did he? Loved you still, I guess."

"No. No."

"Oh, there's nothing criminal about a little loving. Been meeting him a lot lately, had you?"

"No—I don't know."

"So many times you can't even remember, eh?"

This one wasn't unfriendly, just eager for facts, preferably dirty facts. It was like being stripped for public inspection.

HELEN'S sensations were something between numbness and nausea.

When there was a pause, and she was led to another room, the sob sister came to her with a bright red dress and a roguish plaid coat.

Helen was touched by her kindness, however.

"I don't know how to thank you," she said.

"Don't mention it, dearie. You'll excuse me now, won't you? They've got that elevator boy on the mat. He's a scream."

Helen changed, was questioned again by the same man, but sent away so that Mrs. Auchenpaugh could be grilled.

After she had waited interminably a cheery policeman opened the door, seemed surprised at seeing her, and said: "No reason you should hang around any longer, Miss Blake. We got your address, haven't we?"

"You mean I can go?"

"Sure. Only you better wait till I have a taxi outside for you."

It was over, but her whole being was still like a foot that has "gone to sleep." If there had been some definitive official dismissal it might have aroused her. No need to be roused now, however.

"It's waiting," the cheery policeman announced.

He led the way downstairs.

"Some of the pictures turned out grand," he said. "If you want to wait a minute I'll get you a paper."

"No."

There was a small crowd around the steps of the building.

"That's her!" someone yelled.

"You wouldn't think she'd shoot a guy, would you?"

"She didn't shoot a guy. Just a love-nest case."

"Any more room in that love-nest, baby?"

There was a final flashlight as the policeman handed her into the cab.

With a fine sense of drama the chauffeur drove off the instant the door slammed, but at the corner he opened the window between them: "Where to, miss?"

"Why, I don't know; 779 Fifth Avenue, I guess."

It was ridiculous to have allowed herself to be battered to such a pulp. The thing was over. And yet Helen knew that, for her, it would never be over. So great was her sense of having waded through filth that she couldn't at present take any comfort in the fact that she'd saved Paul.

The marquee was up before 779. There had been no one to countermand the order, of course. Helen walked up the red carpet and Parker opened the door as she reached the top step.

"Why, Miss Blake!" he said in an entirely friendly voice. "I wasn't expecting to see you tonight."

"I didn't know where else to go. You've heard, of course."

"Oh, there were reporters on the wire right away. Mrs. Harriman would have come to you at any other time, Miss Blake, and I would too, but we had our hands full here."

"I suppose so," Helen said, forgetting the fact that it betrayed her knowledge of what Sylvia had done to cause the turmoil. "I won't speak to Mrs. Harriman this evening, I think. I have to get some things and go to a hotel, if I can get in a hotel."

"This is the best time you could have come. They're all busy getting ready."

"Getting ready?" Helen repeated. "For what?"

"The wedding. Did you forget that the wedding is at eight o'clock? Will you go up the back stairs, just in case?"

"I'll go up these."

She swept up the great staircase like an avenging goddess.

Sylvia Harriman's door was closed, but she flung it open without knocking.

Madame Koopman and Sylvia's maid, Lottie, were dressing Sylvia in the ivory gown. All three women turned startled eyes to her.

"What about your promise?" Helen demanded.

"Oh, you're back, Blakey."

"Yes, I'm back, and what about your promise?"

"Why, Miss Blake!" Madame Koopman gasped.

"Should I call Mrs. Harriman, Miss Sylvia?" Lottie wanted to know.

"No, don't disturb Gran. And get out, you two. She's hopped up, evidently."

"But then we oughtn't to—"

"Get out and close the door."

They obeyed.

"Well?" Helen said.

"Listen, Blakey—"

"Why haven't you told him? Why haven't you done what you said?"

"I couldn't. Everyone would have known. What reason could I have given?"

"You promised."

"It was because of you that I met Frank D'Agnoli, and it was your job to help me out. It hasn't hurt you anyway. You had nothing to lose."

"SO THAT'S the way you argued with yourself!"

"And you're in love with Paul and thought you saw your chance. Well, he couldn't marry you anyway now, and you're not going to get away with it."

"You promised, you know."

"Who says I did?"

"Do you think I'll keep still?"

"I think you'd better. You've confessed to the thing. Every scandal sheet in town is full of it. It's too late to pin it on me now. Nobody'll believe you."

"I'll go to Lord Danforth direct."

"Do you think that on your word he'd break with Grandfather? Let him try it."

It was the old impasse.

"What news could you tell him anyway?" Sylvia went on. "He hasn't any illusions about me, thank God."

That was quite true. All that a revelation could do would be to make things infinitely harder.

"When I can I'll pay you money, as I said I would," Sylvia ended.

"I wish I'd let you kill yourself," Helen told her.

That had some effect on the girl.

"Get out!" she screamed. "Get out of my room!"

"In the old days," Helen said, "one

woman used to put a curse on another. There's no need for me to do that. You carry your own with you. He won't have to endure you for long."

It was as though some alien knowledge spoke through her quiet voice and the effect was rather horrible.

"Get out!" Sylvia screamed again.

Helen had to pass Mrs. Harriman's door on the way to her own quarters. It was open and Mary was just clasping the pearls under Mrs. Harriman's chins.

"Blakey!" the big voice boomed out.

"Yes, Mrs. Harriman."

"I'm not going to moralize. Haven't time even if I wanted to. But I'm mad at you for just one thing. If it weren't for that I'd keep you on in your job and with us behind you the mess in the papers wouldn't amount to so much."

"What is the one thing, Mrs. Harriman?"

"It's come out that you asked him here to a dance. That was a breach of trust."

"I didn't ask him here to a dance, Mrs. Harriman."

"He was here at a dance, Blakey. That's been established."

Helen's mind was too tired to decide whether she could answer more fully, and still protect Paul to the utmost. It didn't matter anyway.

"Yes," she said.

"I've liked you enough to have had that hurt. I still like you enough to wish you luck. Write yourself a check for a couple of months' salary. And when you get another job don't pick out a day when there's a wedding in the family to get found out."

"I'll come tomorrow and straighten out my accounts, Mrs. Harriman."

"Fine."

In her room Helen began packing some essentials in a small handbag.

Downstairs Parker, on the *qui vive* for the arrival of the bishop, had opened the door to a gentleman whose appearance startled him profoundly.

"Good evening, Lord Danforth." He rose above his emotion. "Are you dressing here? Your man hasn't arrived with your things."

"Where is Mr. Harriman?"

"In the library, milord."

"Before I see him I want a few words with you, Parker."

"You're very kind, milord," Parker replied, wondering how much he was to be given.

FIVE minutes later Mr. Harriman looked up from the highball he was adjusting for himself.

"Well, here comes the bridegroom," he said. "Why aren't you dressed, Paul? Getting lateish, isn't it?"

"I'm not dressing, Mr. Harriman."

"What are you talking about?"

Lord Danforth fished a copy of a tabloid from his pocket.

"This filthy business," he said. "I heard it being sold on the streets. I got to the police station too late to see her but I've been talking to detectives and reporters ever since."

"I'd like to know," Mr. Harriman remarked, "what the conduct of one of our employees has to do with your wedding."

"How much did you pay her?"

"Pay whom?"

"Helen Blake. For taking your granddaughter's place."

"Sylvia's place? This man had been Miss Blake's lover for five years."

"He'd lied her into a bigamous marriage five years ago. She'd told me that. He wasn't anything to her now."

"She told you! Miss Blake!"

"I was in love with her. We were going to be married when you maneuvered me into this arrangement with Sylvia."

"Being in love with her doesn't excuse the idiocy you've been talking."

"Do you think I'm in love with her now when she evidently sold herself outright so this marriage could go on?"

"What gives you any idea that Sylvia was involved? Miss Blake had you and another lover, it seems, and I'm damned glad that the facts have come out."

"I happen to have seen the gown and coat that were stained with blood. They were your granddaughter's. At about four-thirty, two telephone calls were put in from that room at the hotel, one to your office, and one here. Parker tells me that Sylvia telephoned Miss Blake shortly after four. Miss Blake left immediately. Do you think she went straight to a rendezvous with a lover?"

"This is a lie. Sylvia can clear it up with five words."

"Just ask her to speak those five words, will you?"

"I will," Mr. Harriman replied, "and when she has I'll kick you down those front steps and bloody hell will be too flattering for where Tress Oil and you and your father will find yourselves."

With the words he left the library.

Paul stood, somewhat relieved by that reciprocation of rage, but puzzled on one point. It was quite evident that Mr. Harriman wasn't a party to whatever bargain had taken place.

He had no intention of leaving without seeing Mr. Harriman again, but in the meantime he went to the hall where Parker was stationed.

"Parker," he said, "have you any idea where Miss Blake is at present?"

"Why, yes, milord. She's upstairs packing."

"Upstairs!"

MRS. HARRIMAN had gone into Sylvia's room and was overseeing the final efforts of Madame Koopman and Lottie.

"I want to speak to you and Sylvia alone, Harriet," Mr. Harriman said.

"Haven't time now, Oggy. This veil's got to be arranged. Get out."

"You see, we were interrupted once," Madame Koopman began, "by—"

Sylvia made a gesture to silence her but it was unnecessary, for Mr. Harriman cut in ruthlessly.

"We'll forget questions of millinery. Leave us, please."

"What under the canopy!" Mrs. Harriman exploded when they had gone. "This wedding begins within—"

"The wedding is off."

"Off!" Mrs. Harriman said, and it struck her as odd that Sylvia made no startled exclamation, merely stood with her eyes fixed on her grandfather's face.

"I've just been talking with Danforth," Mr. Harriman stated.

"Blakey's been to him with that wild story of hers," Sylvia said. "Are you going to let him ditch me, Grandfather?"

"He says he hasn't seen Miss Blake, but he's reached certain conclusions himself. Now you say that she makes a claim. I don't like the sound of that."

"It's a plot to ditch me. He's in love with her and she with him."

"You know that? How?"

"What claim?" Mrs. Harriman drowned them out. "What are you talking about?"

"Danforth says it was Sylvia at the Hotel Commander, and that Miss Blake took her place. It wasn't, was it, Sylvia?"

"Of course not."

"She'd say that anyway," Mrs. Harriman groaned. "Sylvia, for God's sake, tell the absolute truth."

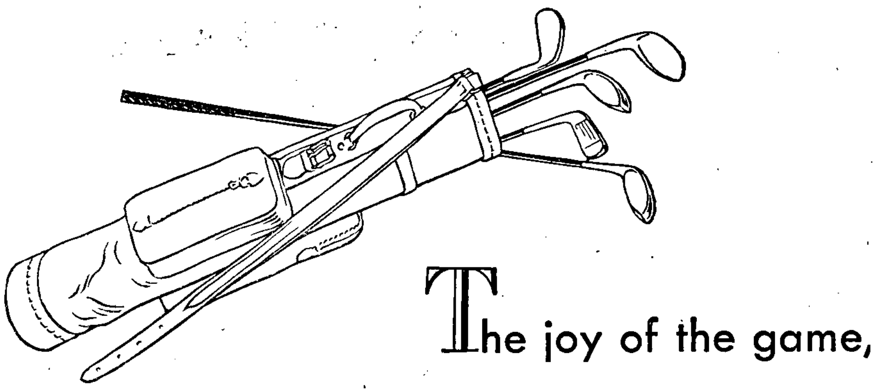
"Don't you *want* to believe what I'm saying?"

"Danforth claims that the dress stained with blood was yours."

"I didn't like it, and I gave it to Blakey. I wish you'd get out, Gran."

"No use questioning her, Oggy. She

(*Continued on page 68*)

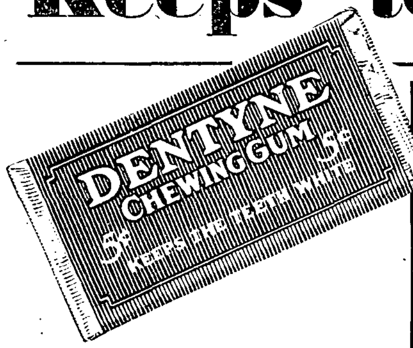


The joy of the game, the pleasure of the company, the sparkle of White Rock and the distinctive taste of White Rock Ginger Ale — these make the unbeatable foursome.

White Rock
ALWAYS COOL BEFORE OPENING
White Rock
WATER
Pale-Dry
White Rock
PALE DRY
Ginger Ale

White Rock
The leading mineral water

Keeps teeth white



A WINNING smile is like a short cut to success. It wins friends.

That's why teeth—WHITE teeth are a priceless possession. They give your smile its winning charm.

Then guard your teeth with Dentyne—the delicious gum especially made to keep teeth white. It also helps to keep gums firm because its extra chewy quality gives them extra healthful exercise. No finer chewing gum is made today.

Chew DENTYNE ..and smile!

If You Want Extra Cash for Vacation

YOU'LL probably jump at the opportunity offered by this advertisement to become a Crowell Subscription Representative and turn a small portion of your spare time into Ready Money. For no matter where you live or what your occupation may be

HERE'S HOW TO GET IT!

LET us help you earn extra money, just as Miss Mabel Doyle and hundreds of other representatives are doing, by taking care of your own townsfolk's new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE and WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION. You are furnished with everything you need to make money. You can have your own business, set your own hours, increase your own income. Here's your chance! Send the coupon for your free supplies, TODAY! The cost is only a 2c stamp or a penny post card and you may earn your vacation money and hundreds of dollars a year.

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-8
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Yes—I want extra money for vacation. Please tell me how to get it.

Name..

Address..

Town.. State..................

(Continued from page 67)

always has answers. Speak up, Sylvia. Where were you this afternoon? Account for every single instant."

"Walking in the park, most of the time, and at Tony's speakeasy. I had my hair done, too. The wave Lottie gave me yesterday wasn't any good."

"Where?" Mr. Harriman implored.

But experience of Sylvia had given Mrs. Harriman terrible knowledge, and she wasn't a person who hid her head in the sand, so she ended the farce.

"The story's true, Oggy. I could tell it from Sylvia's voice even if what she said were believable."

"All right," Sylvia cried defiantly, "since that's what you want I can please you. It is true. Frank D'Agnoli gave me a thrill. If it hadn't seemed necessary at the time I'd never have accepted that English prig."

"And I lectured Blakey just now. Good God!"

"Oh, Blakey hasn't been so noble. When she caught me in a tight place she took advantage of it to make me promise not to marry her lover."

"Any ideas as to what's to be done, Harriet?" Mr. Harriman asked, and it was as though he had slammed a door on Sylvia and her wild speech.

"Yes, that's the problem," his wife agreed. "I've never thought much about appearances, but we've got to consider them now."

"Why desert your grand standards?" Sylvia jeered in a hysterical voice.

Mrs. Harriman, too, was to slam shut a mental door which could never be opened, but before she did so she answered that question:

"Because at last I'm ashamed of the truth. I'm so ashamed of having a granddaughter like the girl this shows you to be that I want to hide it. It makes me wish I were dead, but since I can't have a shroud and a comfortable coffin, I'll have to make shift with some lies that people can pretend to believe."

"I'll take care of appearances," Sylvia said. "I wish you'd realize that I don't have to rely on a pair of old fools like you."

PAUL didn't climb the stairs, for Helen was coming down them, the small traveling bag in her hand.

"Helen!" he cried at sight of her, anger and mystification all mixed up with the joy in his voice.

"Paul!"

"Will you tell me why, in God's name—"

Then Helen recognized that he was angry, and suddenly she was angry too.

"Why I was carrying on an affair with Frank D'Agnoli?" she asked. "No, I won't."

"You know that I can't believe that. But what price could Sylvia Harriman have offered you to protect her in that way?"

"She promised that she wouldn't marry you, Paul. I thought it would be all right if she broke—"

Paul had sprung up the few steps that divided them and didn't let her finish the sentence. She dropped the suitcase and it banged from step to step.

"But, Paul," she tried to protest, even then, "you'll destroy everything."

"I have destroyed everything, thank God. I said before, that I could marry you because I was a success. Now I'm a complete, hopeless failure so I can still, if you'll have me."

"If I'll have you!"

Their lips met in a kiss which would have been long and deep had a voice behind them not interrupted it.

"Would you mind not doing that just here? If the bishop should arrive he might think it rather odd."

They sprang apart and Mr. Harriman passed on down the stairs.

There had been a good deal of gallantry in that bitterly jesting question, and there was gallantry in his old stiffened shoulders.

"Parker," he said, at the foot of the stairs, "you will admit no guests. The marriage is—I believe 'postponed' is the term usual for such occasions. When the bishop arrives Mrs. Harriman wishes to see and explain to him."

He crossed to the library, and even in those few steps one could see that something had gone out of him.

"It's just the ghost of Mr. Harriman," Helen said, appalled. "What did you say to him, my dear?"

"Pretty hard things, I'm afraid. But it's the things he learned from Sylvia that have done it."

"We're too happy to let anyone suffer like that, Paul."

"What can we do?"

SHE had already gone down the stairs, and was crossing the marble floor. He followed her.

Mr. Harriman was standing by his desk.

"I thought this was a better place to confer," he said, when they entered. "What do you want done, Miss Blake? The facts of the case published tomorrow?"

"I don't want anything done, Mr. Harriman. The decent papers will accept my story that he was trying to blackmail me. The tabloids have done their worst. They'll drop the matter in a day or two. Why do anything more? Unless you want to give out one interview that you believe me?"

"It's understood that all my influence with the press is behind you, but there's sure to be another outburst of publicity when it's announced that you're marrying Lord Danforth."

"That needn't be announced at once. It's good enough to keep as a secret. Don't you think so, Paul?"

"I'm willing to leave that decision entirely with you."

Helen turned back to Mr. Harriman. "Is there anything we can do to make the breaking off of the marriage less obvious?"

"It seems that Sylvia can arrange for that. I left her telephoning to Freddie Ives. It appears that Freddie Ives will be glad to substitute. I should think he would be—penniless, spineless little drunkard."

"'Jilts British Peer to Marry Childhood Sweetheart,'" Helen foreshadowed the headlines.

"Exactly."

"Do you mind very much, Paul? You'll have to give out regretful interviews saying that you weren't jazzy enough, or something equally profound."

"I have no objection, if it will make things any easier for Mr. Harriman."

"Perhaps that's not too much," Mr. Harriman remarked, "to ask of the representative of an allied oil company."

Lord Danforth stiffened at once.

"I don't have to be bought, Mr. Harriman."

"Paul," Mr. Harriman told him, "I and my family are so much indebted to the future Lady Danforth that anything I can throw your way seems pretty paltry. Don't be ungracious, my boy."

Then, with a gleam of his old spirit, he added: "Besides, when I was threatening to kick you down the steps I couldn't help wondering how I was to carry the burden of the McKecheron interests without you."

"I'm glad you appreciate how wonderful he is," Helen said, a little mawkishly.

Mr. Harriman smiled at her.

"Too smart for an Englishman," he said. "Smart enough to marry the right girl, even. Well, I did the same thing at his age."

THE END

Plug-Ugly

Continued from page 28

He directed Miko to a near-by photographer, to whom he scribbled a note.

The photographer winced when he saw Miko, but went to work. By clever manipulation of the negative and through grace of a tinting brush, Miko's countenance emerged decidedly bettered.

Miko was delighted.

"Ees kind? Look, Meester Brack! Ees kind! Ees not so ugly as me. You make copies, meester? I take ten—feefteen—twenty copies!"

Miko and Pete started back around the wrestling circuit. They were in Cincinnati when the agent forwarded to Miko the photographs of five girls who were willing to be his bride.

Miko chose the prettiest of the five, a slight blonde named Elise Cornvaviano. Appended to Elise's picture was the information:

Weight 112 lbs. Blue eyes. Fair hair. Superior disposition. Is orphan so will not ask help for family. Speaks a little English. Age 26.

Pete groaned.

"She's some dance-hall dame. You'll have a sweet time with her. Why don't you pick one up over here? Fountain Square is full of better dames than her."

Miko shook his head.

"I want girl from old country. She ees nice, pretty girl."

He insisted on sending money to Elise. He dictated a letter to an amused stenographer at the Gibson, instructing Elise to buy many pretty clothes and to travel on a fine ship.

During the weeks of waiting, Miko made sly attempts to improve his appearance.

Pete only grinned tolerantly when Miko smuggled creams and lotions into their hotel rooms and appeared one day with seven newly filled gold teeth; bought a pair of pince-nez glasses he didn't need. But when Miko proposed an operation on his nose for purposes of beautification, Pete put his foot down hard.

"You change your nose and I and you are through. Get me?"

"Jack Dempsey he change his nose, so for why shouldn't I change my'm, eh?"

"You ain't Jack Dempsey. Wait'll you get to be a champeen. A champeen can do anything."

"When weel I be champeen?"

"I'm gonna talk cold turkey to the Big Boss when we see him in Denver. You deserve to be champeen this year. The fans hate you, but they sure turn out to see you. I think the Big Boss will give us a match with Nordenson next fall."

"I get new nose next fall, eh?"

"Sure! If you're champeen."

"You think maybe the leetle girl she like me anyhow?"

"Sure! Why shouldn't she? You make more dough in a night than she ever seen all her life."

On the train going East to meet Elise, Miko was very uneasy. He sat in the drawing-room and worried aloud to Pete: "Maybe my pictchar fooled her." . . . "Thees face . . . eet ees different from my pictchar." . . . "Look, Meester Pete, my eyes. Ees ugly?"

Pete exploded: "Aw, for cripe's sake! Why don't you worry about what she looks like? Maybe she sent her sister's picture. I bet she's fifty years old, with a wooden leg and false teeth."

Miko and Pete met the bride-to-be at the office of the matrimonial agent. She was seated, a fragile, tiny figure, on a straight-back chair in the dingy room. She looked utterly weary and sick. She was dressed in a helter-skelter of expensive clothes. They had been chosen with the taste of a school child. Street-gamin cynicism and desperate hope struggled in her expression as her eyes greeted Miko.

Pete gave her one swift, brutal scrutiny.

Then he turned on the agent with a snarl.

"What you trying to put over on this boy?" he demanded. "That ain't the girl he sent for!"

The agent protested volubly. Showed a passport. Produced Miko's letters.

Pete turned to Miko. "Come on, let's blow."

But Miko shook his head stubbornly.

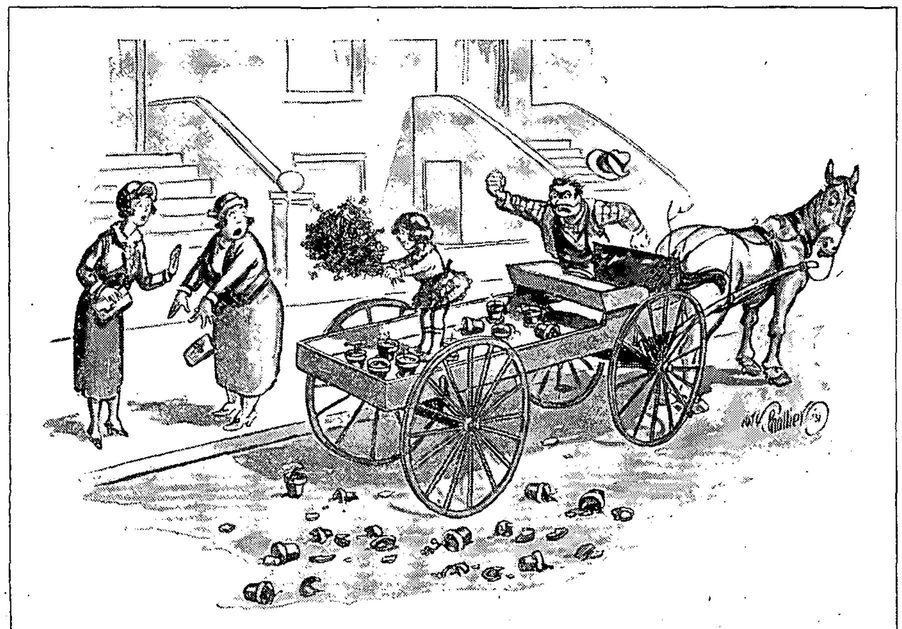
"She ees right girl," he insisted. "Look, here ees pictchar. She ees right girl, only not so fat."

Pete stormed.

"Don't be a sap! You don't have to keep her. She ain't like she was represented. She's got T. B. or somepin. Like as not she'll die on you."

The girl was stung into speech—a torrent of words in low-pitched Slavic dialect. Miko listened intently, nodding and smiling. He put out a big paw and patted her on the head. She grabbed his hand and kissed it, sobbing.

(*Continued on page 70*)



"Oh, Mother! See the pretty bouquet I've picked for you!"

GOLF AT ITS FINEST

at

OLYMPIA FIELDS

16th GREEN

Stamina

"True Temper" Shafts stand up—they have the action and the strength that mark the thoroughbred in sport.

The reason is this—each "True Temper" Shaft is formed from a seamless tube of super alloy steel by an exclusive method. The distinctive "step down" True Temper Shaft is the result.

It lends balance, grace, beauty, action and stamina to the finer clubs of all well known makers. Ask your "pro" to show you a "True Temper" shafted club and test its delightful "feel".

The steps distinguish "True Temper" Steel Shafts from all others

On request we will be pleased to send you our interesting folder called "True Temper Golf Shafts" which explains why "True Temper" Steel Shafts give such remarkable playing results.

THE AMERICAN FORK & HOE CO.
Sporting Goods Division
Keith Building
CLEVELAND, OHIO

TRUE TEMPER
STEP DOWN
STEEL SHAFTS

MENNEN
TALCUM
FOR MEN
Neutral Tint
Won't Show
On Your Face

After Your Bath—After Your Shave

You NEED This Talcum

PROTECTS YOUR SKIN... Absorbs excess facial oils... Makes you look and feel clean all day long... It is the largest selling man's talcum in the world because it is "made for men." 25c for a generous tin.

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

You can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
270 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

COVITE instead of VALVE GRINDING

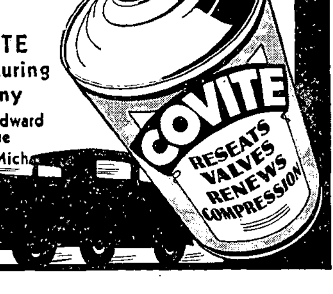
No longer is expensive mechanical valve grinding of automobile motors necessary. COVITE positively will reseat valves automatically without removing the cylinder head, thereby assuring full compression, greater power and speed, with reduced fuel consumption.

Perfected and patented by a famous automotive engineer, the practical value of COVITE is being proven every day by thousands of enthusiastic users.

Anyone can COVITE a motor by following simple instructions on the package. Guaranteed non-injurious to the most delicate motor parts.

A One-Dollar package is sufficient to COVITE any motor. At leading hardware and automotive dealers, or sent postpaid on receipt of $1.00.

COVITE
Manufacturing
Company
7300 Woodward
Avenue
Detroit, Mich.



(Continued from page 69)

"Ees okay, Meester Pete," Miko announced. "She has been seek of the pneumonie, also she has moch trouble in her stomick. Not enough to eat. I know how eet ees like in the old country. She ees fine leetle girl. Look, Meester Pete! She ees not afraid of my face!"

Miko looked kind for her; he looked very, very kind indeed, so kind that she was rather puzzled. But, feeling that she had a chance now, she gave Miko a coquettish smile and sidled close to him, saying "I spik Engleesh. Hot tam, beeg boy! Hot tam!"

Miko was enraptured. Pete threw his hands in the air.

"All right, all right. But don't say I didn't try to save you from making a chump outta yourself."

THAT afternoon, Miko and Elise were married by an Orthodox Greek priest on East Thirty-first Street.

Pete's farewell to the newlyweds was: "You got a go with Kosloff in Omaha the 27th, Miko. You promise me to be at the Fontanelle not later than the 23d, or I go on your honeymoon with you."

Miko looked at his bride.

"No," he said, "thees leetle girl is seek. She must for to leeve on farm one, two, three months. Dreenk moch meelk and seet in sunshine. I go weeth her."

"You must be crazy!" Pete wailed. "We're building you up for the champeenship. We got four matches set this spring already." He wheedled and blustered and threatened, but to no avail. Miko said, "Ees lonely in strange country for leetle girl; I go weeth her."

Pete, watching the train pull out, wondered how long it would last.

Five weeks later Miko showed up alone at Pete's gymnasium in Chicago.

"Where's the wife?" was Pete's sour greeting.

Miko laughed happily.

"She ees on farm. She send me back to work. She say, 'Mike, beeg boy, we need more jack. You go tell Meester Pete you weel work for champeen.' Oh, she ees swell leetle girl!"

Pete kept his own counsel, glad to have his meal ticket back and in a mood to work.

He launched Miko on an intensive drive for a match with Max Nordenson, the trust's heavyweight champion. Miko spilled Georg Zacharias in Chicago; got a draw with Gus Papanis in St. Louis; defeated Don McKayley in a one-fall match at Tulsa, and was ready to talk business with Sammy Grunow, big boss of the trust.

Unfortunately, an embarrassing situation had arisen in the wrestling world. One John G. Sebastian, a former manager in the trust, had quarreled with Grunow. Vowing vengeance, Sebastian had dug up a young collegiate "phenom" named Dave Bawden. He sent Dave against several other outcasts, and his protégé won sensationally. Then Sebastian began a campaign in the newspapers, proclaimed himself "the trust-buster" and challenged Nordenson to a match with Bawden. When Nordenson's manager refused, Sebastian told his troubles to the sports editors. He charged that Sammy Grunow had a stranglehold on the wrestling game; that no wrestler had a chance for big-money matches unless he was subservient to the trust; and that Grunow's managers decided the outcome of matches before their wrestlers entered the ring.

Thus when Pete DeBroek and Sammy Grunow met to discuss Miko's claim to a match with Nordenson, the big boss delivered himself as follows:

"We got to handle Sebastian first. He's giving us a black eye with the papers. Now, here's the lay: we tell this college phenom he can have a match with Max. That squares us with the papers, see? Max has been hitting the booze pretty hard and is due to go down. Half a dozen of our boys could take him if we gave 'em the chance. But we'll let this college guy have the first shot at Max. The papers can't say we ain't on the up-and-up, and the match should pull twenty thousand at least. Get me?"

Pete nodded, frowning.

"But where do we come in, Chief?"

"Bawden has got to promise in writing that if he wins the champeenship he'll give your boy first crack at him. This Bawden is young and good-looking, see? The fans are for him. It's a swell build-up for your plug-ugly. We can pack the Arena at St. Louie. It'll draw bigger than the Bawden-Nordenson go."

"That's okay—but Miko works on the level against Bawden."

"Sure! Miko is a cinch against Bawden. The kid is still growing and Sebastian has shoved him along too fast. Miko can cave him in. And what a return match set-up that will be!"

Pete grinned delightedly.

But his troubles weren't over. Mrs. Miko Presto joined her husband at Louisville, where Miko was set for a ham-and-egg match with a local favorite.

Pete gasped when he saw her. Four months in the country had transformed her. She had become a ravishing and blooming blonde.

During the next month she gave Pete plenty to worry about. First of all, she demanded more money as Miko's share of the proceeds from matches. When Pete wrathfully refused, she said: "Verry well, Miko queets." And Miko would have quit had not Pete capitulated.

Then Miko and Elise quarreled over his refusal to let her watch him in the ring.

Miko appealed to Pete. "Please, Meester Pete, make her for to promeese she will stay at hotel. It would wreeng her soft leetle heart to see her Miko act so fierce."

Pete settled that by shrewd argument. He told Elise her presence would make Miko so nervous he couldn't do his best and would never get a match with the champion. Elise seemed dubious, but her ambition for Miko enabled Pete finally to carry the point.

Then the loneliness of trains and hotels began to wear on the girl. She begged Miko to take her to picture shows, dance halls and night clubs. Miko promptly said, "Pictchar shows, yes. But dances and night clubs, no. Soch theengs are not for nice leetle girl like you." And Pete hastily added, "I'd keep her away from them picture shows, too, if I was you, Miko. You don't want her head filled with all that movie high-life hooey. First thing you know she will be thinking you ain't good enough for her."

MIKO was naïvely alarmed, and Pete, with adroit subtlety, played on his fears. And to Elise Pete said, "Miko will never be champeen if you keep trying to get him hitting the high spots." The girl, mistrusting Pete and yet baffled by the ways of this strange, new life, became sulky.

One night in Cleveland, Pete caught her sneaking out of the hotel after Miko and his handlers had departed for the wrestling arena. He confronted her.

"Listen, you! Get this straight: don't cheat on Miko! He's a bad guy to monkey with. He'll tie a knot in your neck."

She glared at Pete—and went back to the hotel.

Miko and Pete got a telegram on the way to Chicago, announcing the outcome of the Nordenson-Bawden match at Newark. Bawden had won in twenty-

Give Dad

Grayco
SHIRTS .. CRAVATS
$2.50 $3.50 $5.
$1. to $5.

on FATHER'S DAY June 21

GIVE HIM the nation's greatest shirt and cravat value. The shirts are tailored with care, from fabrics that wear, with hand-cut collars that fit. The cravat has been a style, quality and long-wear favorite for 26 years. At all progressive dealers.

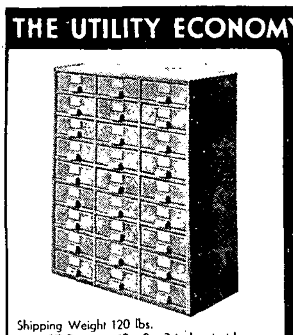
◆

STYLED IN HOLLYWOOD

◆

Grayco Style Studios
824 S. Los Angeles St., Los Angeles

THE UTILITY ECONOMY CABINET



Shipping Weight 120 lbs.
27 Drawers, 12 x 9 x 3 inches inside.
Case is 31¼ x 37¼ x 14¼ inches.
HOBART CABINET CO., TROY, OHIO

FOR . . .
CATALOGS
FOLDERS :
CANCELLED
CHECKS *Etc.*
$12.50
ENTIRELY
OF STEEL
LACQUERED
DARK GREEN
Attach Check
and MAIL . .

$1 Brings You this Marvelous $3.50 Lawn Sprinkler

Standard
Rain
King
RAIN KING

Sprays more water, spreads it evener, throws it farther on same pressure. Can be set instantly for mist-like spray, gentle shower, or drenching downpour. Use it as stationary or revolving sprinkler—for large circles, small circles, long strips or narrow strips, etc. — all sprinkler actions are combined in it, quickly set for *your* needs.

If not at your dealer's send us $1 and pay balance, $2.50, on arrival. Made and guaranteed by Chicago Flexible Shaft Company, 5601 Roosevelt Road, Chicago. 41 Years Making Quality Products.

Rain King
The **BEST SPRINKLERS MADE**

THAT MOTOR TRIP

WHEN planning a trip, be sure and consider the SUPERVISED SERVICE rendered by the Members of the NATIONAL TOURIST ASSOCIATION. This Inspected Service covers your every need while motoring. A good rest at one of our Modern Up-To-Date Tourist Homes, Hotels, or Camps. Good Food properly cooked. Carefree Service for your Automobile. Finest accommodations at lowest cost. Look for this N T A Emblem, colored Red and Green on White wherever you go. You will find a warm welcome wherever this Emblem is displayed. Send 10c Coin or Stamps for booklet "Home Comfort and Convenience for the Motor Traveler," a complete list of N T A Members giving accommodations offered, Rates, and where these Members are located.

MEMBER
NATIONAL TOURIST ASS'N
NTA
EVERYWHERE
SUPERVISED SERVICE

NATIONAL TOURIST ASSOCIATION
8th Floor Association of Commerce Bldg. Grand Rapids, Michigan

SMILE THE WAY WITH N T A

seven minutes, and was the new champion. His manager announced from the ring that he would meet Miko Presto next.

In Chicago, Pete discovered that Elise was carrying on a flirtation with a handsome Italian named Rico Donatelli. Elise had met him in Cleveland. A third-rate hoofer temporarily "at liberty." He followed her to Chicago.

Pete decided not to tell Miko until after the title match.

Miko bought his wife a new fur coat and another diamond ring. His head was full of plans for spending the money he would have when he was champion.

"I buy farm, Meester Pete. Build nice leetle house. She weel keep well on farm. Thees ees for her bum life."

"Yeah?" said Pete.

FEARFUL that Miko might learn of his wife's interest in Donatelli before the big match, Pete tried to warn her to watch her step. They had it out on the train going to St. Louis.

"I suppose Mr. Donatelli is aboard, ain't he? Or did he take the C. & A.?"

"Donatelli? Who ees he? I don't know man named Donatelli. I am good girl."

"Yeah? That's okay by me. But Miko's gonna be champeen, see? You or no other frail is gonna beat him out of it. I don't care what you do after next Saturday night, but until then you behave. Get me?"

She shrugged and looked away. Pete, realizing she was infatuated with Donatelli, resolved to stick close to Miko every minute. He didn't want Miko walking into anything.

The St. Louis papers gave Miko a great play when he arrived.

Pete made his statement: "You can say for us that we are expecting a finish match. Miko Presto will be the next world's champeen."

That night Elise ran away with Donatelli.

Pete found Miko standing in their suite at the Jefferson, trying to decipher a note his wife had written.

"Wot ees? Wot ees?" Miko demanded bewilderedly. "My leetle girl ees gone. She say something about going away weeth man."

Pete tried to bluff it out. Taking the note, he said, "Aw, it can't be that, Miko! You don't know how to read very good. Let me see it."

Miko shook his head with dazed stubbornness. "No, eet ees so. Eet ees so. She has gone away weeth man."

Then he pawed at Pete's shoulder frantically. "You know about thees, Meester Pete? You know about thees?"

Pete wavered before the stricken accusation in Miko's eyes.

"Now, don't go getting all upset about this Miko—" he began.

"Tell me who ees he. Where did she meet heem? How deed eet happen?"

Pete, seeing that further evasion was useless, blurted, "Aw, she never was no good, Mike! I told you that. You can't say I didn't warn you. She—"

Again Miko interrupted him.

"Who ees man?" he demanded. "He ees good-looking man, eh? Tall—beeg, preetty eyes, nice hair, so?"

The manager nodded.

"One of them dago sheiks. I ain't gonna tell you his name. She says in the note here they beat it out of town, so it won't be no use trying to follow them. I know it's tough, Miko, but the best thing to do is just to forget it. You got a wrastling champeenship to win Saturday."

Miko stood as one stricken to the heart. "Poor leetle 'Lise," he said. "Eet ees not her fault I am so ugly—so ugly." Then he turned on Pete: "You always want for me to be fierce. I feel fierce now. I am fierce fallar. Fierce here—" and he thumped his heaving chest.

"That's the way to take it!" said Pete enthusiastically.

The night of the match Miko was the first to enter the ring. He looked more ferocious than ever. His eyes had a set glare. There was scattering applause. Miko took no notice of it. The applause turned quickly to boos and hisses. Men yelled: "Just wait. You'll get yours!" and "You won't be so tough an hour from now!" and "Yay-y, look at the big baboon! Ain't he handsome!"

The young champion climbed through the ropes. The crowd roared its approval. He was careful not to look at Miko. He stripped white and rippling smooth; a dark-haired, handsome youngster. Miko stared at him. Miko's gaze focused on that cleanly chiseled, engaging face. Miko's jaw thrust forward, his brows beetled; he clenched and unclenched his hairy paws.

"Now watch yourself!" Pete said.

The gong sounded.

Miko left his corner in a startling, apelike spring. He landed on the champion, who tried to side-step too late, and bore him to the mat. He was all over his man in a quick series of ruthless, punishing holds.

"Referee!" A startled, agonized gasp.

"Foul! Foul! He's fouling him, referee!"

The referee reached for Miko's shoulders and tried to pull him off—the referee went down in a thrashing of legs. There was a hoarse groan of pain from the champion—pandemonium—panic. The crowd rushed toward the ring. A big policeman jumped onto the mat and brought his stick down on Miko's head. . . .

They dragged Miko through the angry crowd. There were shouts of "Lynch him! Lynch the big baboon!"

Back in the dressing-room, with the door guarded by a squad of police and hoodlums still shouting for Miko's blood, Pete cursed the battered hulk.

"You're through!" he said. "You'll never get another match. They *ought* to lynch you!"

Miko mumbled bewilderedly, tried to sit up.

THERE was a knock on the door. A copper shoved his head inside and said: "His wife's out here. She wants to see him."

"Don't let her in here," Pete said sharply. "He'd kill her."

But Miko heaved drunkenly to his feet and said, "No. She must come in. 'Lise."

She shoved her way past the policeman and stood in the half-open doorway, in final defiance of the threatening crowd outside.

"You beeg liars!" she spat out between angry sobs. "Mike ees not like that! Mike ees not baboon! Mike ees good! Good!"

Then she burst and advanced timidly toward Mike, saying "Oh, Mike, will you forgeeve me? I come—I didn't mean to come back, but he was so ugly. So ugly! I ran away from heem. I want to see you again. I say to myself, 'I weel go to wrastle and watch Mike. Then I weel go away and drown myse'f in reever. I am bad girl.' But then I see you . . . and those people all yelling at you . . . calling you bad names . . . saying you are mean man . . . I can't stan' eet . . . you aren't like that, Mike . . . you are good—you are beautiful!"

She burst into tears and threw herself against him.

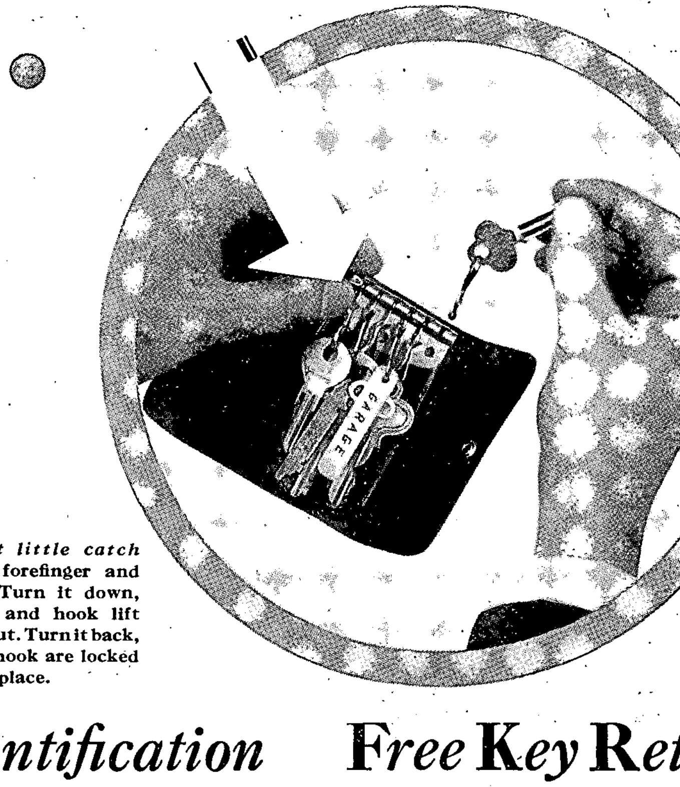
Miko blinked happily. He lifted one huge paw and patted her head.

"I deed not mean to act so fierce tonight, 'Lise," he said apologetically. "You must forget it. You must forget everytheeng. You are sweet leetle girl. Sweet, sweet."

Pete exploded.

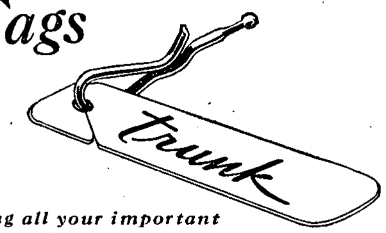
"Well, can you tie that?"

Removable Hooks . . .



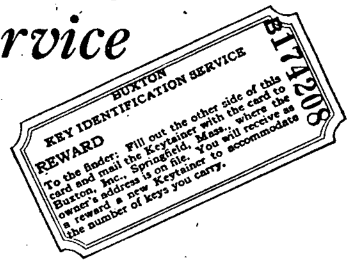
See that little catch between forefinger and thumb? Turn it down, and key and hook lift quickly out. Turn it back, key and hook are locked safely in place.

• Identification Tags



Tag all your important keys with the new Buxton Identification Tags. Small and handy strips of celluloid . . . they're easy to mark with pencil; they slip quickly on and off key hooks.

Free Key Return • Service



BUXTON
KEY IDENTIFICATION SERVICE
REWARD
To the finder: Fill out the other side of this card and mail the Keytainer with the card to Buxton, Inc., Springfield, Mass., where the owner's address is on file. You will receive as a reward a new Keytainer to accommodate the number of keys you carry.
B174208

Lost Key-Tainers recovered through identification file at Buxton headquarters. Buxton rewards finder; forwards Key-Tainer.

• 3 BUXTON aids to greater convenience in *carrying keys*

UP to the minute is this newest Key-Tainer, combining the handiness of a "loose-leaf" method with the practical Buxton features that have completely changed key-carrying habits.

Carry keys only when needed—as few, as many as you wish. It's the work of two seconds to attach or detach the new hooks.

Turn down the catch—lift the hook—off comes the key. Snap back the catch—and the rest of the keys are *securely locked.*

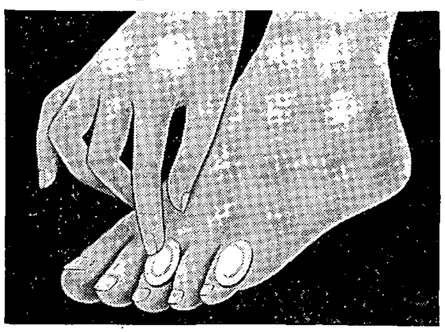
Convenient? Ask anyone who's struggled with stubborn key-hooks when some key had to be removed temporarily.

Identification Tags . . . And for your "occasional" keys — the new Buxton identification tags will save time—fumbling—guesswork. Just snap the key onto a tag-hook (you can buy six for a quarter)—pencil the name on the tag. Simple. Practical. Useful for keys regularly carried, too. "Just what we've been looking for," people tell us.

Lost Keys Returned Free . . . Every Key-Tainer provides the famous Buxton Key-Return Service that has brought thousands of lost keys back to their owners . . . and rewarded the finders . . . without costing these owners a cent.

See the new Key-Tainer at your dealer's. $1.00 and up—according to leather, finish and capacity chosen; or write Buxton, Inc., Dept. 517, Springfield, Mass.

THE NEW
Buxton
KEY-TAINER
with the removable hooks



CORNS

Instant Relief!

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads end corn pain instantly. Their soothing, healing medication gives you this quick relief. Their cushioning, protective feature *removes* friction and pressure of shoes, prevents blisters. Corns never come back if Zino-pads are applied at first sign of soreness from new or tight shoes.

FOR CALLOUSES

100% SAFE!

Zino-pads are safe—sure. Using harsh liquids or plasters often causes acid burn. Cutting your corns or callouses invites blood-poisoning. Zino-pads are small, thin, dainty. Made in special sizes for Corns, Corns between toes, Callouses and Bunions. Sold everywhere—35c box.

FOR CORNS BETWEEN TOES

FOR BUNIONS SWOLLEN JOINTS

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.

The IRVING-VANCE COMPANY Ltd.
140 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

The Little Ad with the BIG Bargain

$1.00 POSTPAID 200 note sheets and 100 envelopes, **each neatly printed with your name and address,** sent postpaid for $1. Correct in style and quality. Order a package. If you don't like it we will return your money. You can't lose. • Listen to the Hon. Frederick Landis as "The Hoosier Editor," every Friday evening at 8:30, E.S.T. over station WLW.

The AMERICAN STATIONERY Co. 100 Park Avenue PERU, Ind.

Foot Troubles No More

Burning, aching, tender, swollen, puffed, calloused, torturing feet no longer necessary. Cal-O-Cide masters foot troubles. Don't be a cripple. One application and you are a new person. Quick relief like magic. At all druggists 35c. Send post card for free booklet on "Care of Feet."
Medco Co., Dept. J-6, Dayton, Ohio

Cal-o-cide FOOT REMEDY

INVEST YOUR LEISURE HOURS

in good magazine reading. Our sales representatives are highly trained, bonded experts, courteous and trustworthy. They know all magazines thoroughly and can meet your needs exactly—at lowest possible prices. You eliminate all risk when you buy your magazines from our representative. When he calls, have him show you his bond credential.

PERIODICAL SALES Co., Chicago

DO YOU WANT a new business profession of your own, with all the trade you can attend to? Then **become a foot correctionist,** and in a few weeks earn big income in service fees—not medical nor chiropody—easy terms for home training, no further capital needed, no goods to buy, no agency. Established 1894. *Address*

Stephenson Laboratory, 4 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.

X Marks the Spot

Continued from page 17

Such was Buchanan's challenge to the police. Not even the nurse who had attended Mrs. Buchanan could help us.

But somebody else did. Very quietly was placed in the witness box a Mrs. Brockway. She calmly declared:

"I saw Doctor Buchanan go to his wife as she lay in her bed after breakfast and pour liquid from a vial, which he made her take as medicine."

Defense counsel grilled her—to no avail. She gave the exact spot where she had stood—outside the sick-room door which stood ajar.

Mrs. Brockway had held her peace. I did not know what she intended to say when she took the stand. I knew only that Buchanan had offended her—for this she volunteered when I questioned her early in the investigation. And the cause of his offending was that "he never raised his hat to women neighbors as a gentleman should."

The jury took only two hours to find the doctor guilty and sentence of death was executed on him.

His plot to kill his second wife, conceived on the day he met her in a Newark bagnio and learned she was a woman of property, sealed from the time he drew up her will and had her sign it, leaving him everything, was clever for that day and age, when an admixture of relatively harmless drugs to blend into a deadly poison was something new. The Buchanan case, indeed, is celebrated in police annals throughout the world because it served as a striking pioneer demonstration of the investigatory value of the autopsy, as conducted with the aid of modern chemical research.

For years we had no difficulty in solving the comparatively few poison mysteries that came to our notice—and I'm not one to argue that poisonings can occur that do not come to police notice—until the close of the year 1898, when I received word through the district attorney's office of a sudden and alarming tragedy in the fashionable Central Park West section.

A middle-aged woman, Mrs. Katherine Adams, fifty-four, had died suddenly after taking a dose of headache powder.

That was all the information I had from the coroner's physician when I arrived at the house where the tragedy occurred, 61 West 86th Street. There I found Mrs. Adams' daughter, a Mrs. Rogers, who lived separated from her husband, and Harry Cornish, trainer of the Knickerbocker Athletic Club and a boarder in the Adams apartment.

Cornish told me how Mrs. Adams had complained of a violent headache. Her daughter suggested that she take a dose of a well-known, advertised sedative and Cornish had given the dose to her from a bottle in a silver holder. The poor woman had swallowed the drink and staggered in agony to the bathroom, where she expired. A local doctor had been summoned, and he notified the coroner, who suspected poisoning and notified the police.

His Only Quarrel

Leaving the distressed daughter of the dead woman out of the picture for the time being, I asked Cornish where he had obtained the bottle of headache medicine. He declared it had come to him with the silver bottle-holder as a gift, sent in a Tiffany-marked cardboard box. He had no idea whatever as to who had mailed the gift, and had not recognized the handwriting on the package when it came.

"Why, the only violent argument I've had in my life, that I remember, was with Roland Molineux of the Knickerbocker A. C.," he said. "But he's harmless."

The name meant nothing to me. But that early in my career as a specialist in homicide I had learned to treat even casual statements with respect.

I pressed Cornish to explain the origin of his quarrel with Molineux. Molineux was on the house committee at the Knickerbocker Athletic Club, and strongly opposed Cornish's plan, as trainer, to install new rowing machines. None the less, Cornish installed them. Which fact had stung Molineux to an anger expressed vigorously the last time they had met in the club.

A coroner's examination of the dead woman revealed the peach-seed odor of cyanide of potassium. That meant poison.

The Bogus Bottle

At the Knickerbocker Athletic Club, Madison Avenue at 45th Street, a few inquiries confirmed Cornish's story of his quarrel with Molineux.

In a corner of the gymnasium a spare young man with deep-set, watery eyes was chinning himself on a bar; up and down, down and up, his favorite athletic diversion. I was informed that the young man was Roland Molineux.

Back at headquarters I considered carefully what I had learned about the strange death of Mrs. Adams and decided that the key to the puzzle was the mysterious donor of the headache powder to Harry Cornish. I examined the blue one-ounce bottle.

The label on the fatal bottle was too large and had been stuck on inexpertly. My next discovery was more enlightening. The murder bottle was of one-ounce capacity, fitting easily into the silver bottle-holder, yet the smallest size bottle filled by this drug manufacturer was of two-ounce capacity.

Likewise, the murder bottle had a cork heavily larded with paraffin, while the cork of the genuine bottle had a thin wafer of paraffin. Finally, and I should have observed this at first, the murder bottle was much lighter in color than the genuine bottle.

Thus establishing the bogus character of the poison bottle, apart from its deadly contents, I turned my attention to the bottle-holder.

Tiffany & Company were politely helpful. They could not identify the silver bottle-holder as their own make. Jealously guarding their monogrammed stationery and packages, to prevent just such imposition as had occurred, they could only make the obvious explanation that the person who had used the Tiffany package for the bogus medicine had originally bought some other article from Tiffany's.

The mark of the maker of the silver bottle-holder, a tiny crescent, was identified through a jeweler's directory. The holder had been made by Lubketcher & Co., of Ferry Street, Newark.

Inquiry at the silversmiths' in Newark revealed that the bottle-holder in question was one of fifteen made as an experiment—but not for bottle-holders. They were intended to be toothpick-holders—the old-fashioned kind still found in old-fashioned restaurants.

Tracing back the adventures of that silver-plated toothpick-holder, I found that it had been sold by the makers to Hartagan & Co., jewelers, of Broad Street, Newark, and quickly learned enough to reconstruct the progress of that simple article from its innocent place on a stock shelf to its sinister part in a murder mystery.

On Thanksgiving Eve of the year 1898 a Miss Miller was on duty as a saleslady at Hartagan's. To her came a man requesting a silver bottle-holder.

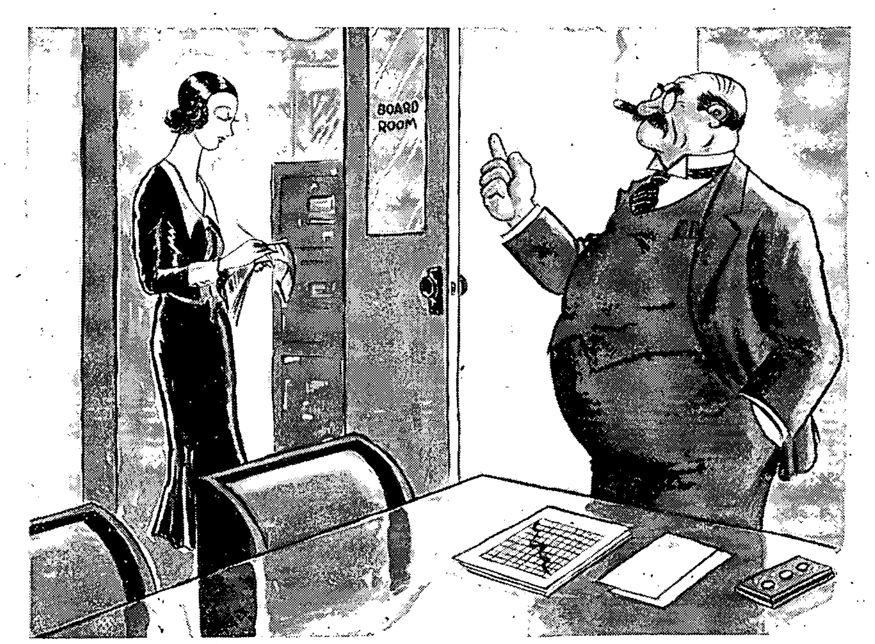
Miss Miller inquired of her superior, another saleslady, who replied there were no bottle-holders in stock and suggested the toothpick-holder instead. The toothpick-holder was sold to the customer as a bottle-holder *for a two-ounce bottle.*

An Infatuation

Miss Miller was no longer employed by Hartagan. I found her at home in Newark. Yes, she recalled, vaguely, the customer to whom she had sold a toothpick-holder for a bottle-holder. It was a heavy-set man with a beard. She remembered him specifying a holder for a standard bottle of the famous headache remedy.

Cornish knew no particular heavy-set man with a beard. But he did know something about Newark. His friend Molineux, with whom he had had the quarrel, worked in Newark. Molineux was a chemist at a dye factory there.

Back I went to Jersey. The dye fac-



"Oh, yes!—and bring in a few things I can smash for emphasis!"

tory was in the same district as the jewelry store where the bottle-holder had been purchased! Interesting!

I talked with some of Molineux's acquaintances. I learned that he had been romantically attentive to a lady named Blanche Chesebrough, a singer. This infatuation for Blanche Chesebrough was so intense that he had been furiously jealous of a man named Albert Barnett, a strong, handsome athlete, who also paid court to the lady, and whom she seemed to prefer.

Barnett had died suddenly! I learned this at the Knickerbocker Athletic Club, where Barnett had lived.

Two doctors had attended Barnett—one being dismissed in favor of another. The simple fact that Barnett, a man evidently in robust health, had passed out after a brief illness attributed to heart failure following an attack of diphtheria, made me more than ever suspicious. Yet the death certificate stated that quite clearly.

Either Villain or Victim

I sought out the doctor who had first attended Barnett. I discovered that he, too, had been suspicious. He had found a box of powders in Barnett's sick room and taken it away for analysis after Barnett died. The analysis showed cyanide of mercury. On exhumation and autopsy it was proved that the scars on Barnett's throat which the doctor had ascribed to ravages of diphtheria were really the result of mercury burns.

It became necessary to prove who had sent Barnett the poisoned powders. This powder was made by a reputable company, and was some kind of adaptation of German Spa salts with saccharine, and popularly used as a laxative. At the manufacturer's store the packet from which Barnett had taken his fatal dose was identified as one sent to a post-office box rented in the name of Barnett at a Broadway address. I took the letter supposedly signed by Barnett, compared it with a sample of Barnett's known handwriting. The two were so wholly dissimilar that it was clear Barnett had not sent for the powder, nor had he ever rented a post-office box at the Broadway address.

Medicine companies in those days (and even now) bought names and addresses of customers from a clearing-house in Cincinnati. A check-up there revealed that the name Barnett had been used in applying for nostrums from several concerns and that the *same note-paper*, a pale blue tint, and the *same handwriting* appeared on applications to medicine firms for cures to be sent to a post-office box at another address on Broadway and rented in the name of Harry Cornish!

At this stage of the investigation it occurred to me that Harry Cornish was either a villain or an intended victim; but there was the sinister fact of one dead man's name being used for a mail box and another man's name—a man obviously marked for death, being used for another mail box. And Cornish swore that he had never rented a box.

From a man named Adams I secured a letter which Molineux admitted having written. I likewise visited a medicine company on lower Broadway, where a curly-headed medico who looked like a circus freak surrendered applications for his lost manhood mixture. An application signed "Harry Cornish" gave the birth date, family health history and physical measurements of Roland Molineux—all confirmed by consulting Board of Health records in Brooklyn, death certificates in his family, and measurements at his tailor's.

The district attorney then decided he had enough evidence to put before the Grand Jury. I had found, in my tracking of Molineux, that he had a sweetheart or something similar in a Nancy Melander, a subordinate of his in the Newark dye factory. Nancy was a necessary witness for the Grand Jury.

Her testimony damned Molineux! She had helped him send for the powder by means of which Barnett died.

Molineux was indicted on July 20, 1899, seven months after Mrs. Adams' death. He had never met the poor woman for whose murder he was tried, yet the law charged him with murder, even though his victim was not the person he intended to kill.

A jury found him guilty and Justice John Goff sentenced him to the chair. His attorneys appealed. A second trial was ordered—and Molineux, to the world's amazement, was acquitted. He died a few years later in an insane asylum.

Nobody has ever been able to fathom why this second jury found Molineux not guilty. I am positive that Roland Molineux killed the man Barnett and the woman Adams. I am also positive that Molineux was not a murderer! He was insane, and the complicated windings of his plot for disposing of a rival and an enemy show the method of a madman.

The Molineux case had barely passed its climax and I was congratulating myself on a respite from a grim job when word came from the district attorney's office to investigate the sudden death of William Marsh Rice in the Berkshire Apartments on upper Madison Avenue, within a stone's throw of the Knickerbocker Athletic Club which had served as part of the stage setting for the Molineux case.

This exact message was that the body of William Rice was about to be removed to a crematory in Brooklyn. The hearse had already left Brooklyn, so there ensued the strange spectacle of a race in a hansom to beat a hearse.

The hearse won that race, which did not disturb me, for I found it outside the Berkshire. I hurried upstairs to the Rice apartment and stopped the undertaker, ordering him to convey the body to the police morgue.

A young man named Jones, tall and cadaverous, protested my move. He, it appeared, was valet-secretary to the late Mr. Rice, and claimed authority over the dead man's affairs.

With surprising frankness, he told me that I was correct when I detected an after-odor of chloroform in a bedchamber.

A Queer Employer

"Mr. Rice suffered intensely," he explained, "and I applied the chloroform. He died under the anesthetic."

He would. Anybody would. A troupe of circus elephants would have perished under the terrific dose of chloroform that Jones applied to his suffering master.

The thin, ill-looking young man stood up well under rapid questioning. There was a certificate signed by a doctor of known practice, to the effect that William Rice had died of acute indigestion.

But Rice was a very rich man, although nobody would have guessed as much from the cheap furniture in his apartment. Rice was queer. He let an ex-employee of the hotel he owned in Houston act as confidential secretary, and double in pressing pants.

Further, Rice had left a will, bestowing large gifts of money and property on relatives and friends, including a particularly large gift for his valet and for a lawyer who, Jones the valet claimed, had acted for years as investment adviser to his master.

"But," I asked Jones, "who ordered that, less than six hours after his death, Mr. Rice should be cremated?"

"It was Mr. Rice's wish," said Jones. "and I acted on the advice of his counselor, Mr. Patrick."

(*Continued on page 74*)

WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
MINT LEAF FLAVOR
THE FLAVOR LASTS
L154

For
You

Your favor—your pleasure—your benefit inspire its quality—its sanitary package.

Remember to pick it up.

INTERMISSION
[Three Months]

WITH the broadcast of June 7th Collier's Radio Hour signs off for its usual summer's intermission.

Collier's will be back on the air early in September.

Meanwhile all the members of the cast bid you au revoir.

Collier's
NEW
Radio Hour

(Continued from page 73)

I led him to the House of Detention for Witnesses, and within twenty-four hours ascertained that an autopsy on the late William Rice showed traces of mercury poisoning. We also learned that the will bequeathing Jones and Patrick large sums and properties was an absolute forgery.

From the facts which it was my business to discover and uncover, let us follow the pictorial progress of that perfect crime as it must have unwound, step by step, in that suave and too subtle mind.

In Houston, Texas, a fairly prosperous lawyer from Austin makes the acquaintance of a young waiter named Jones. Jones works in the Rice Hotel, owned by William Marsh Rice, wealthy cotton operator and founder of the Rice Educational Institute in Houston. Jones is flattered by the interest shown in him and divulges to the distinguished-looking stranger that Mr. Rice, his millionaire employer, is going to take him to New York to be his valet and secretary.

The scene shifts to New York, where Mr. Rice lives alone, attended by his valet-secretary, in a large apartment at the Berkshire on Madison Avenue. Somebody else has also migrated from Texas to New York—the Austin lawyer.

He meets Jones—dines him, wines him. Jones spends much of his spare time with this lawyer; they go to theaters together, and very gradually the lawyer from Austin learns that Jones is venal, dissatisfied with his employer and yet, strangely enough, trusted with the fullest information regarding his employer's business affairs.

The Will Is Edited

Jones even acquaints the Austin lawyer with such trivial details as the chronic indigestion from which his master suffers. And that puts ideas into the lawyer's head.

Carefully and tactfully one night, the lawyer propounds a hypothetical plot. If Mr. Rice were to die—an old man of eighty-five might pass on at any hour—and it was revealed that in his will he had taken exceptionally good care of his valet, what objection could there be from anybody? None, Jones agreed.

He procured his employer's will for the lawyer, and, which was important, a canceled check signed by his employer.

The lawyer did not reconstruct the will. He edited it, leaving intact legacies for friends and institutions as they originally stood, merely adding two other items—just two.

And in a preparatory way, as a sort of warming-up exercise, he suggested there be written a few checks against balances which Jones said were held in different banks by his aged and eccentric employer. Jones wrote a check for $25,000, another for $150,000, still another for $25,000. Out of the kindness of his heart the lawyer gave Jones a small box of pills—pills which he declared he had found useful in treating his own indigestion. Perhaps Jones could recommend them to his master.

A first check for $25,000 was successfully cashed. Rice's depositories were accustomed to having all Rice's checks made out by Jones. The lawyer blandly deposited the $25,000 in his own bank and took stock of the situation. It seemed perfectly simple. Jones reported that Mr. Rice had tried the pills as recommended, although he could not report that they were benefiting his master. Indeed, he was considerably weakened since taking them, and had been confined to his bed.

Very well, Jones was discreetly instructed how to proceed. If Mr. Rice suffered too much, he was to relieve the pain with chloroform, and to report at brief intervals to the lawyer.

This was early in September. The time was nicely selected. Banks do not return canceled checks until the first of the month. And this probably led the lawyer to make haste while the calendar lagged. He endorsed the second check for $25,000 and sent a court attendant to Swenson's bank on Wall Street to get it certified so that he could deposit it as cash in his own bank.

Blandly he waited at his office on Rector Street for the messenger to return, and, also blandly, he contemplated *cashing the huge check for $150,000 and* waiting on nature, assisted by a small box of pills, to bring about the probate of a conveniently revised will.

The messenger returned, but the check was not certified. In irritation the lawyer heard the certification was refused because the name as spelled in the endorsement on the back was not identical with the name of the payee on the face.

He went to the bank himself.

"This is damnably important to me," he protested. "There's just an error of one letter in my first name. Mr. Rice's secretary spelled it Abert instead of Albert. But I've endorsed it both ways. Please certify."

The cashier referred it to an assistant manager named Wetherby.

"I'm eager to have this check certified," the lawyer explained to Wetherby. "Mr. Rice, who signed it, is dangerously ill, dying, in fact, and unless it's certified before he dies, you know the difficulty I'll have in cashing it."

"Yes," said Wetherby.

Wetherby took the check and retired. While the lawyer waited, Wetherby consulted with his principal, the banker Swenson, who telephoned to the Rice apartment. Jones, answering at the other end, told him the check was quite all right. And he told him something else.

Swenson and Wetherby confronted the lawyer.

"Mr. Rice died this morning," said Swenson.

Surprised, the lawyer requested the check. He didn't get it. Without argument, he left the bank, and Mr. Swenson telephoned the district attorney.

Stupid Forgery

Late that same afternoon I secured the check and, promptly the next morning, with Jones in custody and a plain-clothes man concluding his all-night vigil at the lawyer's hotel, I notified the Fifth Avenue Bank that the first bogus check for $25,000 had been deposited by the lawyer and that, by order of the district attorney, they were to replevin the funds.

Some hours later I stood outside a safe-deposit vault on Vesey Street—the vault in which William Marsh Rice's will reposed. Two figures came toward me—one a well-dressed man of middle age, the other a detective. The detective signaled and I walked up to the other.

"You are Albert T. Patrick?" I said.

He nodded.

"You are under arrest, Mr. Patrick," I added.

"For what?' he demanded.

"Charged with forgery," I replied.

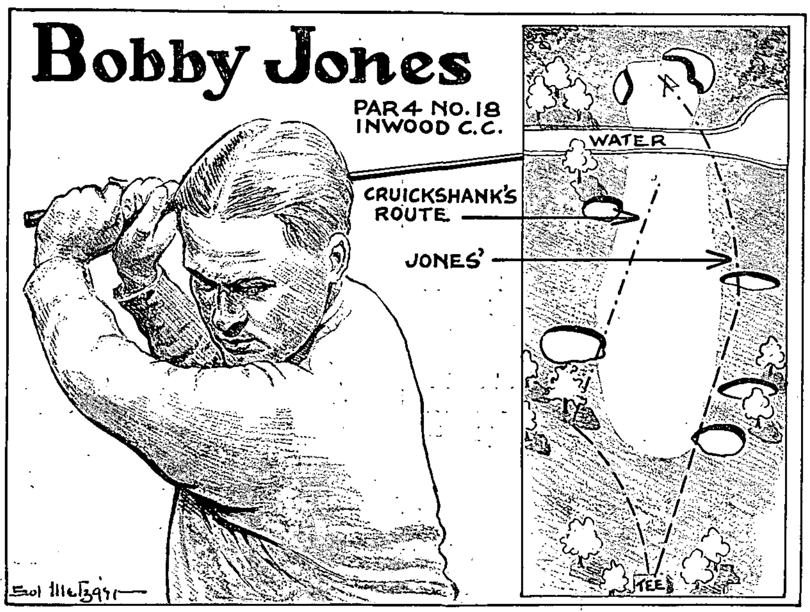
His pale, uncomfortable smile remains with me; there was a trace of relief in it.

But not for long. I secured the will and examined its signature. Then, to comfort him, I explained to Patrick that Jones' carelessness in omitting the 'l' from Albert was matched by his own stupidity in trying to forge more than one document from just one signature! He had used Rice's autograph on that canceled check as the model for two checks and a will, overlooking the scientific fact that no man ever signs his name identically, twice.

Albert Patrick was indicted the next morning for the murder of William M. Rice. With Jones turning State's evidence, he was convicted. But he never went to the chair. Governor Higgins commuted his sentence to life imprisonment, and after he had served nine years, Governor Dix pardoned him. He went to the west coast, and may be living there yet, for all I know.

If he lives, I wonder if Albert Patrick ponders on the frail circumstances that can either make or mar the perfect crime? His careful scheming, his skillfully laid entanglement of the weakling Jones, his bold onslaught on the wealth of the victim he had never met, all went for naught because an 'l' had been carelessly dropped from his name.

Clever murderers are always brought to book through bungling.



On the Rebound

By Sol Metzger

SEVEN lean years! Ghosts of lost opportunities and near victories! Always with the golden goal of golf just beyond. Such thoughts Bobby Jones brought to Inwood to the National Open of 1923. At least that had been his record since his début at fourteen in the National Amateur.

He and "Wee Bobbie" Cruickshank were now even, at the last tee of their play-off for the 1923 title. The wait here seemed interminable. Such inactivity during the heat of competition is torture. And as good golf depends upon the subjugation of such mental hazards, depressing thoughts flashed through the Southerner's brain as he waited for Cruickshank to drive.

Was failure to follow, as it had yesterday when he had faced this final 425-yard hole with the title beckoning? The thought of impending victory had overwhelmed Jones. His heartbreaking 6 had permitted Cruickshank to tie with a birdie 3! Hence this play-off.

Would victory never come! Jones, master of prodigious drives, of biting irons, of a putting touch seemingly the gift of the gods, wondered why he had failed again.

Fiery, impetuous youth foolishly striving to win each hole by outdriving each rival, or by laying approaches inside, or by sinking longer putts—a game of too great risk—had once been the cause of such failures. Bitter experience finally had proven—as his more successful competitors had advised—that victory came from a more conservative plan. You play for par. Opponents and their shots—forget them!

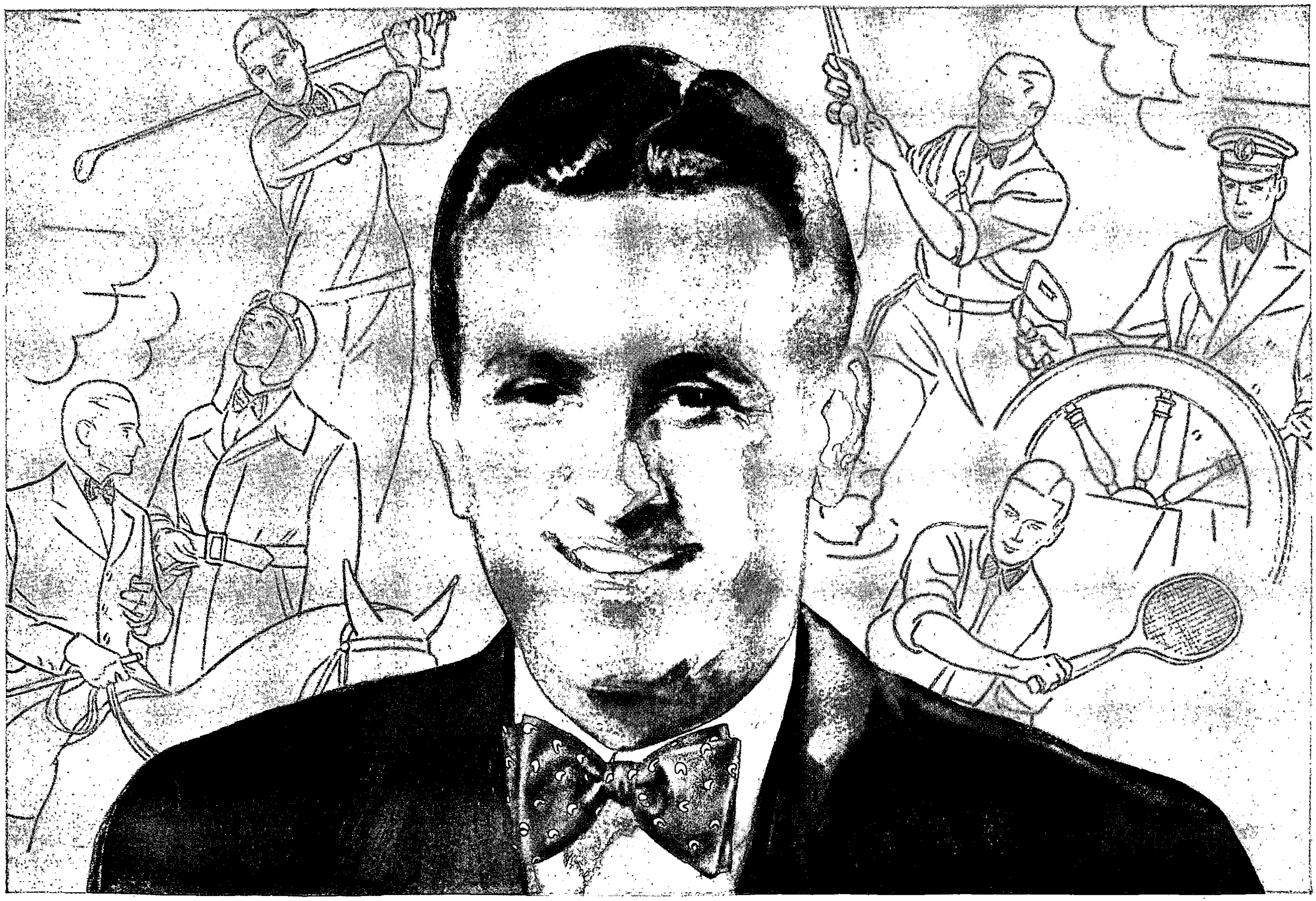
He had carried this idea to Inwood. It had both helped and hindered. True, it had brought his first tie and play-off. But the first third of the round, shot in par, found him 2 shots back. What a grueling, nerve-wracking fight to win them back! Now he wanted to continue; he chafed at the delay.

Some have claimed that Cruickshank, holding the honor here, cannily calculated that this wait plus the memory of yesterday's miserable finish flop would break Jones' spirit. I know only that Cruickshank seemed ages in preparing to play. Seconds are hours at such moments. If so, the strain most affected the diminutive Scot himself. His drive, a duffer's hook, stopped behind a large oak.

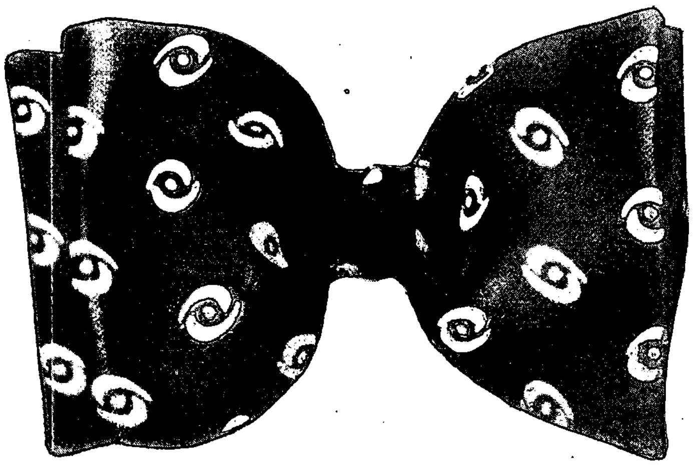
The long delay proved the crucible needed to temper Jones' spirit. A newborn Bobby took the tee, as different from the craven of yesterday as day from night. All the power of his sturdy body was in his drive. He pushed it to the right rough 235 yards. The ball rested on a patch of sand, a cuppy lie.

Cruickshank played his second short of the brook then guarding the green, a position making a par 4 probable. Jones, the future scourge of golf hopes, cast caution to the winds and conservatism aside, to bang as brilliant an iron to win as was ever dreamed of at old St. Andrews since good old King Jamie wielded his trusty baffy.

What a shot! All the temper and fire of youth flung into it. It split the pin all the way, stopping seven feet past. It crushed Cruickshank. Bobby Jones had found himself.



The Best Time to buy the Best Tie for Summer



○ Down town or up country, indoors or out, Spur Bows set the style for summer. Driving a deal, a car, or a golf ball—swinging a sale, a paddle, or a tennis bat, the cool comfort and trim shape of a Spur Bow always fit the picture. (You noticed, probably, how often a smart, square-ended bow tie was the hot-weather choice of the world's best-dressed prince on his recent billion-dollar selling trip).

○ Now is the time to stop in at any good men's wear store and look over the new line of bows as Spur has made them up for you in the smartest silks for summer. Ask to see the new Spur 4-in-Hands, too.

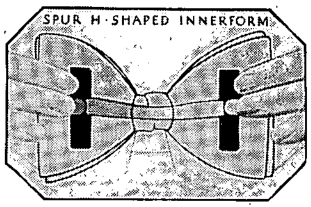
HEWES & POTTER, Inc. — Dept. C-4 — 65 Bedford Street, Boston, Mass.

FREE TO MOTHERS—*Mrs. H. R. MacNamee, mother of two lively, growing boys, has just written a very practical style book: "Boys' Clothes and How to Buy Them." We'll gladly send you a copy.*

Spur Bow

50¢ 75¢ $1.00

ALL TIED FOR YOU



THE SPUR H-SHAPED INNERFORM

Feel for the flexible H-Shaped Innerform that lets you set the ends of a genuine Spur Bow the way you like to wear them. No other bow tie has this styling feature.

A pipe is still a man's smoke

A man looks like a man when he smokes a pipe

THERE'S no getting around it—women nowadays are doing everything that men do. Driving our cars, flying our planes, even smoking our cigarettes. But did you ever see a lady smoke a pipe?

That's the one strictly masculine privilege they've left us — and it's really the best privilege of all.

Have you ever smoked a pipe? If not, our advice to you is to get one today. Fill it with Edgeworth and settle down to smoking pleasure that's better than anything you've ever known before.

Edgeworth's rare blend of fine old burleys plus the distinctive eleventh process gives this tobacco a flavor that simply can't be matched.

You can buy Edgeworth anywhere —or clip the coupon below for a special sample packet, free.

EDGEWORTH
SMOKING TOBACCO

Edgeworth is a blend of fine old burleys, with its natural savor insured by Edgeworth's distinctive eleventh process. Buy Edgeworth anywhere in two forms—"Ready-Rubbed" and "Plug Slice." All sizes. 15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tin. *Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.*

15¢

Listen to the Dixie Spiritual Singers as they sing in the Edgeworth factory. N.B.C. Blue network every Thursday evening.

CLIP COUPON

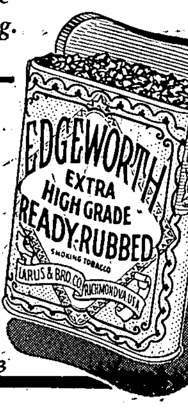
LARUS & BRO. CO., 100 S. 22d St.
Richmond, Va.
Send me the Edgeworth sample packet: I'll try the Edgeworth in a *good* pipe.

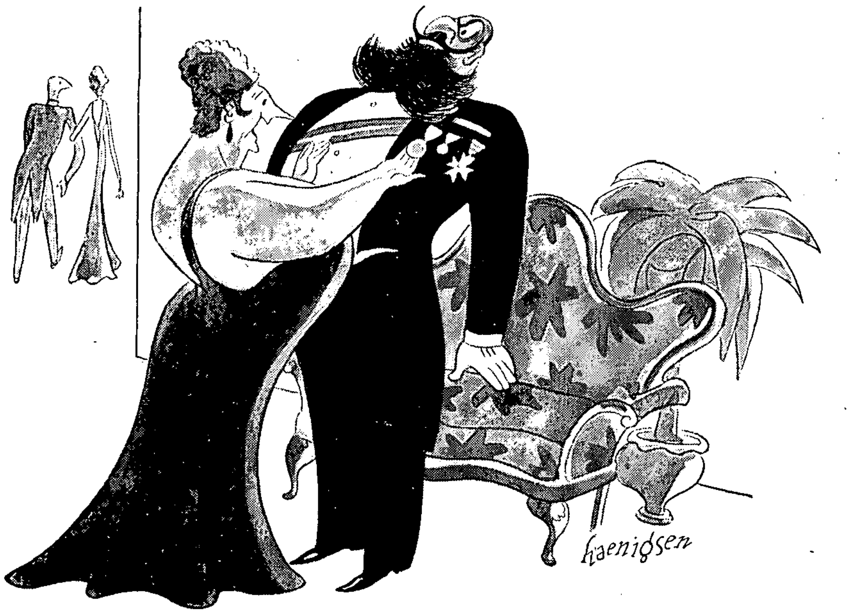
Name

Address

City and State

H-73





"Why, Count! I have one almost exactly like it! You must let me tell you how I won it in our bridge tournament!"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Common Sense Contract Bridge

North
S. K-J-6-4
H. K-9-6-3
D. K-3
C. Q-7-4

West
S. 9-5-3
H. Q-7-5
D. Q-10-7
C. J-9-5-2

East
S. Q-8-7-2
H. J-4
D. 8-4
C. K-10-8-6-3

South (Dealer)
S. A-10
H. A-10-8-2
D. A-J-9-6-5-2
C. A

THE above hand, which appeared in last week's Collier's, was played in a Progressive Contract game, thirteen tables participating in the play. The bidding varied slightly, but the final contract was three No Trumps in every case, with North or South the Declarer.

With the hand played at Auction Bridge, the probable bidding would be: South one No Trump, West pass, and North two No Trumps in order to shut out a possible lead-directing bid by East as all of North's suits are vulnerable if led through.

With a Club the opening lead (as it would be whether East or West was the initial leader), South would win with the singleton Ace. When the opening lead was made by West, North played the Four and East, counting his own five Clubs, the four that West must have had to lead the suit and the three exposed in dummy, knew that South had but a singleton Club; in order to justify South in starting with a two No Trump bid that singleton must be the Ace. However, if South started with a Diamond bid that inference could not be drawn; but in either event East would finesse, the Queen being exposed in dummy.

With the first trick won by the Ace of Clubs, most Declarers determined to establish Diamonds in preference to Hearts; both suits contained eight cards, but the Diamonds had six in one hand and there was a possibility of taking every Diamond trick by finessing the Jack on the second round.

At eleven out of the thirteen tables South led a small Diamond to trick 2; North won with the King and returned the Trey, on which South played the Jack and West the Queen. West of course continued Clubs, leading the Jack; and North's Queen was trapped. West and East ran a total of four Club tricks which, with the one Diamond already made, saved game.

There were many comments upon Declarer's failure to make game with such a preponderance of high cards, but at two of the tables it was proved that game was in the hand in spite of the failure of the Diamond finesse and the hard-luck distribution of the Clubs. At those tables the Declarer realized, after winning trick 1, that one of the adversaries must have four Clubs remaining and that East might have the King; in which case to let West obtain the lead would be fatal.

Playing for the Diamond finesse would let West in if he held Queen and either one or two small Diamonds, but that danger probably could be avoided by leading a small Heart from the South hand to trick 2. Unless West played an honor, which was not to be expected, North could play the Nine and pass the trick up to the non-dangerous East hand. If East should lead a Club after winning trick 2, Declarer would make another Club trick and game; but if East did not lead a Club, the Declarer would be in position to finesse Spades with safety and make game. At the two tables where the situation was diagnosed correctly, the result was:

East won the second trick with the Jack of Hearts and took his medicine by returning the Heart immediately. He appreciated that allowing the Declarer to make a Club trick probably would give him game, and that leading either Spades or Diamonds was dangerous. South won and led the Ace of Spades, followed by the Ten of Spades, the latter card being finessed. East turned up with the Queen of Spades but was then in a hopeless position as the Declarer was assured of nine tricks.

Next week's hand is given below; determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

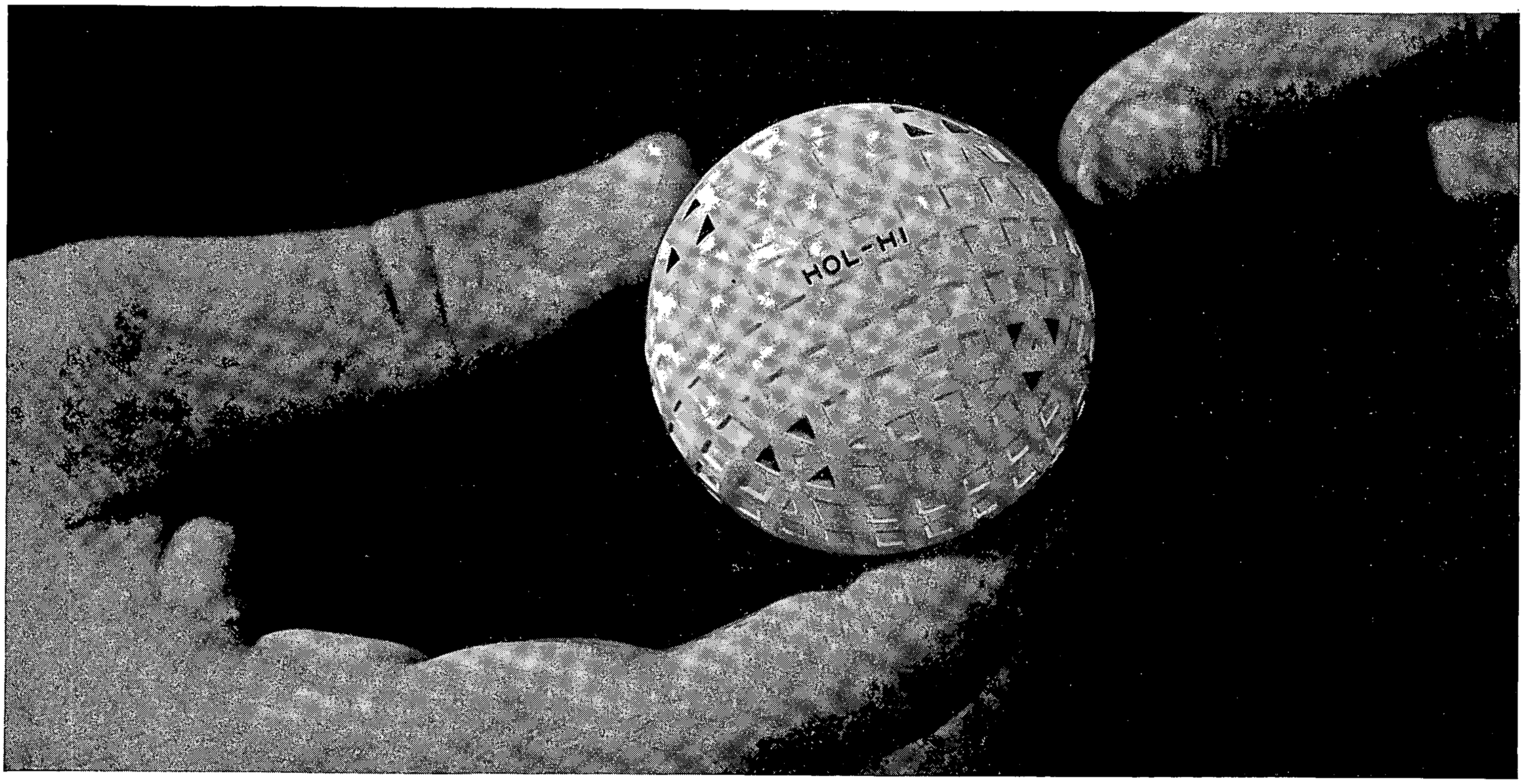
North
S. K-9-7-5
H. Q-10-8-4
D. A-9-2
C. 3-2

East
S. 10-6-4-3
H. A-9-5-2
D. 7-6-5-4
C. Q

West
S. A-Q-J-8-2
H. K-J-7
D. 8
C. 10-6-5-4

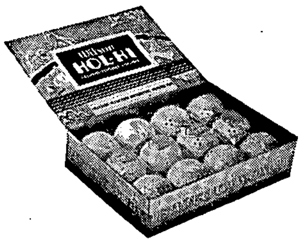
South (Dealer)
S. None
H. 6-3
D. K-Q-J-10-3
C. A-K-J-9-8-7

UNDER THIS HOL-HI COVER ▼▼▼

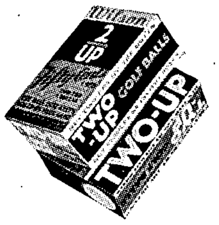


LOWEST COMPRESSION GREATEST DISTANCE

Under the cover of every new Hol-Hi lies the key to its phenomenal distance, controllability on and around the greens, and enduring life ▼▼▼ By a new method of moulding and winding the center under greatly increased tension, Wilson has built a ball of uniformly lower compression than has ever been produced—even in the old, small size. ▼▼▼ Rigidly tested for compression, for roundness and for size, after the first winding, after the finished winding and again after the application of the cover . . . this new Hol-Hi has that rare quality of resilient, extra hardness for which pros are always feeling. ▼▼▼ Hol-Hi not only has a click, but retains it. The click will tell you it's a great new ball. The long, unwavering flight will prove it beyond all question. Play Hol-Hi this year.



Hol-Hi . . . the world's greatest golf ball . . . $9.00 a dozen . . . buy a box . . . if not satisfied return them and get your money back. Price 75c, mesh or dimple.



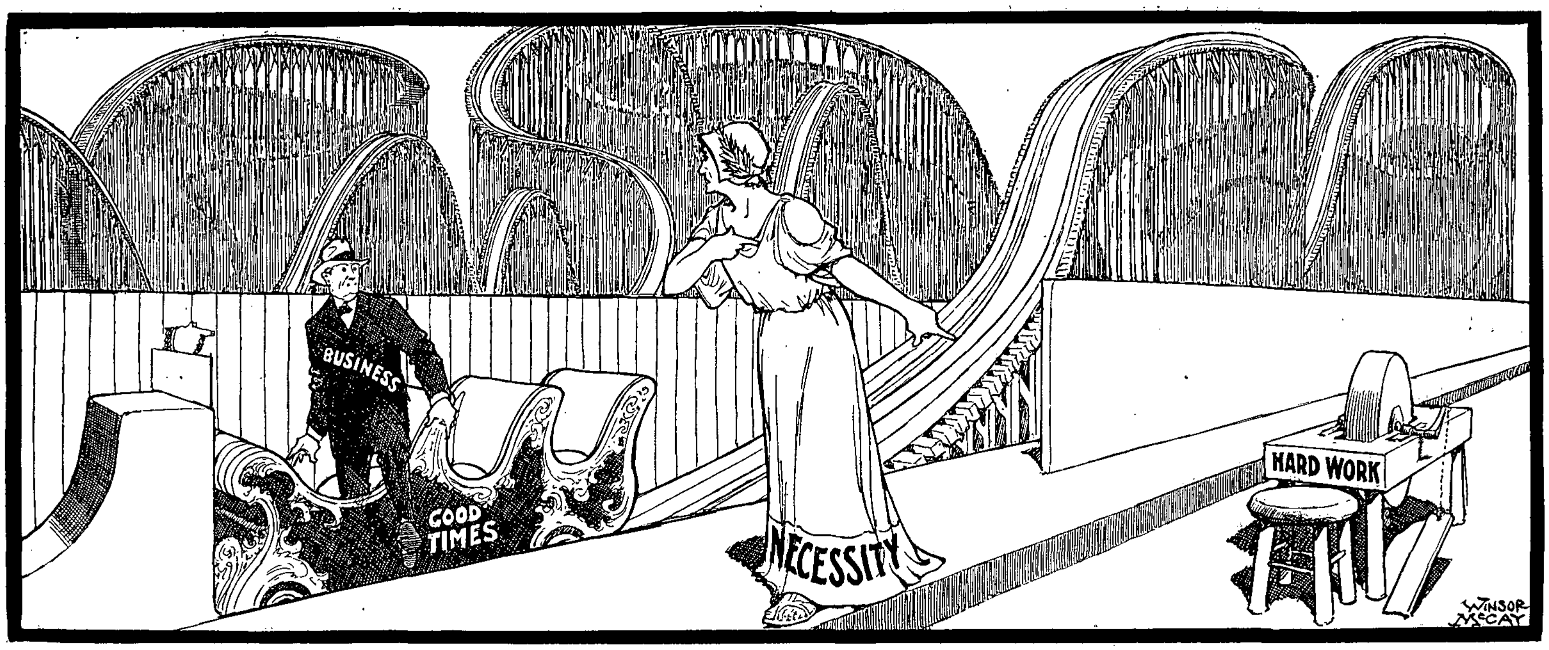
TWO-UP—second only to Hol-Hi . . . will keep you up on your game—cuts your score and expense—the most golf ball you ever bought for 50c.

Wilson
GOLF EQUIPMENT

WILSON-WESTERN SPORTING GOODS COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

NEW YORK BOSTON ▼ LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director
WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor



Time to Advance

MY RIGHT *has been rolled up. My left has been driven back. My center has been smashed. I have ordered an advance from all directions.*"

If General Foch had done nothing else after writing the above letter to Marshal Joffre during the battle of the Marne, he would still be remembered. The world permanently needs and appreciates such courage.

In many ways today on the economic front we are pursuing the same tactics which General Foch so tersely and so dramatically described. In fact, the very difficulties of the recent past have supplied the vigor needed to make us face problems long neglected.

Gerard Swope, president of the General Electric Company, for example, has lately called upon American industry to deal constructively with recurrent unemployment.

Unemployment is not new in the United States nor in any other industrial country. The novelty is our general willingness to admit the facts and to think about them.

In prosperity Mr. Swope could hardly have obtained a wide hearing for his unemployment insurance program. Now we listen attentively.

Incidentally, the General Electric Company has been making history during this past year in its experiment with unemployment insurance.

The company invited the employees to contribute one per cent of their salaries and wages to an unemployment fund to which the corporation contributed an equal sum.

During the past winter 7,662 employees who were workless through no fault of their own received "doles" up to $15 a week from the fund. Nobody was pauperized by that.

We have at last got around to thinking of unemployment from the standpoint of business and the community. As long as we thought only of individuals unfortunately out of jobs, private charity seemed enough. When, however, the emphasis is shifted and we realize that the buying power of the nation is diminished by unemployment and that buying power is prerequisite to prosperity, we have a new and powerful motive driving us to a reform which ought long ago to have been undertaken on purely humanitarian grounds.

If out of these hard times we are persuaded to devise sound systems of stabilizing employment and of decently supporting those involuntarily and unavoidably out of work, we shall have done much to safeguard ourselves against future depressions.

In other ways the very necessities of the times are driving us to confront conditions and to think about policies which we preferred to ignore or to accept without question so long as conditions were easy.

Not long ago Andrew W. Mellon said: "We still have much to learn in the maintenance of production on an even keel and the achievement of a process of orderly and broad distribution of products and services."

We can't have steady production and orderly distribution and economic anarchy at one and the same time. We must learn to coöperate if we are to prosper here or abroad. Hitherto we have hoped that every oil producer or every wheat grower, to cite only two instances, might disregard everybody else and still prosper individually and contribute to the general welfare.

We know now that anarchy in the industrial field is no more comfortable than anarchy in politics and government.

So we have plans for prorating oil production, limiting sugar exports, controlling cotton and wheat production, merging railroads and, in general, injecting rational control into industrial production.

We are open-minded about such things because life is no longer easy. Being human, we avoided thought and effort so long as that was possible.

It takes no gift of prophecy to foresee that in the long run these present months of comparative hardship will prove to have been among the most fertile in our history.

In untold ways we are making fresh examinations of ourselves, our problems and our aspirations. Already we are substituting work and thrift for speculation. We are beginning to attempt to look at common problems from the other man's point of view, not because we are more virtuous or unselfish, but because we realize that in no other way can we arrive at rational solutions.

The Smoot-Hawley Act has thus compelled us to think about the tariff with minds less prejudiced than ever before. Because times have been hard we have learned that foreign trade is a two-way street and that if we won't buy we can't sell.

As a nation we have comprehended more of the essential facts of world trade in the last twelve months than in any previous decade of our national existence.

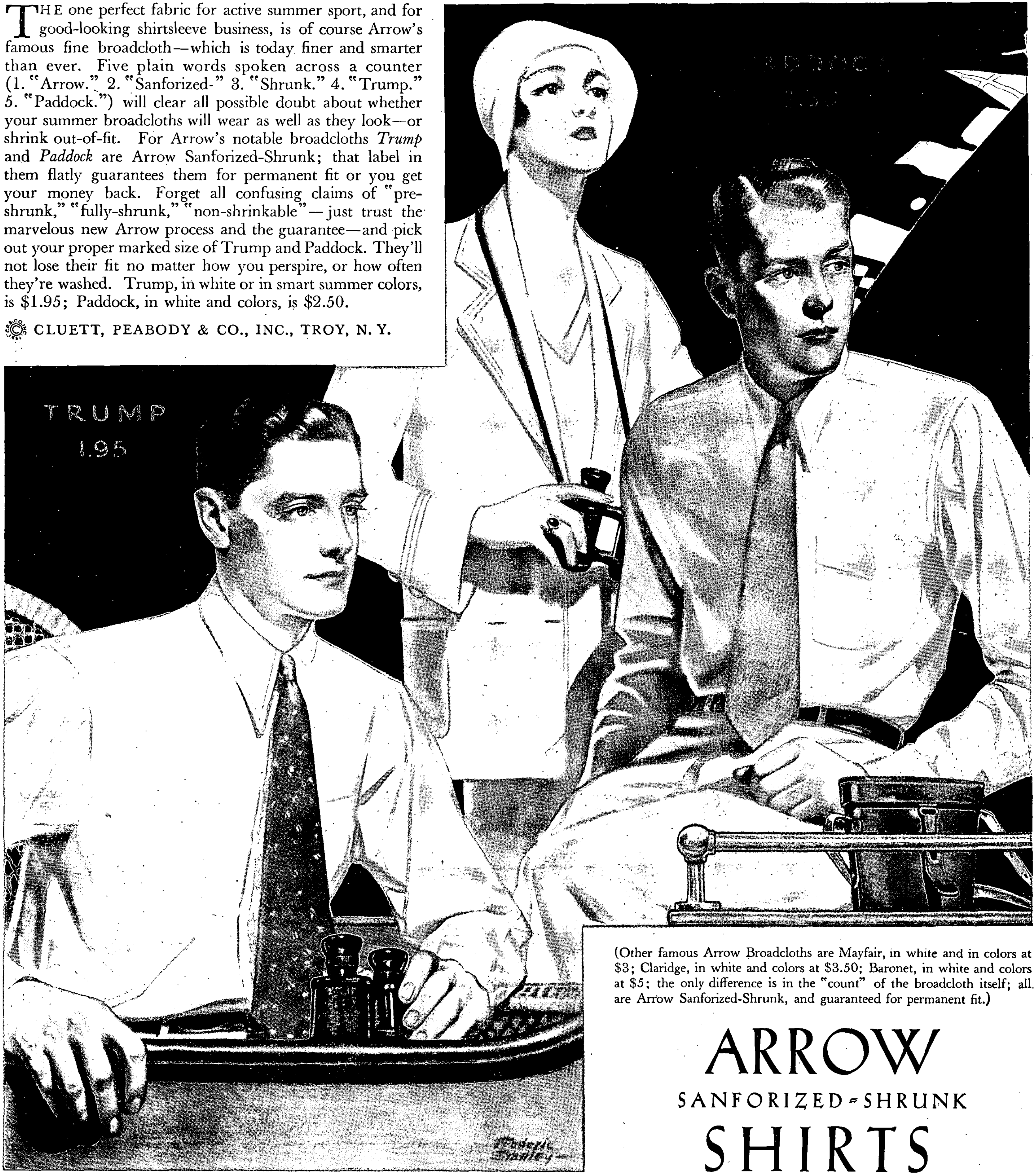
We shall do well to act upon what we have learned. We have drifted long enough. Never before has leadership had a better chance. As our problems are grave, so too is our opportunity great for an advance from all directions.

When you read ARROW SANFORIZED SHRUNK WITH ARROW COLLAR *in these famous all-summer broadcloths you know that*

TRUMP *and* PADDOCK *guarantee you* PERMANENT FIT

THE one perfect fabric for active summer sport, and for good-looking shirtsleeve business, is of course Arrow's famous fine broadcloth—which is today finer and smarter than ever. Five plain words spoken across a counter (1. "Arrow." 2. "Sanforized-" 3. "Shrunk." 4. "Trump." 5. "Paddock.") will clear all possible doubt about whether your summer broadcloths will wear as well as they look—or shrink out-of-fit. For Arrow's notable broadcloths *Trump* and *Paddock* are Arrow Sanforized-Shrunk; that label in them flatly guarantees them for permanent fit or you get your money back. Forget all confusing claims of "pre-shrunk," "fully-shrunk," "non-shrinkable"—just trust the marvelous new Arrow process and the guarantee—and pick out your proper marked size of Trump and Paddock. They'll not lose their fit no matter how you perspire, or how often they're washed. Trump, in white or in smart summer colors, is $1.95; Paddock, in white and colors, is $2.50.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., TROY, N. Y.



(Other famous Arrow Broadcloths are Mayfair, in white and in colors at $3; Claridge, in white and colors at $3.50; Baronet, in white and colors at $5; the only difference is in the "count" of the broadcloth itself; all are Arrow Sanforized-Shrunk, and guaranteed for permanent fit.)

ARROW
SANFORIZED-SHRUNK
SHIRTS

FEEL *the difference* • HEAR *the difference*

TASTE THE DIFFERENCE!

Like an oasis in the dusty desert of dried tobacco, the new Camel Humidor Pack brings you the joy of fine quality cigarettes in prime mild condition.

Now, wherever you go, you can always be sure of getting a *fresh,* throat-easy cigarette when you demand Camels.

It's easy to tell the difference. Your sense of touch detects it as you roll a cigarette between your fingers. Dry tobacco is stiff and crumbly. Camels are full bodied and pliant.

Even your ear can tell the difference. For a dried out cigarette crackles when you roll it.

But the real test is taste and taste is causing a great nation-wide switch of men and women alike to Camels in the scientific new Humidor Pack.

As you draw in that fragrant, mild, cool smoke, redolent with the luxury of fine Turkish and mellow Domestic leaves, only then do you realize the full importance of this new Humidor Pack.

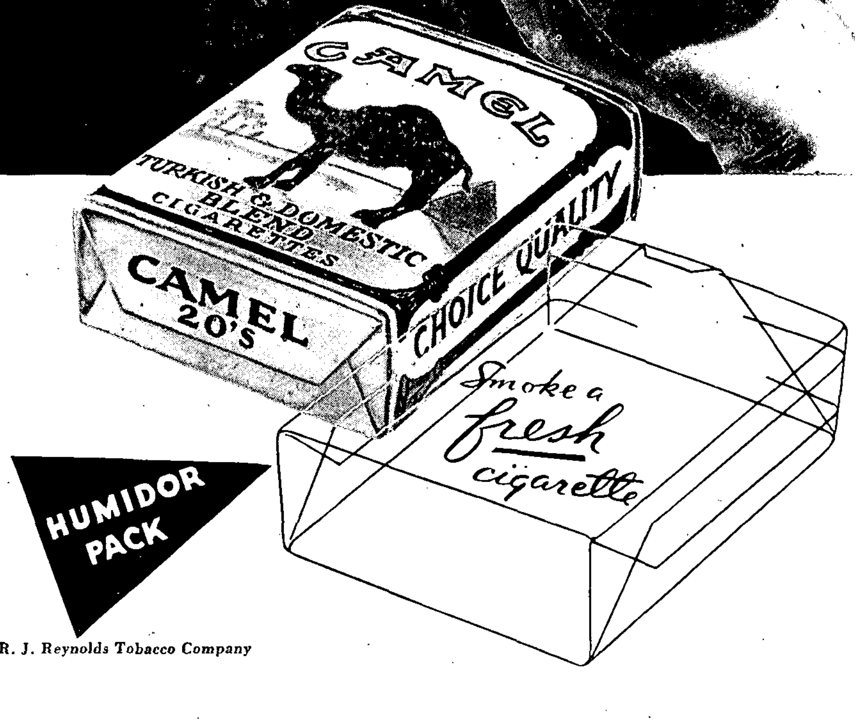
For scorched or dried tobacco is brash and tasteless and its smoke is unkindly hot to the tongue and throat.

If you are a Camel smoker you have already noticed the improvement the new Humidor Pack makes in this your favorite cigarette.

If you don't smoke Camels, try them for just one day to see how much you're missing. After you've known the mildness and joy of a really *fresh* cigarette, switch back if you can.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, *Winston-Salem, N. C.*

Smoke a fresh cigarette



● *It is the mark of a considerate hostess, by means of the Humidor Pack, to "Serve a fresh cigarette." Buy Camels by the carton — this cigarette will remain fresh in your home and office.*

CAMELS

© 1931, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company